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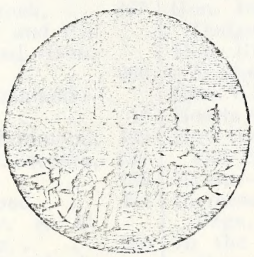
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DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature and State Progress.



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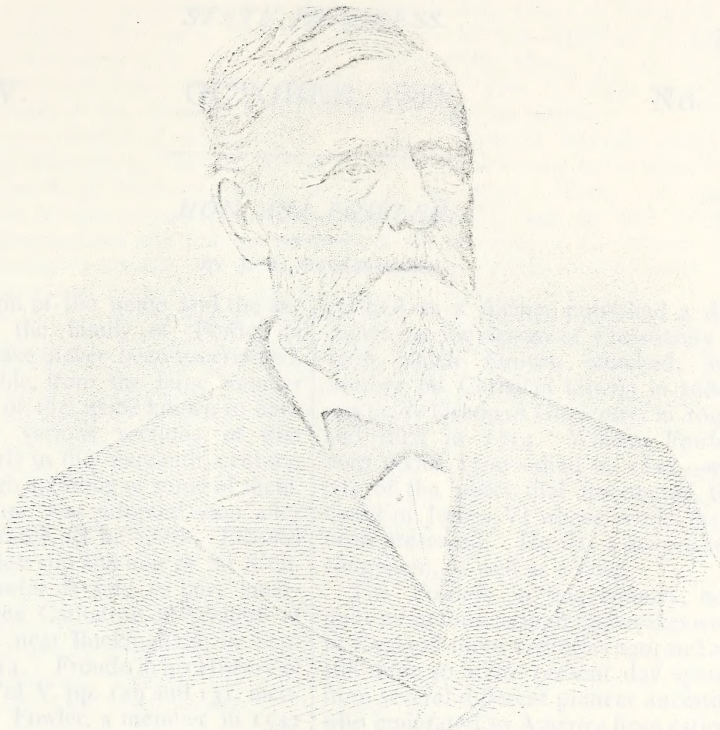
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Yours truly,
Asa Fowler.

—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, AND STATE PROGRESS.

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HON. ASA FOWLER.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

The origin of the name and the antiquity of the family of Fowler in England have never been ascertained. It is probable, from the large number of families of that name known to have existed in various sections of that country early in the sixteenth century, and the high standing of some of them, that the name was adopted soon after surnames came to be used. Edward Fowler, eldest son and heir of Sir Richard Q. Fowler, is said to have entertained Queen Catharine of Arragon at his Manor, near Buckingham, in September, 1514. Froude in his History of England, Vol. V. pp. 129 and 131, mentions John Fowler, a member in 1547 of the household of King Edward VI, who was so influential with that young monarch that he was employed by Lord Seymour to secure the royal assent to his contemplated marriage with the Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, and, subsequently, the royal approval of his already secretly accomplished marriage with Catharine Parr, widow of Henry VIII. Chistopher Fowler, an English clergyman, born in 1611, left the established church in 1641 and joined the Presbyterians, among whom he became eminent, and died in 1676. John Fowler, a learned printer, born in Bristol, removed his press to Antwerp more effectually to aid the Catholics, and died in 1579. Edward Fowler, born at Westerleigh in 1632, was distinguished as a divine, published a discourse on the design of Christianity in 1676, which Bunyan attacked, and another on Christian Liberty in 1680; was made bishop of Gloucester in 1691, and died in 1714. William Fowler, born about 1560—died in 1614—was one of the poets that frequented the Court of James VI whose works have been preserved. He was a lawyer and clergyman, as well as a poet.

The Fowlers in this country, now quite numerous, as their namesakes were in England three centuries ago, and are still more so at the present day, sprang from several different pioneer ancestors who emigrated to America from various parts of England at different periods, and, so far as known, were in no way related to each other. The subject of this sketch is of the sixth generation in lineal descent from one of the founders of New England, the common ancestor of the great majority of the Fowlers in Massachusetts, and of most, if not all, of those in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.*

PHILIP FOWLER, senior, born about 1590, in the ancient town of Marlborough, in the county of Wiltshire, England, where no less than five fami-

*For a sketch of the ancestors of Judge Fowler we are greatly indebted to MATTHEW A. STICKNEY, Esq., of Salem, Mass., author of the admirable genealogy of the Stickney Family, who is preparing for publication the Genealogy of the Ipswich Family of Fowlers, from which he descended.

lies of Fowlers are shown by the records to have been living contemporaneously early in the 17th century, came from thence with his family, to Massachusetts in 1634, in the ship "Mary and John" of London, having taken the oath of allegiance and supremacy to qualify him as a passenger at Southampton on the 24th of March. He must have embarked in February, since by an order of Council dated Feb. 24, the vessel was detained in the Thames until the Captain gave bond in £100, conditional, among other things, that the service of the church of England should be read daily on board and attended by the passengers, and also that the adult male passengers should take the oath of allegiance and supremacy. All this having been done, the ship was allowed to proceed on her voyage, but did not reach New England until May. Sept. 3, 1634, he was admitted freeman at Boston, obtained a grant of land in Ipswich the same year, on which he settled in 1635, and where he resided until his death on the 24th of June, 1679, at the age of 88. During his long life, he made a variety of records, but none that any descendant need blush to read. It is remarkable that his homestead in Ipswich has ever since been, and still is occupied by one of his descendants, bearing the family name. His wife, Mary, mother of his children, died Aug. 30, 1659, and he again married Feb. 27, 1660, Mary, widow of George Norton, early of Salem, afterwards Representative from Gloucester. There came over in the same ship with Philip Fowler senior, and family, his daughter, Margaret, and her husband, Chistopher Osgood, whom she had married the previous year, and who was the common ancestor of most of the Osgoods of Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

Joseph Fowler, son of Philip senior, born in England, date unknown, married in Ipswich, Mass., Martha Kimball, who came over from Ipswich, England, in 1634, in the ship "Elizabeth" with her parents, and is stated to have been then five years of age. Her father, Richard Kimball, settled in Ipswich, Mass., and is believed to have been the ancestor of nearly all the Kimballs in this country. His wife, Ursula Scott, was the daughter of the widow Martha Scott, who came over with the Kimballs at the age of sixty, supposed to have been the wife of Hon. John Scott of Scott's Hall, Kent Co., England. Joseph Fowler was killed by the Indians near Deerfield, Mass., May 19, 1676, on his return from the Falls fight. He was a tanner by trade.

Philip Fowler second, eldest son of Joseph, was born in Ipswich, Mass., Dec. 25, 1648. When only two or three years of age, he was adopted, with the consent of his parents, by his grandfather, Philip senior, who made him his heir by deed dated Dec. 23, 1668. He received the rudiments of his education at the famous school kept by Ezekiel Cheever. He was a man of superior ability, and as a merchant, deputy marshal and attorney, quite distinguished. He acquired a large landed estate, which he divided by deeds of gift among his four sons, a valuable farm to each. He married Jan. 20, 1674, Elizabeth Herrick, born about July 4, 1647. He died Nov. 16, 1715. His wife died May 6, 1727. She was the daughter of Henry and Editha (Laskin) Herrick. Henry Herrick, born at Bean Manor in 1604, was the son of Sir William Herrick, and came from Leicester, Eng., to Salem, Mass., where he arrived June 24, 1629.

Philip Fowler third, ninth child of Philip second, was born in Ipswich, Mass., in October, 1691; married there July 5, 1716, Susanna Jacob, daughter of Joseph and Susanna (Symonds) Jacob, and great grand daughter of Deputy Governor Samuel Symonds of that town. He is reported to have fitted for Harvard College, but did not enter, engaging instead in trade and carrying on the tanning business, until he sold out and removed to New Market, N. H., in May, 1743, where he died May 16, 1767. His widow died there in 1773. Before removing to New Market, he purchased of his brother-in-law, Joseph Jacob, for

the consideration of £2000, two hundred and thirty-six acres of land in "New Market in the township of Exeter and province of New Hampshire, with two houses and two barns thereon." The deed is dated Feb. 14, 1737. For fifty-six acres of this land, including the homestead, he was sued by Josiah Hilton in 1760, and after two trials, one in the Common Pleas and the other in the Superior Court, both resulting in verdicts in Fowler's favor, Hilton appealed to the Governor and Council, some of whom were directly interested in the event of the suit as lessors of the plaintiff, and they in 1764 rendered judgment in favor of Hilton, from which the defendant appealed to the King in Council and furnished bonds to prosecute his appeal in England. The Governor and Council granted this appeal, which vacated their judgment, and then at once issued a writ of possession founded thereon, upon which Fowler was turned out of the land and compelled to pay costs. He had executed his will, May 22, 1754, therein devising his large landed estate to his three sons, Philip, Jacob and Symonds, and requiring them to pay legacies to his daughters. The land in controversy with Hilton was devised to the two former sons. The appeal was prosecuted in England by the father and these devisees until after the declaration of American Independence, and in 1777, the Legislature of New Hampshire passed an act authorizing these devisees to bring an action of Review in the Superior Court for Rockingham county to determine the title to this land. Such action was brought by them, and at the September Term, 1778, of that Court, they recovered judgment for the land, costs of Court and costs of former litigation. On the 14th of September, 1778, the Sheriff put them into possession of the property from which their father had been wrongfully ejected fourteen years before. Sarah, daughter of Philip, one of these sons, was the wife of Governor William Plumer and the mother of his children.

Symonds Fowler, the tenth of fourteen children of Philip third, born in Ipswich, Mass., Aug. 20, 1734, removed to New Market, N. H., with his father in 1743, where he married July 12, 1756, Hannah Weeks, born in the old brick house in Greenland, N. H., August 12, 1738. By the will of his father he inherited a farm adjoining the station at New Market Junction on the Concord & Portsmouth and Boston & Maine Railroads, upon which he lived until he removed, in May, 1778, to a farm in the western part of Epsom, N. H., upon Suncook river, where he resided until his death, April 6, 1821. His wife, Hannah, died there Dec. 9, 1807.

Benjamin Fowler, the sixth of eleven children of Symonds, was born at New Market, N. H., June 16, 1769, removed with his father to Epsom, N. H., in 1778, married in Pembroke, N.H., Jan. 15, 1795, Mehitable Ladd, only child of John and Jerusha (Lovejoy) Ladd of that town, and grand daughter of Capt. Trueworthy and Mehitable (Harriman) Ladd of Kingston, N. H. He settled in Pembroke, after his marriage, on a farm he purchased, and died there July 24, 1832. His widow survived him until Sept. 9, 1853.

Asa Fowler, the ninth of eleven children of Benjamin, was born in Pembroke, N. H., Feb. 23, 1811. His childhood was spent on his father's farm, his means of education after he was seven or eight years of age being limiten to eight or nine weeks of winter school, his services after that age in summer being required in farm work. There were very few books to which he had access, except the Bible and ordinary school books, and his early reading was confined to these. At the age of fourteen he had a very severe attack of typhoid fever, which left him in such enfeebled condition as to be incapable of severe manual labor. Under these circumstances he was sent to the Blanchard Academy in his native town, then under the charge of Hon. John Vose, but with no other intention than that he might become qualified to instruct a common district school. But with opportunity to learn and to read, a desire for a liberal education was awakened, and by alternately working

upon his father's farm in the spring and summer, attending the Academy in the fall, and teaching school in winter, he succeeded in not only fitting himself for college, but in preparing to enter the sophomore class, having attended school only sixty weeks after he commenced the study of Latin. With so meagre and defective a training, he entered the sophomore class at Dartmouth College, at the opening of the fall term, 1830, and although he taught school every winter, was able, nevertheless to maintain a highly respectable standing until his graduation in 1833, when, among the parts assigned to the graduating class according to scholarship, an English oration was given him. He was never absent or unprepared at any recitation during his three years' course. In his junior year he was elected a member of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, as being in the first third of his class. He has never sought or received any honorary degree from his *Alma Mater*. After leaving college, he taught the Academy at Topsfield, Mass., for a single term in the fall of 1833, thereby raising sufficient funds to liquidate all indebtedness incured to defray his college expenses, over and above what he received from his father's estate. Immediately upon leaving Topsfield, having determined to adopt the legal profession, he entered his name as a student in the office of James Sullivan, Esq., then in practice in Pembroke, occupying the office of Hon. Boswell Stevens, disabled by a paralytic attack from which he never recovered. He continued to read books from Mr. Sullivan's library through the following winter. In March, 1834, he came to Concord, N. H., where he has since resided, and entered the office of Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, then a rising young lawyer, and continued with him until admitted to the Merrimack County Bar in February, 1837. While a student in Gen. Peaslee's office, he and Hon. Moody Currier, then a teacher in Concord, undertook the editorship, as a matter of amusement and with no hope of pecuniary reward, of a small literary paper, called the Literary Gazette. It was published weekly for six months, and then once a fortnight for another six months. After Mr. Currier retired from the editorship, Cyrus P. Bradley, a youth of wonderful precocity, and the author, when a mere boy, of a life of Governor Isaac Hill, became associated with Mr. Fowler in the management of the Gazette. During a considerable portion of the period in which he pursued the study of the law, Mr. Fowler supported himself by writing for other papers. In June, 1835, he was elected Clerk of the New Hampshire Senate, which office he continued to hold by annual elections for six successive years, discharging its duties to universal satisfaction. In 1846 he was appointed by the Hon. Levi Woodbury United States Commissioner for the District of New Hampshire, which office he has held ever since, except from May, 1871, to May, 1874. In 1845 he was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives from Concord and served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Again in 1847 and 1848, he was one of the Representatives of Concord in that body and served upon the same committee in both years. In 1855 he was nominated by the Independent Democrats, or Free Soilers, as their candidate for Governor, and was frequently assured by prominent Know Nothings that if he would join their order he might and would be made their candidate, also; but he was deaf to all such suggestions. After that party came into power and decided to change the judiciary system of the State, he was engaged to draft the bill for that purpose which subsequently became a law. Afterwards, at the earnest and repeated solicitation of Gov. Metcalf, although at first he absolutely declined to do so, he accepted a position on the bench of the Supreme Court as Associate Justice, which he continued to hold, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, from Aug. 1, 1855, to Feb. 1, 1861, when he voluntarily resigned it. During this period of five and a half years, he performed his full share of the

arduous labors of a judge of our highest judicial tribunal, and gave general satisfaction to the bar and the public. If his opinions at the law terms as reported are not so labored as those of some of his associates, they are more numerous, and not less sound and clear.

Immediately upon his resignation, Judge Fowler was appointed by the Governor and Council a delegate from New Hampshire to the famous Peace Congress, which met in Washington in February, 1861, for the purpose of averting, if possible, the threatened secession of the Southern States from the Union, and continued its sessions through the entire month. His associate delegates were Hon. Levi Chamberlain, of Keene, and Hon. Amos Tuck, of Exeter. In 1861 he was appointed Solicitor for the county of Merrimack, and held the office until he resigned in 1865, upon his being appointed one of the Commissioners to revise the Statutes of the State. He was associated in that commission with Hon. Samuel D. Bell, of Manchester, and Hon. George Y. Sawyer, of Nashua. Upon it he labored diligently and successfully, alone superintending the printing of the Commissioners' report, and subsequently, the printing of the General Statutes as finally adopted by the Legislature of 1867. He also attended almost constantly, during the whole period of that Legislature, upon the sessions of the joint select committee to whom the report of the Commissioners was referred, and greatly aided in procuring the speedy action of that committee, and the final adoption of the report of the Commissioners, as amended by the General Court, without protracting the session beyond its usual length. In 1871 and again in 1872, Judge Fowler was a member of the House of Representatives from Ward 6, in Concord, serving on the Judicary committee in 1871, and presiding over the deliberations of the House, as Speaker, in 1872, with dignity, impartiality and complete success.

Judge Fowler has been one of the most diligent, laborious and successful lawyers in the State, and the extent of his practice for many years has rarely been exceeded. In September, 1838, after practising alone for a year and a half, he formed a copartnership with the late President Pierce, which continued until April, 1845. During this period of six years and a half, their practice was probably as extensive as that of any individual or firm in the State. Gen. Pierce engaged in the trial of causes as an advocate in nearly every county, while Judge Fowler attended chiefly to office business, the preparation of causes for trial, and briefs for argument at the Law terms of Court. Hon. John Y. Mugridge completed his preparatory studies in Judge Fowler's office, and upon his admission to the bar in 1854, Judge Fowler formed a business connection with him for one year, which expired about the time of Judge Fowler's appointment to the bench. Soon after his resignation of the judgeship in 1861, he entered into partnership with Hon. William E. Chandler, which continued until Mr. Chandler's appointment as Solicitor of the Navy, in 1864.

During his long residence in Concord, Judge Fowler has been quite familiar with the forms of legislation, and has probably drafted more bills for our Legislature than any other man, living or dead. He has originated many laws and procured their enactment, when not a member of the Legislature. Among those thus originated and procured to be enacted may be mentioned the statute authorizing school districts to unite for the purpose of maintaining high schools, and that authorizing towns to establish and maintain public libraries. He worked zealously with Gen. Peaslee to secure the establishment of the Asylum for the Insane, was very active and persistent in securing the establishment of a Public Library in Concord, and a High School in Union District. He has always shown a deep interest in the cause of public education, and for more than twenty successive years served as prudential committee, or a member of the Board of Education in Concord. He

has always been fond of literary pursuits, and has quite an extensive and well selected miscellaneous library. For the last three or four years he has belonged to a class in English Literature, whose weekly meetings, during the winter season, have been devoted with much pleasure and profit to reading the works and discussing the lives, character and times of English and American authors of reputation. He has been more or less connected with various moneyed institutions. He was a Director of the State Capital Bank from its organization under a State charter until his appointment to the bench, when he resigned. He was a Director and President of the First National Bank from its organization until he lost confidence in its cashier, when he disposed of his stock and resigned. He has long been, and still is, a Director of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, and for several years was its President. In his religious sentiments he is a liberal Unitarian, although in early childhood he memorized the Westminister Assembly's Shorter Catechism. Educated a democrat, but with strong anti-slavery convictions, he acted with the democratic party until its devotion to the extension of slavery compelled its abandonment in 1846, and for the next ten years he acted as an independent democrat. Upon the formation of the Republican party he joined it and continued in its ranks until in 1875 he resumed his connection with the democracy.

In the spring of 1877, forty years from his admission to the bar, Judge Fowler determined to retire from active practice. A severe illness in the fall of that year confirmed his resolution. Before his full recovery, by the advice of his physician, he decided to visit Europe. Accompanied by his wife, daughter, and third son, he left Boston on the 13th of April, 1878, and returned to New York on the 17th of October following, having, during his absence, visited the principal points of interest in England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Switzerland, Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France. He returned home with renewed strength and energy, and has since been in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, in the quiet of his pleasant home in Concord and his beautiful cottage by the sea, near Rye Beach.

Judge Fowler has been peculiarly fortunate in his domestic relations. On the 13th of July, 1837, he married Mary Dole Cilley Knox, daughter of Robert and Polly Dole (Cilley) Knox, of Epsom, N. H., and grand daughter of Gen. Joseph Cilley of the Revolution, who is still living, and by whom he has had five children, four sons and one daughter, all now living. Their names are Frank Asa, George Robert, Clara Maria, William Plumer and Edward Cilley. The oldest son is a lawyer by profession, and has always lived at home. The second son married Isabel, eldest daughter of Hon. Josiah Minot, by whom he has three children, two daughters and a son, and resides at Jamaica Plain in Boston. The daughter has always resided with her parents. The third son lives in Boston. The two last named sons are lawyers in successful practice in Boston, as partners. The fourth son is married, has no children, is a farmer, and resides in Orange, Mass.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF HIRAM PARKER, OF LEMPSTER, N. H.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

FAR from the crowded mart, not long ago,
A boy grew weary of his rural home;
He longed to see the glitter and the show
Where traffic centered, and in freedom roam.
How small and cheerless had the homestead grown,
But how expansive looked the scene afar!
No more in beauty o'er the hay-field shone
The sun for him; nor e'en the evening star
With smiling lustre o'er his sweet-heart's roof,
What time the fire-flies rose a tangled braid!
And so he kissed his mother's trembling lips,
Bade Kate adieu beneath the old elm's shade,
Pressed father's hand, and sought ambition's goal.

In speeding train he drew life's future plan—
Great business secrets he would quickly learn;
For had he not the stature of a man,
And did he not for fortune's favors yearn?
Yes, neighbors called him "smart," and haply, now
The day had dawned to try his latent powers;
A smile lit up his smooth unclouded brow,
He saw no thorns among the blooming flowers.
"A few short months," he mused, "will see me rich;
Then to youth's quiet haunts will I return,
And bring the maiden of my wiser choice;
And then"—a flying spark his eyelids burn.

Soon on the stony pave of city grand
He roams delighted,—'tis a novel scene;
Block after block looms up on every hand
So close a corn-husk could not slip between!
His eyes with wonder ev'ry moment fill;
How brilliant do the great store-windows gleam!
No one around him stands an instant still—
It seems the shifting glories of a dream.

All day with bounding heart he strays around,
At night beneath the gas-light sees the street;
But somehow he has not true pleasure found;
He's foot-sore, weary of the noise and heat.
So leisurely he finds his boarding-place,
Wond'ring who milked the kine at close of day,

Who brought the wood—and pictures mother's face,
More sad and thoughtful now her boy's away.
Confused by all the sights, with tired brain
He tumbles into bed and restless lies;
The slowly dawning truth comes back again—
"A stranger I, 'mong strangers,"—and he sighs.

The yielding mattress has no soothing charm
Like that old cot beneath the attic stair;
For song of katydid comes fire-alarm,
The hurly-burly, and the midnight glare.
Across the room where wide-awake he lay,
All night the street lamps' shadows weirdly flit,
He missed the softning touch of moonlight ray
On the white coverlid dear fingers knit;
The old black cat curled in the cane-seat chair
Beside his couch and the bright valance there!
And oft he thinks of Katy's rozy cheeks
And dimpled elbows with a tender pain;
And wonders if she's dreaming now of him
With his last rose bud 'neath her pillow lain.

And every time he turns himself in bed
He feels more strongly that he's out of place;
Thinks of his sweet home life with aching head,—
Strange he had never prized its rural grace,—
For when the sun that morning rose in view
Plump up it came o'er tiles and blackened roof;
No bannered pomp was there, the eye to woo,
The very chimneys coldly stood aloof!

A great homesickness surged within his breast,
His little store of gold he counted o'er;
Went out and wandered aimlessly,—nor looked
At things that pleased so much the day before.
And drifting on he came to open door,
The depot's portal through which he had pressed
So eagerly to join the city's roar,
And grasp its riches,—now he longed for rest.
He saw a train all ready to go out,
The black smoke pouring from the engine's stack;
He heard, as in a dream, the porter's shout
And looked with longing down the shining track!
And something drew him in among the throng
That moved as if in fear of being late
Toward the ticket-window,—and ere long
He held a card, the symbol of his fate;
For joy it brought among the granite hills,
In two farm houses, with his swift return;
Fond mother's eyes with tears of rapture fills
And little Katy's cheeks, with blushes burn;
But good support will worthy old folks gain,
And comfort going down life's sloping shore,

Sweet Kate a husband, good and pure, tho' plain,—
The mart a *loafer* lost, perhaps, no more.

Think not, dear readers, I have drawn for you
A scene from out the boyhood of our host;
'Tis but a simple tale, yet grandly true,
And proves that plodder, if *content*, does most
To fill a sphere of usefulness and joy,
By walking faithful in the beaten track.
"Far from the madding crowd" and glory's boast,
Who would not rather be the Country Boy,
That from the city's glitter turned him back,
Than he who joins the great ignoble strife
And mid'st temptation wears away his life;
Or perishes among the throng that meet
To snatch the bauble from king mammon's feet!
Here, within sight of his own chimney smoke,
From early youth our host has plowed the soil;
His father e'en this glebe round homestead broke
And taught young Hiram in the fields to toil.
His *fifty* years of life in Lempster spent,
Behold our townsman, loved so long and well;
His brow wears aureole of sweet content,
These fields and crops of worldly comfort tell.
Perchance, he too, in youth did strongly dream;
The Western fever may have seized his frame,
But yet he saw t'was *Ignis fatuus's* gleam,
And knew that fortune was a coy old dame.
And so he chose the wise, the better plan,
Well knowing that our climate, rough and stern,
Would yield to ev'ry patient husbandman
A timely and a generous return.
To-night we gladly meet; we take his hand,
Proud of his skill, his influence and truth;
A factor in the glory of our land,
A bright example to our rising youth.
Long may his uplands gleam with waving wheat,
Long may his valleys bear the tasseled corn;
In age may riches cluster around his feet,
Poured by our Father's hand from plenty's horn!
May baby lips pronounce that grandsire's name,
The tenderest hands his slightest wish attend;
And all here gathered fondly hold his fame,
As honored host, as townsman and as friend!

A TRIP TO CARDIGAN—ELISHA PAYNE.

BY EX-GOV. WALTER HARRIMAN.

On a balmy morning of July, 1880, the writer started off for a long-contemplated visit to the summit of Cardigan Mountain. At Franklin, in accordance with previous arrangements, he was joined by an eminent member of the bar of Merrimack County, and the two performed the journey, made the ascent of the mountain, visited historic places, as well as mines, churches, and cemeteries, and returned triumphant at night.

A brief account of this trip may not be entirely devoid of interest. Just above Franklin village, as the readers of this magazine generally know, the train whirls along the shore of a sparkling sheet of water which is popularly called "Webster Lake," from the fact that Daniel Webster, all through his lifetime, was often found fishing in its waters. But Webster gave to this gem of a pond the poetic appellation, Lake Como, from its resemblance to the picturesque lake in Italy by that name.

At East Andover and along the border of Highland Lake, the upward bound train runs due southwest for a time, and directly towards the village of Contoocookville in Hopkinton, but it soon swings to the right and passes up the Blackwater valley between Kearsarge and Ragged mountains. It spins along with lightning speed, giving the alert passenger a bare glimpse of the famous notch at Beetle village, thence onward, passing the coal-kilns on Smith's river, through the deep excavation at Orange Heights, and reaching the "city of the plain" (East Canaan) at noon.

At the Cardigan House in this cleanly village, dinner and a team were ready on our arrival. My friend (Mr. B.) having ascended the mountain some twenty years before this day, felt competent to follow the scanty track unaided, and a proffered guide was respectfully declined. Part way up the mountain slope we pass a small cemetery which is on the right, and a mile further on we pass another, at the "common," which is on the left. These two cemeteries on the Orange hills are well fenced and in complete order. The graves of the departed are generally marked by white marble slabs. A comely, one-story edifice, painted white and having green blinds, standing between these two "cities of the dead," is the Orange church, where not only "the poor have the gospel preached to them," but the rich as well. This church stands on a table-land and commands a broad and magnificent view to the south and west. There is no house or other building near it. We enter this sacred temple on the mountain, as bolts and bars are not required in that moral atmosphere to preserve it from desecration. Ascending the preacher's desk, and opening an ancient bible lying thereon, my friend, reverently, and with great elocutionary exactness, read the fifteenth Psalm.

We pass on over broken ground and deep channels cut by mountain streams when swollen by the floods; pass the mica or isinglass quarries, and reach the terminus of the carriage road. Here is a small farm occupied by a large family. As we reached this place a slight rain came on, and the thoughtful lady of the house said:

"You better put you horse into the barn!"

"Pray, madam, where *is* your barn?"

"Oh, you are in it now; but we call this side the *house*, and the other side the *barn!*"

The sun emerges from the vapory clouds, and, in tropical heat, we toil up the devious way. Just before leaving a wooded ravine and coming out upon the silver-grey ledges forming

the summit of the mountain, our burning thirst is quenched at a spring as clear and refreshing as the waters of Meribah.

Cardigan lifts its silvery head 3100 feet above the sea level. A vast area of smooth, grey rock (embracing hundreds of acres) crowns the summit of this elevation, and the visitor can go from point to point in making observations, without hindrance. The first thing that we discovered, in our ascent, after getting above the region of trees and foliage, was a small flock of sheep standing like silent sentinels on the crest of the mountain. They had sought refuge here from the armies of insects and the excessive heat which prevailed on less elevated positions. We saw no other living thing on that bald height. The day was all we could ask, the air was clear, and the views in every direction were extensive and inspiring. Mountains, lakes and shaded valleys made a landscape never to be forgotten.

We descended the mountain. At its base we made a detour to visit the site whereon stood the dwelling-house and farm-buildings of Col. Elisha Payne, which were erected six or seven years above a century ago. The history of this remarkable man,—though but little known,—is of deep and thrilling interest. He was born and reared in the state of Connecticut, and he probably graduated at Yale College. His birth occurred in 1731, the year before that of Washington. The township of Cardigan was granted Feb. 6, 1769, by the provincial governor of New Hampshire, under the authority of the king, in one hundred and two equal parts. Each of the one hundred and one proprietors had one part, and a glebe for the church of England constituted the other part. The grantees were Elisha Payne, Isaac Fellows and ninety-nine others. The first settlements in this township were made in 1773, by Payne, Silas Harris, Benjamin Shaw, David Eames and Capt. Joseph Kenney. Payne at this time was forty-two years of age. The town was incorporated by the name of Orange, in June, 1790. Payne went back into the dense wilderness, far beyond the reach of any human habitation, and selected a swell of good, strong land for his farm, near the base of the mountain. The old cellar (28x30 feet) remains, but the place was deserted and the buildings were removed long years ago.

Payne was a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1784 to 1801, and was its treasurer in 1779 and 1780. His connection with the college explains the fact, that when the small-pox broke out at Dartmouth, subsequent to 1780, the afflicted students were carried to this remote and lonely mountain-seat for treatment. Payne had removed to East Lebanon, and settled on the shore of Mascoma Lake, before this occurrence. Several of the students died and were buried, but no stone marks the place of their peaceful rest. The Payne house, from this time forward, was called the Pest House, and was used as such, at a later day, by the authorities of Orange.

Payne had a son (Elisha Payne, Jr.) who graduated at Dartmouth, and who was a man of character and ability. He was the first lawyer to open an office in Lebanon. This office was at East Lebanon, which was then the chief village in that town. He served in both branches of the legislature of this state, but died at the early age of about forty-five.

Elisha Payne, senior, was a man of strong mind and great decision of character. He was the leader, on the east side of the Connecticut river, in the scheme to dismember New Hampshire and annex a tract, some twenty miles in width, to Vermont. July 13, 1778, he was chosen, under the statutes of Vermont, a justice of the peace for the town of Cardigan, in a local town-meeting held that day. He was a member of the "Cornish Convention" of 1778, and of the "Charlestown Convention" in 1781. He was representative from *Cardigan* in the Vermont legislature, under the first union, in 1778, and was representative from *Lebanon*, under the second union, in

April, 1781. In October of the same year, he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, by the legislature of that state, then in session at Charlestown, New Hampshire. In this legislature, fifty-seven towns west of the Connecticut and forty-five towns on the New Hampshire side of that river were represented.

The details of these singular transactions cannot be given in this article. They would occupy too much space. [See History of Warner.] It is enough to say here, that when the bitter and prolonged strife between the two jurisdictions, (New Hampshire and Vermont) was nearing the crisis, and Bingham and Gandy of Chesterfield had been arrested by Vermont officials for resisting the authority of that state, and thrown into jail at Charlestown, and Col. Enoch Hale, the sheriff of Cheshire County, had proceeded under orders from the President and Council of New Hampshire, to release them, and had been seized and summarily committed to the same jail, and the militia of New Hampshire had been put on a war footing to rescue Hale and the other prisoners at Charlestown, Governor Chittenden of Vermont, commissioned Elisha Payne of Lebanon (the lieutenant-governor) as brigadier-general, and appointed him to take command of the militia of that state, to call to his aid Generals Fletcher and Olcott and such of the field officers on the east side of the Green Mountains as he thought proper, *and to be prepared to oppose force to force.* But, bloodshed was happily averted. The Continental Congress took hostile ground against the scheme to dismember New Hampshire, and Gen. Washington put his foot upon it. In this dilemma the authorities of Vermont, for the sake of self-preservation, relinquished their claim to any part of New Hampshire, and in February, 1782, the second union between the disaffected towns on the west side of this state and Vermont came to an end.

In addition to the offices already named, Payne held that of chief justice of the supreme court of his cherished state (Vermont), a state then stretching from the head-waters of the Pemigewasset to Lake Champlain.

After a life of adventure, of strange vicissitude, of startling success and crushing defeat, Elisha Payne quietly fell asleep in East Lebanon, at the age of seventy-six years. He was buried in the unpretending cemetery near his place of residence in that village. His wife, a number of his children, and other members of the family,—in all, seven persons,—were inurned in the same cemetery-lot, but about a quarter of a century ago, in the late fall, there came a fearful storm, and the gentle brook whose course lies along the border of this receptacle for the dead, suddenly became a rushing torrent, and, breaking from its channel, swept in among the quiet sleepers and carried away most that remained of the Payne family. Winter closed in, but the next Spring such bones as had not found a lodgment at the bottom of Mascoma Lake, as it is usually called, were gathered up—all put into one box and redeposited in the earth in another part of the cemetery, whereon has been erected, by family relatives, a substantial and appropriate monument. And so ends the story of a life of stern conflict and romantic incident.

ANCESTRY OF GEN. J. A. GARFIELD.

BY L. P. DODGE.

Two hundred and fifty years have come and gone, since Edward Garfield, the first of the name in America, left Chester, England, and landing at, or near Boston, settled in Watertown; and there in the beautiful cemetery of the town, lie buried five of his descendants. There is a tradition in the family that he was married to a German lady, on the passage out; but this is apocryphal, and in fact the record of the ensuing one hundred and fifty years is confined to the half obliterated histories upon the mouldering headstones standing over their mossy graves. Then, in 1766, Solomon Garfield, the general's great grandfather, was married to a widow, Mrs. Sarah Stimpson, and moved to Weston, Mass., where he remained until the close of the Revolutionary war—in which he bore an active part—when, gathering his household Gods, he joined one of the many parties migrating to central New York, and moved to Worcester, Otsego county, bought land, made a clearing and reared his family. Solomon Garfield's son, Thomas, the grandfather of Gen. Garfield, arrived at the years of manhood, married in the town of Worcester, managed, like his father, to wrest a scanty living from the obdurate soil, and died in 1801, leaving four children, Abram, the youngest—and the General's father—being only two years of age. This son was bound out to a relative of his mother's, living near them, named Stone, and by him treated as one of his family. At the age of fifteen—a sturdy broad-shouldered young man—he left his home with Mr. Stone, and went to St. Lawrence county, N.Y., where he obtained employment on a farm, remaining there three years, emigrating thence to Newburg, Ohio, where he was engaged in chopping, and clearing land for the next three years; and in 1820 pushed on to Zanesville, Ohio, where a settlement had already been started by some of his old friends from Otsego county, among whom was the family of Ballou, with whose children he had been intimate in New York, attending the same school, and sharing their sports, and soon after his arrival, on the 3d of Feb., 1820, he was married to Eliza Ballou, the mother of Gen. J. A. Garfield.

Some fifty years subsequent to the arrival of Edward Garfield at Watertown, Mass., the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove to our shores a party of French protestants who settled in Cumberland, R. I. The acknowledged leader of this colony was Maturin Ballou, who caused the erection of a meeting house, in which for years he preached the pure faith of the Huguenots. As they had neither nails, nor saw-mills in those days, the building was constructed of hewn oak, the exterior covered with shingles, and the whole fastened by pins, and remaining as perfect to-day as when first constructed. From this eloquent divine is descended that celebrated family whose names have been so distinguished in the annals of theology, jurisprudence and statesmanship, and who as a race have been remarkable in the possesion of an energy, and force of character which has lost nothing in its transmission to the soldier-statesman, the subject of this sketch. In 1770, Maturin Ballou, a grandson of the French refugee, left the settlement at Rhode Island, and moved to Richmond, N. H., where he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church; his youngest son, Hosea, the founder of Universalism in America, was born in this town the same year. The house in which he was born has long since been numbered among the things that were, its successor standing upon the same site being now owned and occupied by Mr. Noah Perry. Elder Maturin Ballou, the Baptist pastor, is buried near the old homestead, a rough stone bearing the initials M. B.,

alone marking the spot where he sleeps. He was accompanied from Rhode Island, to Richmond, by his cousin James Ballou, who bought a farm in the east part of the town, near the Massachusetts line, and on this farm, in 1801, was born Eliza Ballou, the mother of Gen. Garfield. The house in which she was born, judging from the area of the foundation ruins, was about fifteen feet by twenty, one story in height; but of this nothing is left, save fragments of the cellar walls, and these are so overgrown with trees, bushes and briars, as to be almost obscured; a birch tree eight inches in diameter is growing in one corner of the cellar, and some twenty feet to the south-east of the house, 'neath an old half decayed apple tree, may be traced the outlines of the well, like the cellar walls, covered with a thick growth of shrub and bushes. In the rear of these relics was the orchard, once a field of two or three acres, now a half tnicket of thrifty pines and birch, interspersed with a few moss covered mournful looking apple trees, whose withered branches in the fading twilight seem spectre guardians of the desolate ruins. The property is now owned by Dennis Harkness, Esq., and forms a portion of his farm. James Ballou resided on this place until 1808, when he moved to a farm near the center of the town, now owned by Mr. Roscoe Weeks; this place being on the *then* main road from Boston, via Concord to Windsor, Vt.; he opened a store upon the premises and combined merchandising with his farming operations, achieving a remarkable degree of success, and there continuing until his death in 1812, when his widow, disposing of the property, emigrated to Otsego county, N. Y., and settled in the town of Worcester, in which place several of her Richmond friends were already located, and where Eliza Ballou and Abram Garfield first met as school children. James Ballou is supposed to have been buried in the large cemetery near his place; but a careful examination fails to furnish any reliable data; any one of the half dozen weather-beaten, half defaced slabs of slate, standing near where other Ballous are laid, may be his; but it is involved in too much of doubt and obscruity to be stated for a fact. He was generally known among his townsmen as Conjurer Ballou, and obtained a high reputation among them as a fortune-teller, his predictions, or guesses, being remarkable for their accuracy; he even foretold the hour of his own death, and his prophetic soul sailed out o'er the unknown sea, on the day appointed. Some ten years ago Gen. Garfield and his mother visited Richmond, and at the Weeks house, she pointed out the room in which her father died. At the ruins of his birthplace, the General found some bits of broken pottery, which he carefully cherished as a memento of his mother's early home. The old storehouse at the Weeks place, was torn down forty years ago; the turnpike road having been changed there was no encouragement to keep it up. The house is a one story, unpainted, common looking structure, with nothing in its architecture or surroundings to arouse interest or attract attention; in a few years, when it shall have crumbled to decay, its site may become a modern Mecca, but not till then. A younger brother of James Ballou, named Silas, lived and died on a farm, near the birth-place of Mrs. Garfield; he was a sailor until he was twenty-one, and it is perhaps from him that Gen. Garfield acquired his early love of the sea. At the time that Silas left the briny deep he was unable to read or write, and a sneering remark in relation to his ignorance acted as an incentive, and caused him, all unaided as he was, to procure an excellent education; as a mathematician he was superior to any with whom he came in contact, even compiling an algebra of examples all his own. In addition to his other acquirements he wrote a number of patriotic songs; one of them written for a townsman, a Mr. Cook, and sang by him among his friends, began as follows:

"Old England forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
Aimed at us a mortal blow,
But God was our defender."

And another, alluding to the early settlers of the town:

"Martins, Cooks, Ballous, and Boyces,
Harkness, Bowen, Boorn and Stone,
Praise the Lord with different voices,
Praise the Father and the Son."

The Boorn referred to in the above lines removed to Otesgo county, N. Y., from Richmond, about five years prior to the removal of James Ballou's widow, and when, in 1814, Mrs. Ballou decided to leave New York for Ohio, Mr. Boorn bought her New York place. He had an adopted daughter, at this time about three years of age, who afterwards married Gardiner Garfield, a fourth cousin of the General's father, and now living in Royalton, Massachusetts, about three miles from the birth place of Eliza Ballou.

Of the subsequent course of the Garfield family in Ohio, the sad death of the father, devoted courage of the mother, and heroic struggles of the son, until success was achieved, volumes have been written; but the lesson of encouragement conveyed in each line of his history is of inestimable value, as showing how pluck and honesty, united with a tenacity of purpose, may surmount disaster and conquer impossibilities.

ENSNARED.

BY HELEN MAR.

See the eyes of Beauty glisten,
As she turns her head to listen
To Love's words, her cheeks' soft flushes
Deepen into warmer blushes;
Underneath her hat's broad brim
Eyes coquettish look on him.

See! the fickle god is smiling;
Well I know his air beguiling;
Peeping slyly o'er her shoulder,
If the fire of love doth smoulder,
He will fan it into flame,
And herself will be to blame.

"Listen, sweet, pray heed my warning;
Cloud not thus your life's fair morning;
Though of good he seems the giver,
Full of arrows is his quiver;
Surely you will feel their smart;
Beauty, look out for your heart.

He will fill your soul with anguish,
Leave you then to pine and languish.
Humbly you may sue before him,
Wildly on your knees implore him.
He'll not heed your wild appeal,
Azure eyes can turn to steel.

See the traitor's double dealing;
While he looks with soft appealing,
Toying with her golden tresses,
Wooing her with soft caresses,
With his straight, unerring dart,
Pierces deep poor Beauty's heart.

Then, without a word, he leaves her,
Caring not though sore it grieves her,
Heeding not her words imploring,
Heeding not her eyes adoring,
Turns away a scoffing face,
Lifts his wings with airy grace.

Beauty, longing, gazing after,
Hears the sound of mocking laughter;
Plainly now she sees her error,
Turns from him in sudden terror,
But, alas! too late to save,
Love has fettered one more slave.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS AT NORTHFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DELIVERED JUNE 19, 1880.

BY PROF. LUCIAN HUNT.

After an absence of many years, it is a pleasure not to be expressed in words that I am permitted to meet once more this great company of familiar faces, and on this bright June morning to assist in some slight degree to celebrate Northfield's one hundredth birthday.

And it is fitting that we should celebrate this. Ever since the peopling of the earth, has the custom prevailed of commemorating the eventful days of a country's, town's, or family's history.

To keep in remembrance past events, all modern nations have their festival days; the Greeks and Romans had their games; and the Jews, their Passover, their Feast of Tabernacles, and their Year of Jubilee.

But America's great festival day is destined to be the Centennial; both for our republic as a whole, and for its towns individually; for the Centennial commemorates the event most important in the history of each—its birth. This is not possible in the Old World, as the origin of every nation there is veiled in the dim and distant past. Not so with us. The exact day of every town's birth is known. Our great republic, the United States of America, was proclaimed a nation one hundred and four years ago, on the 4th of July. Our little republic, which we call Northfield, was proclaimed a town just one hundred years ago to-day—that is, on the 19th of June, 1780.

This event you resolved should not pass unobserved. And with you, to *resolve* was to *perform*. And the result is this grand, rousing, social reunion of the present and former inhabitants of the town, this great outpouring and commingling of good feeling and town patriotism, and this meeting of old friends and revival of past associations; and, in short, this coming together of your whole population—to bid farewell to the old century and to greet the new.

We welcome you, sons and daughters of Northwood, to this gathering of good will and old remembrances! We welcome you in the name of the living present, and in memory of the deceased fathers! We welcome you, one and all, male and female, young and old, from far and near, to this wedding of the past with the present! And may this reunion result in great good to our town and in a blessing to us all.

Northfield is a century old to-day. And since we have reached this first centennial mile-stone of our town's history, let us pause a few hours this morning from that eager looking *ahead*, so characteristic of the Americans, and look *back*—let us, I say, *us* of the fourth generation, *look back*—over the heads of our fathers, our grandfathers, our great-grandfathers—not only to the event we are celebrating to-day—the act of incorporation—but twenty years beyond—to the first *settlement* in 1760, and render deserved honor to that hardy band of pioneers, who left friends and planted their families in the deep solitude of what was then a vast forest—not like the pleasant grove in which we are celebrating on this 19th of June, but tall, dark, pathless, forbidding, and dangerous.

Benjamin Blanchard is generally credited as being the founder of Northfield, though two years earlier Jonathan Heath is said to have built a log hut on the Gerrish intervale, which was once included within the limits of old Northfield, but now belongs to Franklin. However that may be, by commo-

consent, Blanchard was the first settler within the present limits of the town.

In 1760, he cut his way through an unbroken wilderness from an old fort in Canterbury, and settled on what is now known as Bay hill. Blanchard was then forty-one years of age. His father, Edward Blanchard, was killed twenty-two years before by the Indians at the old Canterbury garrison. At this time, Benjamin is supposed to have had nine children. "For several years," says Mr. M. B. Goodwin of Franklin, "as far as I can learn, Benjamin Blanchard and family were the only settlers in Northfield. It is an interesting fact to state in this place, that the first Methodist church that existed on this continent was erected the same year in which Benjamin Blanchard erected his log house on Bay hill—in 1760." He opened a clearing for himself on what is now the farm of Ephraim S. Wadleigh—his dwelling standing back of the orchard.

Blanchard's residence was a log house—then, and for many years after, the fashionable style of architecture among the pioneers of Bay hill, and of the town generally. It was a convenient style—not showy, but having a severe Doric simplicity, quite in keeping with the character of the early inhabitants. They were not capacious—containing but one, or at most, two rooms, and with the big families of those days, they must at times have furnished rather close quarters. But they were warm and cosy—easily constructed, for the timber was close at and a few days' labor only was required to transform it into the settler's modest mansion. When the logs were squared by the axe, they formed a solid, massive structure, bidding defiance to winds, and proof against cold and the bullets of the savages, thus making at the same time, comfortable homes and strong fortresses. There are worse homes, let me tell you, in the world even now, than the log hut. Compared with the mud hovels of many parts of Europe, and the board shanties of this country, it was a palace.

Here, then, Blanchard lived for several years, cut off from mankind by many miles of intervening forest. We don't know, but we imagine, that a feeling of loneliness would creep over him sometimes, when he thought of his isolation from his fellow-man. Perhaps he thought occasionally when the perils around him from beast and savage were greatest, and his struggle with primeval nature the fiercest, that he was leading rather a tough life. It would not be strange, if he had now and then his blue days, when discouraged and heart-sick, he was ready to give up, and retrace his steps back to the old Canterbury garrison. But of his feelings no record tells. He must have suffered privations we know—all settlers did in those times. Many a weary mile may he have trudged—a bag of corn on his back—perhaps even to Concord, or farther, in order to obtain a scanty supply of meal for the manufacture of an occasional bannock for his household, or to thicken their porridge. Such groceries as sugar, tea, coffee, butter, cheese, and the like, we may believe, were rare visitors at his table, and wheaten bread an unknown luxury to him and the little Blanchards.

But after all, this picture has its bright side. If he hadn't beefsteak, he could get bear-steak, merely by burning a little powder. If biscuit was wanting, potatoes, such as new ground only can produce, supplied its place; while rabbits, deer, squirrels, and partridges furnished many a delicious titbit. Besides, the Winnipiseogee—only a mile distant—teemed with millions of shad, and Skendugady, no doubt, was fairly alive with the delicious brook trout.

After all, Blanchard was probably a happy man. His mode of life, we may suppose, gave him perfect health—he had the satisfaction of seeing his clearing growing broader every year, giving him more sunshine and blue sky overhead, and a greater extent of tillage land beneath; while as for loveliness, his little cabin was fairly running over with children, so that he might be as much puzzled where to bestow his

imported young Canterburyites, as was the famous old woman "who lived in a shoe." His home was all the dearer to him from its seclusion. He was decidedly a home body. He couldn't well be otherwise. You didn't see him lounging about the stores, or taverns, or depots, or grog shops, after it was time for honest folks to be abed. Institutions for loafing were not yet invented. His nest, crowded with those nine Canterbury birds and their mother, required and received his presence and protection each night. And he kept good hours—retiring early, first taking care to rake up the coals, so as to find a bed of glowing embers in the morning, for this was before the day of Lucifer matches, and the loss of fire would have been quite a serious misfortune.

Well, in this way, the years came and went, and in process of time he began to have neighbors. The first to follow him was William Williams, whose daughter, widow George Hancock, died at the residence of her son, William Hancock, in Canterbury, Jan. 14, 1860, aged one hundred years, eleven months, and four days. Let her be remembered as the oldest person that Northfield has as yet produced. We'll see what the next century can do in that respect.

Afterwards came Nathaniel and Reuben Whicher, Capt. Samuel and Jonathan Gilman, and Linsey Perkins, and settled on the farm where Warren H. Smith, Esq., now resides. On the Perkins place, opposite Mr. Wadleigh's, was a hut used for school purposes.

The first two children born in town were Aaron Collins, and Ebenezer Blanchard, grandson of old Benjamin and Bridget Blanchard, whose birth took place in 1768. Ebenezer kept a hotel on the Wadleigh farm. His father, Edward, was a prominent man in town—twenty-five years a selectman, often moderator at town-meetings, and served as a soldier throughout the Revolutionary war. The old people, Benjamin and Bridget, were buried on their farm. Years after, the old lady's gravestone was found among some stones hauled to repair the well.

The settlement had now so far increased that the mail route from Concord to Gilmanton Corner passed over Bay hill. The first post rider was Ezekiel Moore, a native of Canterbury, where his son, Col. Matthias M. Moore, still resides, He carried the mail from 1798 to 1812, and possibly a little later. This was the only regular means of communication the little settlement had with the great outside world, and old people used to tell his son, years ago, with what intense anxiety they awaited the coming of the postman, his father. After Mr. Moore retired from the business, his neighbor, Mr. Tallent, a young man, whose death occurred but a few years ago, succeeded him. A post and box stood at the end of the lane on the Blanchard place for the reception of the papers deposited there by the mail carrier.

A little farther south, down by the Smith meadow, was a log hut, in which lived a Mr. Colby. His wife was a weaver, and for want of bars was accustomed to warp her webs on the apple trees. It would be difficult to find such fruit on our modern apple trees, I reckon.

Esquire Charles Glidden was a leading man in his day, who died in 1811, at the age of sixty-seven. Mrs. Jeremiah Smith known to you so long, was his daughter. She died at the ripe age of ninety-one; and her husband, whose prosperous and useful life three additional years would have rounded out to a century, after a union with her of seventy-three years, all which were passed on the old homestead, and having voted for every president from Washington to Lincoln, at last sunk to rest like a patriarch of old, crowned with length of days, and like a shock of corn, fully ripe. He left three children, viz.—Warren H. Smith, Esq., now leading the life of a prosperous farmer, and who maintains the honor of the patrimonial estate with becoming dignity in the old family mansion, which has been renovated, modernized, improved, and beautified;

Mrs. William Gilman, of Lexington, Mass.; and Mrs. Miles Glidden, for many years a resident of Ohio.

Mr. William Gilman, a hale and vigorous gentleman of about eighty, the most of his life a resident of Bay hill, and his brother Charles, now in Illinois, are sons of Jonathan Gilman, who himself, or his father, was, I suppose, one of the original settlers. His great-grandfather on the mother's side, came from Lee, bought five hundred acres of wild land on and around Bay hill, on which he settled his sons—Reuben, Nathaniel, William, and Jonathan Whicher—many of whose descendants are now in town. The grandfather of Mr. Westley Knowles bought his farm of Nathaniel Whicher—paying for it, so the story goes, with a two-year-old heifer.

Captain Samuel Gilman, Joseph Knowles, and Dr. Kezar were also among the first settlers on Bay hill.

The excellent and very pleasant farms at present owned and occupied by Messrs. Monroe and William Clough, were purchased from Capt. Samuel Gilman about the year 1802, by their grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Clough, who emigrated thither from Salisbury, Mass., and died in 1836, aged eighty-six, leaving the farms to his two sons, Jonathan and Samuel: the former, the father of William, the latter, of Monroe. Could ambition exist at that early day, and in such a small community? Yes. The desire to excel is the same in all ages and places. Capt. Gilman built a barn—the first in town, the wonder of the neighborhood—which barn still stands on the old place. The owner of W. H. Smith's farm determined to surpass it, and the next year built a barn twenty-five feet longer. Whereupon, Esquire Glidden built another with a still further addition of twenty-five feet, and the contest ended.

Another of the pioneers of Northfield was Jonathan Wadleigh, who was a native of Kingston, N. H., served in the Revolutionary army, lived for a while at Bean hill, settled on the south side of Bay hill, on what was afterwards called the Ambrose Woodbury farm, and finally died in Gilmanton. He was the father of Judge Wadleigh, whose son, Ephraim S., still lives on the first opened farm in town, and of Mrs. Capt. S. Glines, who, after having lived half a century or more at the Centre, returned to her father's homestead on Bay hill, now in the posession of her son, Smith W. Glines, and died at the age of eighty-two, in the same room in which she was born. This much for Bay hill.

As to Bean hill, I suppose it must have been twenty years later, or more, when Lieut. Charles Glidden moved thither from Nottingham, built a log hut, left his wife and two children and went into the Revolutionary army. In his absence, she tilled the soil, felled the trees, and hauled her wood with the help of oxen. After his return, he bought Nehemiah McDonald's farm near the old meeting-house. Mr. Glidden, his wife, and some of the children were buried on said farm. His wife was a Mills, and her mother Alice Cilly. John Cilly, Robert Evans, a Mr. Cofran (father of Col. James Cofran), Gideon Sawyer and brother, Solomon French and brother, were early settlers of this region; and William Smith, the grandfather of Warren Smith, who was moved from Old Hampton by Mr. Glidden. Perhaps his son Jeremiah came with him, as he left Old Hampton, where he was born, when a boy, and went to live in Canterbury.

In those early times, there was no house between Glidden's and what is now called the Rand School-house—some two miles or more. Ensign Sanborn, whose wife was a Harvey, lived not far from there. He probably served in the army for a while.

Mrs. William Gilman, to whom I am indebted for many of the above facts, relates that woods, wolves, and bears were plenty in those times, and carriages very scarce; so that when Esquire Samuel Forrest's mother died, her corpse was carried on a bier laid on poles between two horses to the graveyard by the brick meeting-house, some three or four miles distant.

She further says, that "Old Gen. Dearborn drove the first double sleigh into Northfield on a visit to her grandfather.

I have been able to learn but little of the pioneers and settlement of the Centre and Eastern parts of the town, with the exception of the Forrest family—a short account of which was furnished me by Mr. John Sanborn, which I give in nearly his own words.

"John Forrest came from Ireland when eighteen years of age, and settled finally in Canterbury. Of his four sons, Robert settled in the same town, and the others in Northfield—John on the Leighton Place, William in the Centre district, and James on the farm now owned by James N. Forrest, his grandson. Two of his daughters married Gibsons, and the other one Mr. Clough; and all settled in Northfield. William Forrest settled in the Centre district, or rather commenced clearing the timber in 1774, just before the war of the Revolution broke out. One day, while felling trees, he providentially escaped death by lightning, which completely demolished an ash tree, under which he had designed to take shelter. He enlisted in the war, and served his country with credit. He was the father of fourteen children, of whom thirteen lived to grow up, and all except one attended school near the old meeting-house." To this sketch Mr. James N. Forrest adds: "My grand-father James came here—on the farm where I now live—in 1784, and subdued the forest, erected buildings, built roads, and left a worthy son to inherit his property, and do honor to his name. My father, who was an only son, named me for his father, and I have named one of my sons—Samuel—for him. How long the names will rotate, only the destiny of the family will reveal." I understand that this family has furnished more teachers and held more official positions than any other in town.

Oak hill proper, I am informed, was for the most part originally in the possession of Obed Clough, who was succeeded by the French and Batchelder families. The later are still represented in that part of the town—among whom the best known face is that of "Uncle Moses," as he is familiarly called, still hale, vigorous, and whole-souled—one of the patriarchs of the town, showing to the younger generation what a life of temperance, industry, with a good conscience, can accomplish towards the attainment of old age.

I quote from Mr. Goodwin again, who says, "Ensign Sanborn, Gideon Sawyer, the brothers Archelaus, Samuel, and Abner Miles, John and Jeremiah McDaniel, Nathaniel and William Whicher, Capt. Thomas Clough, George and Joseph Hancock, and the four brothers by the name of Cross, were in town very early." These, I suppose, mostly settled in the western part. "On the Crosses they had some verses running in this wise:

Cooper Jess and Merchant Tom,
Honest Parker and Farmer John.

These Crosses had a sort of village down at their place on the intervale, opposite the Webster farm. They had a coopering establishment, a store and a tavern there, and it was, in fact, a business emporium for all that region."

The first manufacturing in town was done on what was called the Cross brook. Here, and near the Intervale and Oak hill, were made earthen and wooden ware, lumber, jewelry, and especially the old-fashioned gold beads. They had there a grist-mill, a fulling-mill, and carding machine—the first in use—a grocery, jeweller's shop, and tailor's shop. The father of Mr. William G. Hanaford had a shoe shop, and some one had a blacksmith—or what was then called a shoeing shop. In fact, almost every branch of industry was carried on there in the very first decade of the town's history.

Steven Cross, the great-grandfather of O. L. Cross, Esq., married Peggy Bowen, and settled near Indian Bridge, and raised a family of thirteen children, who were all living when the youngest was forty years old. The oldest, Abraham, married Ruth Sawyer, daughter of old Dea. Sawyer of

Canterbury, who was a soldier in both the French and Revolutionary wars, and who had two sons killed at the surrender of Burgoyne, where the father was also a soldier. Dea. Sawyer owned the ferry two miles below the Cross ferry, and always attended to it himself to the last year of his life, he being within two months and three days of one hundred years at his death. He was the father of twenty-two children, twenty of whom grew up. Abraham Cross settled near his father Sawyer, and there Jeremiah was born in 1805; but the year before the family had settled on the Winnipiseogee and built a saw-mill ever after known as the Cross mill. Jeremiah married Miss Sarah Lyford of Pittsfield, settled near the Cross mill, and about thirty years ago built, on a beautiful elevation overlooking the mill, a fine mansion in which a few years since he died, leaving behind an enviable character for honor, integrity, and business enterprise. He was buried with masonic honors.

Among the early settlers were also the names of William Kenniston and a Mr. Danforth. The latter was a soldier of the Revolution, and having been wounded, always persisted in saying that he carried the ball still imbedded in his shoulder. The statement was not credited, however, till, years after his death, upon the removal of the remains, it was found that the old soldier was right, for there firmly fixed, so that a hammer was required for its extrication, was found the bullet, embedded in the solid bone.

The three Miles brothers came into town in 1769 or 1770, and settled on one farm; lived on it six or seven years, then sold it to Reuben Kimball of Concord, in 1776. This farm has been kept in the Kimball name to the present time, Reuben giving it to his son Benjamin, who sold it to his brother David, whose descendants are still there. Reuben Kimball was a soldier of the Revolution, and in the battle of Bunker Hill was hit by musket balls three times—once in the crown of his hat, once on the powder horn which hung at his side (which horn is now in the possession of the present occupant of the farm) and once in the leg, which wound never healed to the day of his death, June 12, 1815.

Well, Time whirls his wheel a little queerly sometimes. Now here is Mr. J. A. Kimball, the last possessor of that farm, whose wife is a direct descendant of Abner Miles, the first possessor of said farm. Said Abner sold his right and title to the farm, and cut off his descendants, heirs, assigns, etc., from all right, title, fee simple, forever and forever, when lo! a descendant of his steps in and claims equal rights with the purchaser. And what is still more strange, it is said to be the result of a suit—not a law suit—which terminated in her favor; and so the descendants of the seller and the descendants of the purchaser both share equally in the blessings of said farm.

Another excellent farm in Western Northfield, which is as well cultivated as any upland farm in town, or perhaps in the county, is the one owned and occupied by Mr. John S. Dearborn, which was deeded to his grandfather, Shuball Dearborn, in 1779, just one hundred and one years ago, by his great-grandfather, who then lived on the Edmund Dearborn place. The deed is still preserved in the old family chest. Shuball was married in homespun, at twenty-six years of age, and commenced housekeeping without bed or crockery, and in a house containing only one pane of glass. The story goes, that he was taxed extra for the glass, and for every smoke in the chimney. But frugality and industry overcame all obstacles in time, and Mr. Dearborn lived to see himself in comfortable circumstances, with a good house to shelter him, and well furnished for the time. He was obliged to haul his building material from Portsmouth with an ox-team. He died at the age of fifty-eight. The farm has been in the family name ever since, passing from Shuball to his son of the same name, and thence to his son, the present possessor, John S. Dearborn.

"The Intervale upon which th

Crosses and Joseph Hancock settled (once a part of old Northfield, but now included within the limits of Franklin) is one of the largest and richest on the Merrimack." It here spreads out into a broad field of more than one hundred acres, level as a prairie, a sort of delta, or miniature Egypt, which is flowed in Spring and Fall, but never washed, as the water sets back upon the land through a channel connecting with the Merrimack on the lower side. Portions of this have been mowed for nearly a century, and still produce from one to three tons per acre. Here Joseph Gerrish, Esq., settled in the year 1804. He was a native of Boscawen, born in 1784—almost one hundred years ago—and was the son of Col. Henry, and grandson of Capt. Steven Gerrish, one of the first settlers of Boscawen, and a native of Newbury, Mass. The great-grandfather of Steven (Capt. William) came from Bristol, Eng., to Newbury, where he settled in 1639—removing thence to Boston in 1687.

Joseph Gerrish was a man of great shrewdness, business tact and enterprise, hospitable and genial. During the war of 1812 he started a distillery here for the manufacture of potato whiskey, which he gave up on the return of peace, and turned his attention more exclusively to farming, bought the George Hancock farm on an adjacent ridge, and thus enlarged his domains to ample size, with due proportions of upland for grazing, and intervale for tillage. Soon after, he removed his residence to the upland farm, where with convenient buildings, good horses, ample means, generous living, and a family of thirteen children, he lived till his death in 1851, looked up to and respected as one of the most substantial farmers Northfield has produced. His wife was Susan Hancock of Northfield. After his death, his broad acres were divided among his three sons—Milton, Leonard, and Stephen; the two former taking the intervale, the latter, the upland farm. Milton and Leonard still abide by their inheritance, and with full garners and contented spirits we presume they enjoy that peculiar happiness and health a farmer's life only can bring. Steven, however, after a few years of very successful farming, his house being destitute of children, grew lonely, we suppose, and migrated across the Merrimack, to try the charms of a village life in West Franklin, where he still resides. His place was bought by John Kelley, Esq., the present possessor, in whose experienced hands the farm bids fair to keep up its ancient reputation.

This is the amount of our researches respecting Oak hill and the West part.

And now having given this imperfect sketch of the first settlers, and their acts during the first twenty years, and traced their families down as fully as our information would allow, it remains to exhibit them in their corporate capacity, beginning with their town meetings, and following with the great raising of the old meeting-house—a momentous event in its day, hardly to be equalled by a centennial in our time—but of these matters, a few items must suffice for the present, as an extended account will be given of them in the History of Northfield, which it is proposed to prepare during the coming year. The following is a copy from their earliest

"REIGHCORD OF MEETINGS," &C.:

"At a meeting held in Northfield tuesday ye 21—Nove,r 1780

1 Voted Mr John Simons Moderator

2 Voted to a Low Mr Nathanil witchers acompt in Gitting ye in Corpration.

3 Voted to Rais Monny to Buy a parrish Book

4 v to Rais Nineteen hundred Dollars to Defray Parrish Chargis"

2D MEETING.

"At a Meeting held in Northfield on Tuesday ye first of March 1781, at the hous of Mr John Simons

1 voted Capt Ednor Blanchard Moderator

2nd Voted Arche Miles Clerk

3rd Voted Reuben Witcher John McDaniel Thomas Clough Select Men

4 Voted Ebenesor Kimbol Constobel

5 Voted Joseph Car David Blanchard Charles Glidden Matthew hains & Peter hunniford Servayers of hy wais

6 Voted Edward Blanchard David Morrison hog Refs.

7 voted Aaron Stevens Sealer of Measur

8 Voted the Select Men be a Committy to git the Monny and Beef Cauld for By the Cort.

9 voted to Raise Six thousand Dollars to Repir high ways in labour at forty dollars per day.

Said Meeting adjurned to the firs of Apr at two of the Clock in the After Noon at the Saim plais"

The foregoing is a full record of the first two meetings after the town was incorporated.

As to how the old meeting-house was raised by the whole town in convention assembled, how Master Bill Durgin framed it, and Elder Crocket blessed the enterprise, how libations were poured out and in, how the women cooked the dinner, how the Hill women of Bay hill furnished the bread, and Mrs. Knowles and others prepared the fish, potatoes, etc., by the edge of the woods, and how races were run up the east hill by men with bags of grain on their shoulders, and other games; all this and much more we hope to place before our hearers in the not distant future, as the work is in the hands of one whose ancestor kept a complete diary of the proceedings of that eventful day.

In this place, it will be appropriate perhaps to introduce a brief account of the churches of Northfield.

The old meeting-house was originally free to all sects, but in later years was occupied exclusively by the Congregationalists, who abandoned it in 1841, since which it has been used only for town-meetings.

The following sketch of the Congregational church of Northfield and Tilton was prepared by Rev. Corban Curtice, a long time pastor of the church:

"The town of Northfield was settled in 1760, and incorporated in 1780. There seems to have been less of the Puritan element among the first settlers than in some of the neighboring towns. Some years the town voted to raise money to hire preaching for a few Sabbaths, but no efficient efforts appear to have been put forth for many years to secure Congregational preaching. The old meeting-house was built in 1794. The Methodist church was organized in 1806. The Rev. John Turner was the first Congregational minister who preached in town. Rev. Jotham Sewall and the Rev. Samuel Sewall preached a number of Sabbaths each in town. The Congregational people for many years worshipped with other denominations and aided in supporting the preaching, but they sought church privileges at Sanbornton Square, and at Canterbury. * * * * *

"On May 29, 1823, Mr. Liba Conant, a young minister, was ordained as the first pastor of the Northfield Congregational church. He labored faithfully, and with a good measure of success, for about fourteen years, or till September, 1836.

"The Rev. Hazael Lucas then supplied this church one year, or till September, 1837.

"Rev. Enoch Corser, for twenty years pastor of the Congregational church at Loudon, was then engaged to supply this church, who remained from September, 1837, through April, 1843. His labors were abundant, and very successful. In 1837, and during his ministry, the present Congregational meeting-house was built and dedicated; the society being free from debt. * * * *

"Mr. C. Curtice commenced preaching here, May 1, 1843, and remained through April, 1870; just twenty-seven years.

"Rev. T. C. Piatt commenced his labors here, May 1, 1870, and closed them in June, 1875.

"Rev. F. T. Perkins commenced his ministry here, September, 1875.

"A Sabbath-school was organized in Northfield, in 1821, which has continued to the present time, and has been the source of great good to the church and community."

Of the thirteen persons who have held the office of deacon in this church, ten were from Northfield; of the sixteen superintendents of Sabbath-schools, nine were from Northfield; and of the original members, every one was from this town; and all are now dead, Dr. Enos Hoyt being the last. The whole number of members from the commencement to the present time is four hundred and thirty, of whom one hundred and sixty-seven belonged here.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized about 1804, says another authority. Joseph Knowles and wife, their son Joseph, Josiah Ambrose and wife, William Knowles and wife, Zilpha, were among the first members. Also, Mr. Warren Smith's grandmother, Mrs. Glidden, who was baptized at the time that Lottie Ellis was, who then lived with Mrs. Glidden, and afterwards became the mother of Benjamin F. Butler. Also, Mrs. Fullerton. They were all baptized at the pond. Mr. B. Rogers and wife, parents of B. A. and S. B. Rogers, were early members. In 1826 there was an extensive revival of religion. Among the converts were Jonathan Clough, Westley Knowles, and Betsey C. Knowles. The brick church was built about this time. Samuel Forrest was converted under the labors of Rev. George Storrs, and became an official member. The old brick church was given up, and a new house built on the Tilton side in 1856, of a capacity to seat nearly six hundred. Among the prominent ministry of that church were Reverends L. D. Barrows, D. D., O. H. Jasper, D. P. Leavett, Moses Chase, M. Newhall, and George Storrs. Rev. N. M. Bailey is the present minister. The members number two hundred and twenty-six. Number on probation, thirty-six.

In regard to common schools, the one remarkable fact is the strange diminution in the number of children attending them since earlier times. Why is it? The population of the town is now larger. This may be accounted for in various ways. First, the young people leave at an earlier age to obtain a more advanced education in the higher schools; second, families are smaller; and third, the young grown-up people and young families leave town. But of this last reason I will speak further on.

The first school-houses, of course, were made of logs, of which an example has been given on Bay hill, and were generally private dwelling houses. Female teachers began to be employed about 1806, and were considered competent if they had mastered the first four rules in arithmetic. In illustration of the great advance made in female education since that time it is only necessary to point to the many young ladies graduating each year from our female colleges and other higher institutions, as has witnessed this week in the seminary near by.

The Bay hill school, which formerly contained upwards of fifty pupils, has, during the past twenty years, often been reduced to less than half a dozen.

The Centre school in former days numbered sixty, sometimes reaching eighty. Here Mr. John E. Forrest, one of our oldest citizens, was accustomed to attend when a boy, one of whose duties was to carry for Master Gleason, who boarded at his father's, a bottle of cider each day. By mistake one morning, he filled the bottle from the vinegar barrel. At the proper time, after the wear and tear of the morning hour, Master Gleason repaired to the closet where the cider was wont to be kept, and disposed of a stout dram, before he discovered his mistake. Speechless with rage and vinegar, he could only shake his fist in the face of the innocent cause of all this turmoil, at the same time giving such power of expression to his face as would have been highly applauded on the stage. Finally recovering his

speech, he roared out the threat of a flogging to the rascal. Doubtless he wore a sour look the rest of the day.

Other early teachers of the Centre were Master Morrill of Concord, Masters Bowles, Solomon Sutton of Canterbury, Josiah Ambrose of Northfield, Phinehas Thorn, and Edmund Dearborn. Miss Morrill and Nancy Glidden were among the female teachers. The school now numbers from fifteen to twenty.

In early times, the school in the Hodgdon District numbered from seventy to one hundred, and John Cate, an old teacher, took oath in a certain suit, that he had one hundred and ten scholars. Now there are no scholars large enough to attend, and no school —one of the greatest changes in a school district that I have ever known.

Among the oldest teachers were Masters Knapp, Parkinson, Meshech Cate, John Blanchard, and Edmund Dearborn. It is related that Master Dearborn's mother used to follow her children to the school-house, stick in hand, whenever they were unwilling to go, and as the result, they all became excellent scholars. Think of that, ye who rely entirely on moral suasion! Among the female teachers were Nabby Abbott, Sally Hazelton, and Esther Parkinson. Dudley Leavitt, the famous astronomer and almanac maker, was the first to teach in that district after the building of a school-house. At that time he lived at Bean hill and boarded at home, walking to and from school each day. He wore slippers, and once, when passing old Squire Lyford's, one of them slipped off, but he was so agile, he threw his foot into it again, and passed on without stopping. He was tall and commanding in person, as were many of the Leavitts of those days.

Now, having tarried so long among the early fathers, and gathered into one bundle the few items we could pick up here and there of their settlement, families, modes of life, and manners of governing, let us in company glide downward two or three scores of years, and saunter somewhere along the middle of the century, and strive to catch a glimpse of the financial situation and social life of our people at that period, and then by a few short steps transfer ourselves to the present time.

And first I would say, that from twenty-five to seventy-five years after the incorporation, the rural portion of the town appears to me to have been in its most prosperous state. Village life had not grown to such proportions then, the majority of farmers were in middle life, with iron frames, strong arms and stronger hearts, with stout boys ready to assist and plenty of them, with buxom girls in equal numbers, to card, spin, weave, help mother generally, and even to rake hay, when occasion called, so that those freshly opened farms fairly laughed with harvests—filling the barns with hay to bursting, and the garners with grain. The school-houses were crammed with great boys, little boys, middling boys, and girls ditto. Those were the golden days of the Northfield farmers.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their teams afield,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

Since then village life has gained, and as a consequence in connection with other causes, rural life has lost.

In the second place, our fathers—and mothers as well—seemed inclined to combine amusement and sociality with their daily labor more than their descendants of the present day. Instead of formal calls—now the fashion—the good housewife would often take her wheel and spend the long Summer afternoon with a chatty neighbor in spinning—the whir of the wheel keeping time to the wagging of the tongue, and which went fastest would be hard to tell.

There were the raisings, when a new house was to be erected, whether of logs or framed, when the men came from far and near, with the purpose of having a high time generally, and they generally had it. Then there were the shooting matches, and wrestling matches, and apple parings, and quilting bees, sleighride parties, and coasting

parties. There were the spelling-schools, which were occasions of much interest, when the young people met, chose sides, and strove to surpass each other in navigating the intricate mazes of English orthography. And there were social parties, when the young men and women—often from fifty to a hundred in number—would gather at the house of some substantial farmer, where, before roaring fires, in spacious, old-fashioned rooms, warm and comfortable, though the weather might be zero without, they would spend the all too swiftly passing hours in lively chat, or in playing games, such as button, rolling the plate, Copenhagen, bean porridge, hot and cold, etc., and in singing and marching to the songs of "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow," and "When the snow blows in the field," and "Arise, my true love," etc.

O those merry, jolly days—or rather evenings—of forty or fifty years ago, when girls and boys were as thick as grasshoppers in Summer time!

A word about husking parties, once an important institution in these regions. When the days had begun to shorten and the nights to grow frosty, and the corn had been gathered and piled in huge heaps in the barns, instead of sitting solitary and alone for weeks, stripping the husks from the ears, the thrifty farmer would invite his neighbors, young and old, male and female, to a husking party, and have his corn husked in a single night. And it was an invitation in most cases gladly accepted. The joke, and the laugh, and the song went round—and sometimes the cider. And the fortunate finder of the red ear had his reward; while all were rewarded at the conclusion of the work with a bountiful meal, such as the farmers' wives of those days, and their daughters, knew how to provide. At those supper tables the pumpkin pie usually held the place of honor. With its surface of a rich golden color, deep, luscious, melting, with crispy circumference, no husking party was held to be complete without the pumpkin pie.

I had designed to speak of the militia trainings, with their wonderful evolutions and equipments, and of the muster field, to which our Northfield warriors marched once in the year, and of a famous character always there found, by the name of Foster, whose continual repetition of "yes'm, yes'm," gained him the nickname of "Yes'm" the country over, and whose war cry of

> "Crackers and honey,
> Cheap for the money,"

brought many a dollar to his cart, and many a meal of crackers, honey, gingerbread, and oranges to the hungry crowd. But want of time forbids, and an abler pen than mine would be required to do the subject justice.

Coming down to the present time, a few statistics must suffice. On the Northfield side of Tilton village, cloth is manufactured to the value of $276,000 annually from two woollen mills. There are smaller mills besides, wheelwright shop, etc. There is a large graded school building there, and over fifty dwelling houses.

The Gazetteer of 1874 says the valuation of the productions of the town is $95,000; mechanical labor, $46,500; stocks and money at interest, $9,648; deposits in savings banks, $50,911; stock in trade, $6,425. There are nine schools in town, one of which is graded.

By this we see that the manufactures are respectable, and they can be increased to an indefinite extent. But agriculture is the principal employment of the inhabitants, and they possess many fine farms, and under excellent cultivation. One or two facts will illustrate the fertility of the soil. The trunk of a pine tree for many years formed part of the highway fence below Mr. Clisby's, so large that steps were cut in it to assist in climbing over. And years ago there was another large pine tree cut near the old meeting-house. Mr. Hiram Glines, a citizen of the town, states that he once saw a pair of six feet oxen driven upon the stump, and turned around on it without stepping off.

Having thus presented a few out-

lines of the history, and slight sketches of the manners of the past, allow me a few words on the natural features of this town.

Northfield was originally a part of Canterbury, from which it was cut off by the act of incorporation in 1780. Military authorities say that mountains and rivers make the best defensive boundaries against invasion, and that, perhaps, was the reason why the boundary line was run over the summit of Bean hill—over, I think, the topmost pinnacle—while a barrier was put between the people and their neighbors on the north and west by the Merrimack and Winnipiseogee rivers. If such was the design, it was not a complete success, as is shown by the successive losses of territory the town has suffered. And it is said that many a fair daughter of the town has been lost to her parents for ever and aye by the daring of some marauding young man from across the border.

Northfield has a diversified aspect. It has hill and vale, upland and low plain, waving woods, smooth rolling fields, rich intervale, and the craggy rock. At the first glance you would hardly imagine anything to be in common between this town and the metropolis of New England. But in one respect there is a resemblance, in which, however, we are decidedly superior to the Hub. Boston was formerly called Tri-mountain, from the fact that it was built on three hills, and the name still survives in one of their principal streets — Tremont. Now Northfield has just that number of hills—Bay, Bean, and Oak—the least of which would surpass all the city's Tri-mountains gathered into one. Theirs, they say, are mountains, but mountains are so abundant up this way that we call ours hills.

The surface of the town is dotted with gem-like ponds. Near Mr. Winslow's on the level plain is Sondogardy, blinking at each railroad train as it dashes by; and Chestnut, near the residence of Mr. Knowles, lies down deep in the bottom of a cavity, like the crater of a volcano.

The principal rivers, I believe, wholly within the limits of the town are the Skenduggardy (not Sondogardy—the Gazettee is wrong) and the Cross brook, which ought to be named Sondogardy, as it flows from the pond of that name, and without doubt was formerly so called. The first named river is formed by the union of a branch flowing from Chestnut pond with another from the heights of Bean hill, and empties into the Winnipiseogee. It was once something of a manufacturing stream, as it carried two sawmills, and more anciently by flowage, manufactured the Smith and Thurston meadows, but of late it has given up the sawing and flowing business and seems only solicitous to find its way to the Winnipiseogee, while its few trout lead a hard life in dodging the misguided anglers—who are often forced to retire from its banks, sadder, if not wiser men. Its sister river flows into the Merrimack, and was once noted for manufactures. Nor is Northfield devoid of scenic beauty. Indeed, I believe it stands preëminent in that respect, even among the towns of New Hampshire. The view from Bay hill, in quiet, rural beauty, will compare favorably with anything of the kind it has been my good fortune to see. Before you on the north is spread the valley of the Winnipiseogee—with its lake of that name, that "Smile of the Great Spirit"—a sail over which Edward Everett declared to be more charming than any he had ever taken over the lakes of Switzerland—and flowing from it, with a succession of bays and rapids, the river hastening forward to bathe your northern boundary, and to meet her sister river on your western border. The valley is oval, and as you look over its longest diameter you see it walled around by Gunstock, Belknap, Ossipee, Red hill and others, like giant warders, while farther away, peering over their heads, are Chocorua, Cardigan, Mount Washington, and his brothers, while directly west, on your left, Kearsarge raises its broad shoulders—the most symmetrical of mountains, as seen from that

position. This whole Winnipiseogee valley probably was once filled by the waters of the lake—Bay hill reaching over to and connecting with a similar elevation on the Sanbornton side—till worn down by the river, which drained the valley. Dividing, one branch passed on to Franklin, and the other through the middle of Northfield, making Oak hill an island. Possibly a branch passed still further east converting Bean hill into another island much larger. Thus Northfield probably once consisted merely of two island hill tops.

From various parts of Bean hill, though possibly not quite so beautiful, are views more extensive and well worth seeing.

And Oak hill with a patronizing air looks down on stalwart Franklin, which nestles under its shelter.

Bean hill is the highest elevation between this part of the valley and the Atlantic. Its shoulders support many a goodly farm, while the pinnacle is mostly bare rock, with stunted trees in the crevices.

The Winnipiseogee is said to fall two hundred and thirty-two feet before meeting the Pemigewasset. At the confluence of the two in Franklin, the united streams take the name of Merrimack, a river which is said to propel more machinery than any other in the world. A Gazetteer tells me that the original name was Merrymake—and a very appropriate term it would appear to be to all who have seen its waters. Others say it was named from Merry Mac, a dweller on its banks; while another authority says it is an Indian word, and signifies a sturgeon.

Wonderful stories were told by the fathers about the fish in our beautiful rivers. Not the lean, attenuated specimens of piscatory life now represented by degenerate dace, chubs, and perch, with occasionally a lonely pickerel, but shad and salmon—fat, luscious, and huge, and in such vast numbers at times, as to blacken the river with their backs. And what was singular in their habits was that though they migrated from the ocean through the whole length of the Merrimack in company, yet, on reaching the fork of the two rivers at Franklin, they invariably separated, the shad passing up the Winnipiseogee to deposit their spawn in the lake, and the salmon up the Pemigewasset. Thus the inhabitants of one valley ate shad, and those of the other, salmon.

Northfield contains about twenty-seven square miles, or seventeen thousand acres. She was formerly larger, but within the last quarter of a century she has suffered a considerable contraction of her circumference, owing to the affectionate regard of her neighbors. She has become reduced—lost flesh. But for all this, she's a hale, healthy, active old lady to-day—for a centenarian.

But seriously, though our town be contracted in dimensions, it is a goodly town still. Its most picturesque, its most homelike, its most rural portions, its upland farms, its brooks, ponds, groves, and its three mountains yet remain to you. It is a beautiful town, and though small, one to be proud of.

A greater loss, however, and one more to be deplored than that of territory, which your town has sustained, has been the constant drain for the last half century of your young men, notably of your young farmers, to the cities, and especially to the far West. Some of your best life blood has been lost in this way. Had all remained, and divided and subdivided your large farms into smaller ones, and employed on them the same energy they have applied elsewhere, what a garden Northfield would have been, and how your school-houses would have been filled, in this year of 1880!

There was in imagination, half a century ago, more than at present, I think, a halo—a romance—cast around the journey towards the setting sun. Men felt sure of fortune and fame the moment their feet should touch prairie land. The great West was in their thoughts, in their talks, dreams, and even their sports. Why, I remember well, that one of the most popular songs we sung, and to the music of which we marched with

the greatest zest, in those gatherings of the young at the houses of the substantial farmers thirty or forty years ago, of which I have already spoken, was this:

"Arise, my true love, and present me your hand,
And we will travel to some far distant land,
Where the girls card and spin, and the boys
rake and mow,
And we will settle on the banks of the pleasant
O-hi-o."

Yes, many since that time have left Northfield and gone to the Ohio and beyond. And many more who remained had a desperate longing to travel the same road. Thousands were the influences operating, of course, but I have no doubt that even this little song to some extent quickened the impulses of your young men to desert this beautiful town, and travel to the level, monotonous, muddy, fever-stricken, homesick, strange, far away expanses of the West. Yes, that was what they sung:

"We will settle on the banks of the pleasant
O-hi-o!"

But girls and boys, young men and maidens, don't you do it. Don't you settle on those banks, nor on the banks of any other Western river! Don't put faith in the "beautiful O-hi-o"—I've seen it—as long as you have the beautiful Merrimack, sparkling, rushing, full of life, compared with which the "beautiful O-hi-o" is nothing but a muddy, lazy canal, or ditch, good for navigation. For beauty, for purity, for exhilerating effect, give me, a thousand times give me, your Winnipiseogee! Settle where there are healthful skies, pure air, sparkling streams. Settle in New England; settle in Northfield; or, what is better, remain settled there!

Happiness is what we are all in search of. And happiness depends, much more than we are aware, upon local attachment. And it is proverbial that local attachment is stronger in a mountainous country, than in one of plains. The Swiss are said to be so afflicted with homesickness sometimes, when in foreign countries, such a longing to see their mountains once more, that they commit suicide. Walter Scott said if he couldn't see the hills of Scotland once a year, he should die. Now a plain country has no such power. On the prairies, everything is like everything else; there is no variety; the farms are as like each other as two peas. Whereas, in a hill country like this, every farm has an individuality, a decided character, that distinguishes it from every other. Each man's farm is like no other man's farm. As we choose a friend, or a sweetheart, not because they are just like other people, but for the exact opposite—him because he is like no other man, and her because she is like no other woman—so, in process of time, a man becomes attached to his farm, especially if he has lived on it long enough to become acquainted with its peculiarities, because it is unlike any other man's farm. He experiences a home feeling when he visits the hillside pasture, sees an old acquaintance in every hollow, tree, brook, spring, and even every rock of respectable size has an individuality and a charm for him, that in the course of a long life adds no small amount to the sum total of his happiness. Why, said a New Hampshire man to me in Iowa once, "I would give half my farm to run my plough against a big rock."

O, but this is nothing but sentiment! some one says. Perhaps it is, but you will find that the most of our likes and dislikes are founded on sentiment. But grant that it is sentiment—nothing more and nothing worth, yet, if you look at the comparative profits simply of Eastern and Western farming, I surmise that you will not find the table of profit and loss to be so very much against the Northfielder—even on his upland farm, to say nothing of the intervales. Why, there are ten farms under mortgage at the West to one in the East. That tells the story of profit and loss. Much might also be said here of the mistake of leaving a country for a city life. But time is rapidly passing, and I must hasten to a close. I will only say that the experience of the past five or six years has wrought a

change in the minds of thousands on this subject. Many a man during the past twelve months has left behind the din, the turmoil, the uncertainty of the city, and gone back to where he can be blessed with

"The low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

And may this return tide long continue to flow upon the old homesteads.

But not to the young men alone, but to the fathers of the town, allow me a word. I would say, take all means to improve your town. Make it desirable as a place of residence. You have good land, a strong soil, better, much better than the average of New Hampshire land. Feed this soil. Beautify your farms. Make your homes pleasant, and strive in all ways to stop this constant drain of your young men to the West, or to the cities. You have a beautiful town, as I have before said, varied, picturesque, and richly endowed with capacities for improvement. Increase its beauties. Adorn it in every conceivable way. And by so doing, not only increase the beauty, but greatly enhance the market value of our town. Plant trees, make good roads, set out orchards, have trim gardens, ornament your grounds, make your houses neat, convenient, and picturesque; in short, make every farm a paradise—for you can do it—with health, industry, and taste. Set your faces as a flint in favor of morality and temperance throughout your borders—in every nook and corner of the town—among all classes, and especially among the young. Establish a public library, and lend a helping hand to every good work. What if all these should cost a little more money? Money is of no value in itself, but for what it procures. Let it procure what will give you enjoyment, and improve and bless you and yours, your life long. See to it that your public schools are as good as they can be made. And when your children have graduated from the district schools, don't forget that what would do in your great-grandfathers' days, would be totally insufficient now. Then man was chiefly employed in subduing nature—in felling the trees, and in establishing for himself a residence. Now times have changed. Knowledge is increased. Skilled labor and scientific learning give power to its possessor above all his fellows. A higher education is now required to keep us on a level with the general intelligence of the world.

And glad am I to be able to say, that you fortunately have the means of obtaining this higher education at your very doors. The New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College is a daughter of Northfield, whose birth took place on this side of the river thirty-five years ago. Many before me have experienced her beneficial influence, and are nobler men and nobler women to-day from having come in contact with her moulding power. To be sure, she has moved out of town, but only across the border, to a brother hill facing the one she left, and, in fact, only the northerly part of the same hill, before the river wore a channel between. So that you can still claim her as a daughter of Northfield, who has only stepped across the way. And long may she continue her influence, not only in Northfield and Tilton, but throughout New Hampshire, and even extend it to the remotest corners of New England. This subject of education, in connection with the prosperity of your town, or of any town, is no small thing. My life's work has been in this cause. Thirty years almost have I, in a humble way, stood in my place of teacher, and every year increases my conviction of its vast importance. For twelve years nearly has it been my fortune to find a home in my present location on the seaboard. There, on many a prominent headland, you will notice that a light-house has been erected; a light-house that shall send its beams far over the water to guide the mariner in the dark. In the fog, or the storm, or in the dim starlight, shaken by huge billows, or in the calm, that light gleams forth, and tells him where he

is, and guides him in the right course. So may the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, seated on yonder headland, that beautiful headland, send forth the light of education all up and down the Merrimac valley, and not stoping there, cross Kearsarge on the west, and Bean hill and Gunstock on the east, and extend its beams to the lakes and the ocean, enlightening, guiding, blessing, as long as your three hills shall stand, or the Merrimack run.

And finally, cultivate town patriotism. Love your town. Render it more and more worthy of your love with each passing year. Teach your children to love it, and make it such that they must love it, ardently, devotedly, so that whether they sojourn within its limits, or settle far away, or wander with no fixed abode, their native town will be the one bright, loved, home-like spot of all the earth.

And, dear old Mother Northfield, who wearest thy centennial garments so well to-day, we, thy children, native and adopted, bid thee all hail! May many and many a centennial be celebrated within thy borders. And may each anniversary find you farther advanced in prosperity and happiness and morality than the last. "May your sons be as plants grown up in their youth; may your daughters be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; may your garners be full, your oxen strong to labor; may there be no complaining in your streets; and may you be that happy people whose God is the Lord." And

"O, our fathers' God! From out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the century done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

O, make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
And o'er our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of the righteous law.
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new century surpass the old."

INCREASE MY FAITH.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Increase my faith, O God!
List to thy pleading child.
Give me a purer soul.
Jesus, so sweet and mild,
Wash thou my garments white,
Whiter than drifted snow;
Cleanse thou my heart from sin.
Thou dost my sorrow know.

Increase my faith and love,
Dear Saviour, thee I seek.
Thou who did'st die to save
Sinners so faint and weak.
Hold out thy strong right hand,
Succor and save my soul.
For I am weary grown
Striving to reach the goal.

Plead for me brother, friend,
Saviour! in time of need.
For sin would work me ill:
Let not the fiend succeed.
With arms flung 'round the "Cross,"
Lips closely to it pressed,
And eyes to heaven upraised,
God give me peace and rest.

South Boston, August 2, 1880.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

Frances, visibly impatient, interrupted him, and said to me:

"Mr. Rudolf von Zwenken, son of my grand-father."

"We always have some trouble to say uncle, don't we, my charming niece? It is my fault. I have never known how to inspire the necessary respect. Well, cousin de Zonshoven, you are now on soundings. A little correction, nevertheless, there is no longer a Rudolf von Zwenken, he is civilly dead."

"And morally," murmured Frances.

"And if he thought of being brought to life under this name," continued he without paying any attention to the interruptions, "he would commit something like a suicide, for it would not be long before he would be taken and shot."

"And knowing that, after all that has been done to put you out of peril, to come and present yourself here!" exclaimed Frances.

"But, my dear, who has told you that I come to present myself here? It is true, I give representations in the province, but he who presents himself to the public is Mr. Smithson, so well disguised that the Baron Von Zwenken himself would not recognize his son."

"That is very fortunate, for he would die if he did," said Frances in a decided tone.

"Oh! there! dearest, you exaggerate. My father has never been so sensitive as that on my account. He would never know who this Mr. Smithson is. His son Rudolf respectfully desires to have an interview with him, and on that account he asks for your intervention, Frances."

"It is useless, sir, you can neither see your father again, nor speak to him."

"What inhumanity, Frances!"

"My duties to humanity lay me under the first obligations to your father."

"But, dear child, understand me. I only wish to kiss his hand and ask his pardon. For that I have imposed on myself a thousand fatigues, run a thousand dangers, ridden three hours on horseback, hidden in the ruin, climbed the garden wall at the risk of breaking my arms and legs; seeing a light here, broke in here, and I shall have done all this for nothing! No, my darling, that cannot be, you will be good, you will manage to give me the desired opportunity."

"No, I tell you, and you know that when I come to a decision, I do not give up."

"Still, you have a heart, Frances. Ah! I see what restrains you. You think that I come back like the prodigal son, pennyless, returning from the swine's husks. It is exactly the contrary. I bring more than six hundred florins in good and fine *greenbacks*. It is a beginning of restitution. What would papa say if he found them tomorrow morning on his pillow? Do you believe that he would not open his arms to his erring son?"

"No, Rudolf, certainly not. You have broken your word of honor, and that is something your father would never pardon in you. Don't speak of restitution. What is this sum in comparison with what you have cost him, with what you have made us all suffer, in fine, with the sacrifices which gave us the right to hope that we had, at least, bought rest and oblivion."

Rudolf bowed his head and sighed without answering a word. I could not help pitying this unfortunate man. I should have been glad to say something in his favor, but the cold, haughty, and even contemptuous bearing of Frances overawed me. She must

have a reason for her inexorable severity, a reason which I could not surmise. I must, therefore, remain absolutely quiet.

At length, Rudolf awoke from his dejection, swallowed a glass of water, and, turning towards Frances, said to her in a serious tone: "Listen, Frances. You seem to take my father under guardianship, and to oppose yourself, without even consulting his wishes, to a reconciliation between him and me, and it seems strange that a niece, a simple grand-daughter, should busy herself in playing here the role of an elder brother, who does not wish to hear of the kind reception of the prodigal son. Still you know that I have neither the wish nor the power to dispute with you the succession to my father's estate."

"The only thing that was wanting was to be suspected by you of covetousness," replied Frances in an indignant tone.

"That is something of which I should have the least thought of accusing you; on the contrary, I am bowed down under the weight of my obligations to you. I only said that to remove all uncertainty. For all the world, I am Richard Smithson, an American citizen; but do not refuse to allow me here to be still for a few moments Rudolf von Zwenken, who would like to see his old father a last time before bidding him an eternal farewell."

"Your eternal farewells mean nothing, we always see you reappear."

"Yes, but if I should go without your leave? After all, who can prevent my going to find my father in the large chamber, the way to which I know."

"Do it, but I warn you of one thing, and that is that in the ante-room you will meet Rolfe, who knows you of old, who only obeys orders, but who always obeys."

"The devil take Rolfe! What is the old scoundrel doing here?"

"The old scoundrel does his best, does more than he ought, to enliven the last days of your father, made wretched by you."

"My misfortune would not be complete, if it was not crowned by your contempt," exclaimed Rudolf, not knowing which way to turn.

I ventured to offer myself as a mediator. "Useless," replied Frances in the same cold and haughty voice, "Rudolf remembers that on my knees I begged my grandfather not to let his son go into exile without a word of pardon, and that I obtained nothing but a scene of grief and anger. Consider also that you have yourself aided in giving currency here to a report of your death. The baron believed it, has become accustomed to it, and I might also say has consoled himself for it. The fear that he had that you would be arrested, tried, and sentenced, has only ceased since then. Would you renew his anxieties and tortures?"

"That is true, too true, you are right," said Rudolf, falling into complete discouragement.

"But you will not go without having taken something," said Frances, recovering her natural kind disposition, as soon as she saw herself victorious, "I will go and get you something to eat; cousin Leopold will allow you to dine in his room."

Thereupon she went out, leaving me with my strange cousin.

"Br-r-r!" said he to me, "our Major is not a cat to be handled without gloves. How she looked at me. I felt myself pierced through and through, and yet a heart, a heart such as you will not find one in a thousand."

"I confess that in her place I should have been softened."

"What can I say to you? She only knows me by my bad sides. When chance or my faults have brought us two together, it was in circumstances which could not dispose her in my favor. I have cost her trouble and money; I am afraid that even her reputation has suffered on my account. She wished to aid me, not caring more than I did about what people said. It was at Z——. The paternal mansion was closed to me. She arranged to meet me in a retired place for promenade, where not a soul is seen except on

Sundays; but we were discovered, watched by some lounger, and God knows what fine stories flew through the little city on her account. The generous girl had pledged her diamonds to assist me, without her father's knowing anything about it. This act of devotion was interpreted to her discredit. You may say that it would have been still more beautiful on her part not to remind me of this when she sees me again. Bah! my dear, it is just as impossible to find a perfect woman as a horse without a fault. The only result is that she can scratch and bite me as much as she pleases, I bow my head and——"

At this moment, Frances came back, bringing wine, meat, and bread. My unexpected guest seized them with voracity.

"By the way," said he, after having emptied several glasses, "where shall I pass the night? I can't go into the wing, occupied by Rolfe and the General. I could sleep very well in the stable on a bundle of straw, only I am afraid of the coachman."

"We have no coachman, now," said Frances, who became very pale.

"What! Have you discharged Harry Blount?"

"Harry Blount is dead."

"Dead! He would hardly be thirty to-day. It was I who taught him to ride; but, Frances, my angel, how pale you are. Have you also been obliged to do without your beautiful saddle-horse?"

"No, Tancred is kept at the farm; but the recollection of Harry Blount is terrible to me, to me,—who am the cause of his death."

"You speak foolishly; come now, you have been obliged, in a moment of vivacity"—(he made a gesture of a man, who whips another), "but I have done as much, more than once, that does not kill, and you, certainly, have not assassinated him."

"I am, not the less, the cause of this brave fellow's death. It was when we were driving out in the carriage. We had been obliged to sell the dapple grey span,—"

"God damn! The fine beasts! My poor father!"

"We had a new horse, which we wanted to harness with the only one we had left. We were going to try them. Harry wanted to do it alone, but I got it into my head to drive, myself. So I mounted on the seat by his side, seized the reins, and we took the road which leads from Z—— to the village. We went like the wind. I drove with a high hand, and applauded myself for my triumph; but Harry shook his head and cautioned me to be careful. The sky was dull and threatening. Crazy as I could be, I excited the horses still more, who already began to cease to mind the bit. Harry, frightened, wished to take the reins. I resisted and was not willing to give them up. At that moment the storm, which had been threatening for some hours, burst upon us; the thunder rattled, and the horses reared. Blount jumped down from his seat to quiet them. He fell and the horses passed over his body. In despair I also jumped down at the risk of my life. The violence of the shock threw me into a sort of fainting fit. When I came out of it, I saw the unfortunate Harry Blount stretched out on the ground, crushed and scarcely breathing. He only lived an hour after the accident."

Frances, seated on the sofa, ended her account of the accident with sobs.

"That is a pity, Frances, a great pity," answered Rudolf, "why did not this misfortune happen to me, rather than to Blount? You would have had one less burden to bear. Now that the deed is done, we must do the best we can. I have seen many others fall from a horse who have not been picked up. What can we do about it? Wait for the day when our turn comes and think no more about it; but, still," said he, while continuing his meal, which had been interrupted for a moment, "that does not tell me where I shall pass the night. Must I return to the ruin? It is a very cold chamber, especially when one knows that the paternal castle near by——"

"There is absolutely no room to offer you, Rudolf."

"But why cannot Mr. Rudolf share mine? I should willingly yield my bed to him."

"No," said he, eagerly, "I should be very well contented with the sofa, at least if Frances will consent."

"Very well," said she, "only you must promise me that to-morrow at day-break, you will be far away. To-morrow is your father's birth-day, and there will be many people at the castle."

"I swear to you, Frances, I will go early."

"Then I trust your word once more, and now good-bye—it is time for me to retire."

"Now take this pocket-book, Frances, it is a little beginning of restitution; I would like very much to be able to offer you more, but I am not yet a real American uncle. At least, accept what I can give you." And he showed the Union greenbacks in the pocket-book.

"Are they genuine, Rudolf?" she asked in a grave tone.

"Heavens, Frances, what do you mean? I have done many foolish things in my life. I have been a fool, a squanderer, a bankrupt. I am a deserter, but to counterfeit bank-bills! Ah! Frances, how could you suspect me of such infamy?"

"I might well be suspicious, Rudolf; I have unfortunately had proofs."

"Proofs!" he exclaimed, painfully astonished, "but that is impossible."

"What can I think of the false letters of credit, where you have imitated your father's signature. We have them locked up, these terrible proofs, and they have cost us dearly. I have pardoned you for that, with all the rest, Rudolf, only facts are facts."

"It is impossible, I tell you, he replied, firmly. "There must have been some terrible misunderstanding which I beg of you, I conjure you to aid me in removing. If my father has such an idea of me, I am no longer astonished that he prefers to believe me dead. I am no longer astonished that you despise me. Moreover, I swear by my mother's soul, Frances, I am innocent."

"But still, these drafts were presented to the Baron von Zwenken, we paid them, because otherwise we should have had to face a scandalous law-suit. The judgment could not have reached you, because you were in America, but my grandfather would have been obliged to resign."

"Frances, you have good sense. How should I have dared to do such a thing just at the time when I was concealed in the environs of Z——, at the time when you were generous enough to procure for me the means for my adventure in America, at the moment when my most earnest wish was to go into exile with my father's pardon? Show them to me, these cursed drafts, and I shall be able prove to you my innocence."

"They are locked up in the baron's secretary. I cannot get them for you."

"My God! if I could see them, I could prove to you that, with my poor hand, I could never imitate a fine and regular writing like that of my father. What do you say about it, Mr. Leopold?"

"I believe you," I said to him.

"Ah! that does me good," he replied, with tears in his eyes, "but let us see, my father, who passed his vacations at watering-places, could n't he have become acquainted with some miserable wretch capable of playing him such a trick?"

"For four years the General has not gone away from home except one winter, which he passed at Arnheim."

"And this Rolfe?"

"No, Rudolf, do not suspect him? he has been badly brought up, but he is an honest man, who would tear out his eyes to save his old general a single sorrow."

"Then the devil is at the bottom of it. Now take these bills, Frances; they are genuine, I assure you; take them to show me that you believe me."

"Very well, I believe you; still you need them yourself."

"Be easy as to that. I am doing well; first bare-back rider in the Great Equestrian Circus of Mr. Stonehorse of Baltimore, two hundred dollars a month pay, is n't it superb? You see, I have never ceased to love horses. They have cost me a pretty sum in the past; now they bring it back to me."

"Still, Rudolf, you might have fallen lower. Your calling, at least, requires courage and skill. But I do not accept your money. I don't take back what I have given. We shall see each other to-morrow early, for it is useless for you to jump from the balcony and again climb over the garden wall."

"Absurd! a fine affair for the first bare-back rider; but if you wish to make sure that I am gone for good——"

"I have told you that I would still like to have confidence in you, I do not take back my word. Good night, gentlemen."

She was already far off, when Rudolf, who finished emptying his bottle, said to me in his ordinary tone:

"I don't really know if I ought to congratulate you, Mr. Leopold, but I really believe that our charming Major has found her colonel."

It was disagreeable to me to join with him in a conversation on that subject. I made a sign of doubt.

"Aha!" said he, "do you think that I have n't any eyes? I know women, I can assure you. It is a knowledge that has cost me dear. In my vagabond life I have met all colors, and my niece, though she has a masculine heart, is still a woman. You dazzle her, that is certain. It is with her, as it is with a race-horse; with patience, attention, a firm hand, you reach the goal. As for me, I have always been too passionate, too impatient. These gracious devils are aware of it, and then you get the worst of it, there is nothing more to do. After all — perhaps I am mistaken," said he, seeing that I remained silent, "otherwise, I would add that I hope that you are rich. The grandfather is ruined."

"By whom?" said I, rather cruelly; but this verbiage was unbearable.

"By whom? That is the question. I have contributed to it, that is all. May the devil take me, if I lie. John Mordaunt, if he was living, could tell a good deal about it. Still he received his wife's dowry, and Frances ought to have found it at her majority. Unfortunately, he had eaten it, for they used to live, sir, they used to live. They always sent me away to Werve with my tutor, when I began to see, to observe; after my sister's death, I used to be more at Mordaunt's house. Perhaps it tires you to hear me run over all these things?"

"Not at all, I am very happy to listen to your adventures."

"Ah! My God! The first cause of my misfortune is my father, who opposed me in everything. I wanted to be an officer. My father would never let me enter the military school at Breda, against which he had I know not what prejudices. He was resolutely determined to see me study law at Leyden, so that I might make my way, he said. Ah! yes, I have made my way. Since I was studying for my father's pleasure, I also wished to find my own, and as he sent me a good deal of money, I led the life of an extravagant student. I had a horse and tilbury and incurred enormous debts; still I attended some lectures which interested me, and I was soon to pass my examinations, when my father embarked in a law-suit with aunt Roselaer and lost it. I could not continue my student life. Thanks to powerful friends, my father was able to secure me an advantageous position in the revenue office. I was responsible for my debts and must marry a rich heiress. That was one of the conditions. Unfortunately the heiress was too old and had too red a nose to suit me, and my father, furious, declared that he would have no more to do with me. I had not the least inclination for the regular office life. I found an old bureaucrat, who had remained seated in one chair for twenty years, without getting mouldy, I abandoned all my

work to him, and I amused myself without thinking of anything, when one fine morning I found that my animal had run away with the chest. I was responsible, and my father, counting on the said marriage, was my surety. I believe that the maternal inheritance of poor Frances disappeared in the gulf. What next? I had a fine voice, and I wished to go to some foreign country, practice in some conservatory, and return as an opera singer. My father would not consent to that, and indicated to me that there was nothing left for me but to enlist. I yielded, hoping that once enlisted, it would not be long before I should become an officer; but I could not accustom myself to discipline. They sent me to a garrison at a little place on the frontier. Rolfe was my lieutenant, and he spared me neither in police duty nor on guard. In short, I had enlisted for five years, and did not remain five months with the battalion. One fine morning I deserted. They caught me. I wounded a subaltern in trying to defend myself; my case was clear, but I succeeded in escaping from prison. I must say that they gave me a chance, and Frances, as I learned later, aided in my escape. Then I was as free as air, but I must live. I tried everything. I gave Latin and French lessons to the German peasant boys, and singing and piano lessons to the *frauleins*. I was the private singer to an Austrian countess, who was deaf and imagined that my voice resembled Roger's. I travelled with a strolling opera troupe. I sang out doors. I was the baron's coachman. I was travelling salesman for a wine house, but they wished to send me into Holland, and — good-by. Then I was a waiter in a café, marker in a billiard-room, valet and secretary to a Polish count, who had appreciated my skill in this noble game, and who took me with him to Varsovia and hastened to confide to me that he had the means of making Poland independent. Naturally his enterprise failed, but Siberia did not fail him, and as for me, I was obliged for a while to endure the *carcere duro*, because I would not testify against him. I came out of prison pennyless. Still I do not wish to weary you with a recital of all that I was and did. It would have been simpler to make a good plunge into some river, but I always had a prejudice against suicide, and besides my health was always good, and I was free from melancholly. I rolled about as I could through all the great cities and all the watering places of Germany, north and south, constantly changing my name; imprisoned once with a Moldanian prince, who was accused of murder, but set at liberty after having proved that my acquaintance with his excellency was subsequent to the crime; regarded as dead in Holland, having skilfully managed so that this report should be believed. At length I grew tired of my life of adventures. I knew that a member of our family had done well in America, and I also wanted to try my fortunes there; but the money was wanting. I flattered myself with the hope that after ten years had rolled by my father would consent to furnish it. I wrote to Frances. The answer was not encouraging. My father threatened that, if I had the audacity to reappear, he would deliver me up to the council of war. I thought that Frances wished to frighten me. I came to Z—— well disguised, and I was able to convince myself that she spoke the truth. Frances, poor soul, was the only one who had any pity for me, and you know how much that has cost her. And when I think that she has been obliged to believe me a forger! Oh! I did not wish to make her still more unhappy by telling her what I suspect——"

"What is it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUNBARTON—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY J. B. CONNER.

The diversity of attractions, wild scenic beauty, and perhaps more than all, the generous, frank and warm hearted character of the inhabitants, has lured large numbers of summer tourists within the limits of this grand old town, and the favored ones who pass the heated term in this delightful locality, carry away with them not only restored health and quickened energies, but a sweet remembrance of the good people with whom they have been associated. Like its parent Scotish town, Dunbarton boasts of many hills whose bold outlines, sharply defined against the sky, give character and animation to the fertile valleys lying proudly at their base. Prolific nature, aided by the guiding hand of man, gives forth a bounteous harvest, and green swards of the tender blade relieve the heavy forest foliage. That her sons are thrifty none can doubt, for the well filled barns and tidy homes give evidence of a prosperous race. But to produce this happy result was not the work of a year or decade, and those who laid the foundation of the town were beset by numerous obstacles, any of which might well deter the stoutest heart from venturing. The town fathers, however, were descendants of a people that knew no fear, save that for their Maker; and by their indomitable courage, fortitude and self-denying heroism, conquered all their foes and firmly engraved their glorious victory upon tablets of native granite. The first settlement was made about 1735, by Joseph and William Putney, James Rogers and Obediah Foster, who came from Rumford (now Concord), and located in the eastern part of the town, at a place called "Great Meadow." Here they erected log houses, planted fruit trees and set about improving the land. When a body of Indians appeared in the vicinity of Rumford, two friends of Rogers made their way by "spotted" trees to warn the settlers of the danger. They found one of the families engaged in cooking for supper and the other churning. Upon the receipt of the alarming intelligence they at once abandoned their homes, "leaving the meat to fry itself away and the cream to churn itself to butter," and during the night succeeded in reaching Rumford. Returning the next day to drive their cattle to the garrison, they found them all slaughtered, their houses plundered and burned, and the apple trees cut down. Three years later Messrs. Putney and Rogers made a permanent settlement, though they had procured no title to the land, but their possession was confirmed by the proprietors, who, in 1751, obtained a grant of the township. The extensive range of meadow land already cleared by the industrious farmers was particularly adapted to agriculture and was rich in the kind of grass called "blue-joint." The name given by the settlers was "Mountalona," from a place where they once dwelt in Ireland, for religious oppression had driven them from their ancestral homes in Scotland. We can but admire the intrepidity of this little band in removing so far away from the garrison at a time frought with so many dangers, for although the Indian war ended about this time, the peace was not of that substantial character which ensures perfect security. It is more than likely that the pioneers were suspicious of their former foes, for a long time after the cessation of hostilities, and even while pursuing their daily avocations, they were ever on the alert to detect the cat-like tread of the treacherous red-skins. They had not forgotten the devastation of their farms and homes, and the massacre on the Hopkinton road was still fresh in their minds. But the remem-

brance of these scenes, while it served to increase their caution, rendered them only the more determined in their enterprise. Mr. Rogers was the father of Major Robert Rogers, celebrated as a leader of the rangers in the French and Indian war. The elder Rogers met with a singular and painful death in attempting to visit his friend Ebenezer Ayer. Mr. Ayer, who was a hunter of no little renown, had been in quest of game during the day, and returning to camp early in the evening was still on the lookout for a bear, when Mr. Rogers appeared. Mistaking his friend (who was dressed in a bear-skin suit) for an animal of that species, he fired and mortally wounded him. Mr. Ayer was intensely grieved at the accident and could never relate the occurrence without shedding tears. At the time of this settlement, Concord (or Rumford) had about 350 inhabitants, Bow not more than five families, and Goffstown might have had a few inhabitants, though it is very doubtful, while Hopkinton had been settled ten years. In 1751, the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George the Second, King of England, and during the provincial administration of Benning Wentworth as governor of New Hampshire, arrangements were made for a regular settlement of the town, the included territory being granted by the assigns of John Tufton Mason to Archibald Stark, Caleb Paige, Hugh Ramsey and others. This grant embraced a territory five miles square, and included a portion of the present town of Hooksett. The next settlement was made in the western part of the town, by William Stinson, Thomas Mills and John Hogg. These families were for a time three miles apart, with no intervening neighbors, and we can imagine the sense of loneliness which would at times enter their hearts despite the cheerful character of their natures. During the day the cares of the farm would engross their attention, but when the setting sun had proclaimed the hour of parting day, "and all the earth a solemn stillness wore," they must have keenly felt their isolation and sometimes deeply sighed for the homes which they had left. To add to the dreariness of the long winter nights, savage beasts rent the air with yelps and howls till children trembling buried their heads in the pillows and sterner hearts still feared the inroads of their skulking foes. The first child born in this town was probably Sarah Mills, daughter of the above mentioned Thomas Mills, although Stark, the historian says, "We are inclined to believe that the first child born upon the territory was one of the family of James Rogers or Joseph Putney, who settled upon it several years prior to 1746, to the oldest sons of whom lots of land were granted in 1752." From this time emigrants flocked to all parts of the town, some coming direct from Scotland, others from Haverhill, Ipswich, Salem, Topsfield and other Massachusetts towns, until in 1770 Dunbarton boasted of its 497 inhabitants, being two thirds of its present population. These people, actuated by a love for their new homes and assisted by the generous hand of nature, rapidly developed those resources which have added wealth and importance to the town. The building of highways was one of the first improvements, and as early as 1760 we find notice of roads being laid out, and the main highway running through the western part of the town was probably established long before. This was the principal route to Boston from central New Hampshire, and for years these hills resounded with the busy strains of travel. The whirling coach threw clouds of dust to blind the teamster's sight, and the rumbling of its wheels brought many a head to the windows whose narrow panes afforded but a limited view of the "Fast Mail."

In 1760, lot No. 12, in the 4th range containing 100 acres, was granted to Captain John Stark (afterwards General), upon condition that he build a saw-mill, the same to be put in operation within one year. The condition was fulfilled. Captain William Stinson erected the next mill.

Religion and education received prompt attention, and in 1752 a vote

was passed that a meeting-house should be built "within five years from May next ensuing." The house was finished in 1767 and remained twenty-five years, when it was removed to make way for a more pretentious edifice. The first school master who taught in Dunbarton, was a Mr. Hogg—commonly called "Master Hogg." The first female teacher was Sarah Clement. With the facilities now afforded for mental culture, we can hardly conceive of a more disheartening task than the acquirement of an education under the adverse circumstances of the eighteenth century. In these schools very few of the scholars possessed text books, so the teacher gave out the problems and the pupils were expected to return the answer without a repetition. The way must have been blind indeed, but their victories over the "hard sums" and difficult passages were conquests of which they were justly proud, and which fitted them to win even greater laurels in the contest for liberty.

For several years the nearest grist-mill was at Concord, to which the settlers carried their grists upon their backs in summer, and in winter drew them upon hand sleds through a path marked by spotted trees. From the forest trees these hardy pioneers made mortars in which to render the corn fit for making samp, the use of which they had learned from the Indians. Among the impediments which the early settlers encountered in clearing and burning over the land, were the "King's trees." These trees were marked by the King's surveyors for use in the royal navy, and any damage which occurred to them subjected the offender to a considerable fine. Notwithstanding the difficulties, hardships and privations which compassed them round about, these sturdy foresters seem to have lost none of their good courage, and that they were wont to enjoy themselves upon occasions, is manifest from the frequent occurrence of horse-races, while huskings, flax-breakings, apple-parings and house-raisings were joyful scenes to the people of those days. A few of their industrial pastimes are still in vogue, and during our stay in Dunbarton we attended a regular old-fashioned husking at the residence of Mr. J. C. Mills. This sketch does not admit of a description of that festive occasion, but many readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will recall with pleasure the merry hours of that night. It was customary in olden times, at raisings and upon other occasions when people assembled in numbers, to assist voluntarily in performing tasks which required the strength of many, to keep up good cheer by trials of strength and gymnastic exercises. Among these pastimes wrestling matches were, perhaps, the most popular, and men who had distinguished themselves in this art were known to each other by reputation, although residing in distant towns. It was the habit of such notable individuals to travel many miles to try a fall at wrestling with other champions, although entire strangers. An anecdote exemplifies this species of wrestling, although the result was not, perhaps, satisfactory to the knight who came so far to obtain a fall. A person called at the house of John McNiel, of Londonderry, in consequence of having heard of his strength and prowess. McNiel was absent, which circumstance the stranger regretted exceedingly—as he informed his wife, Christian, who enquired his business—since he had traveled many miles for no other purpose than to "throw him." "And troth mon," said Christian McNiel, "Johnny is gone, but I'm not the woman to see ye disappointed, an' if ye'll try, mon, I'll throw ye meself." The stranger not liking to be bantered by a woman, accepted the challenge; and sure enough, Christian tripped his heels and threw him to the ground. The stranger upon getting up thought he would not wait for "Johnny," but disappeared without leaving his name.

Granite is a drug in the Dunbarton market as the long lines of stone wall and huge heaps of loose stone in many of the fields attest, and this feature of the town has led to many jokes, some of which are quite as hard as any quartz formation. On the Concord

road, between the Centre and Page's Corner, is a pound for stray cattle, constructed in that substantial manner which clearly indicates an abundance of material. Near by, in a house now blackened by age and continued warring against the elements, lived Captain John Stinson. As that gentleman was standing in his door one day, a person driving by stopped his horse, and, pointing to the pound, inquired what that structure was. "That is a pound," said Captain John. "And where," said the stranger, "did they find all those rocks to build it with?" "O, we picked them up about here," replied Captain John. "Well," said the man, "I have been looking around and didn't miss any, so I thought they must have been brought from a distance; good day."

The Stinsons are among the oldest families of Dunbarton, Captain William having come to town in 1752. He was obliged to bring everything from Londonderry, a journey to which town in those days was quite an undertaking. One day his cow, being salt hungry, captured a piece of salt pork, and it being all the meat in the house, caused no little annoyance. At a visit of Minister McGregor, Mr. S. having no table, turned a basket upside down and placed the dinner thereon, so when Mr. McGregor said grace, he prayed that he might be blessed in *basket* and in store. His son, W. C. Stinson, has a splendid farm of 700 acres on the New Boston road. Mr. Stinson, who deals largely in stock, has a fine barn 140 feet by 42 feet, within whose capacious depths are packed, at the present writing, 100 tons of hay, 300 bushels of corn, and other produce in proportion; while the house, to our present knowledge, contains an abundance of generous hospitality. Among the larger farms we mention those of Oliver Bailey, David Story, J. P. Jameson, John O. Merrill, J. C. Mills and David Parker. All of these are under a high state of cultivation and are models of neatness. It is a common saying that the character of a man may be judged by the appearance of his door-yard. If this be true, the farmers of Dunbarton are certainly beyond reproach, and we cannot wonder that the young men are loth to leave these pleasant homes for the uncertain fortunes of the outer world. Dunbarton, however, contributes largely to the galaxy of eminent men whom the Granite State is proud to claim, and her people are ever ready to respond to the nation's call. In her cemeteries lie many brave hearts whose lives were sacrificed upon the field of battle, and in that storm which threatened to rend the flag in twain, scores of Dunbarton's valiant men forsook the peaceful quiet of their homes and suffered and died to preserve unsullied the honor of our glorious banner. No need, O history! to record their names, nor yet for loving hands to place the emblems o'er their graves; the memory of their noble deeds will live forever in the hearts of their countrymen, as they look upon the dear old flag so often bathed in the blood of its defenders.

The educational advantages of Dunbarton are unexcelled by any town of its size in the State. The substantial school-houses are an honor to the town and in the selection of teachers for the year the committee have won deserved praise. The position of teacher in a district school is one that requires a thorough education, knowledge of human nature, and no end of patience. Since all grades attend the same school the instructor is obliged to jump from algebra to the first primer without a moment's warning, to teach the rudiments of the English language and prepare the advanced pupil for the highest of graded schools. It is a curious fact in this connection that a native of Dunbarton has graduated from some college every year since the town received its charter. Many of the collegiates have filled prominent positions, while not a few have become distinguished. Among the more notable now living, are George A. Putnam, an eminent divine, settled at Milbury, Mass.; Ephraim O. Jameson, Congregationalist, settled at West Medway, Mass.; Henry E. Burnham, a prominent lawyer of Manchester; Mark Bai-

ley, Professor of Elocution and Rhetoric, at Yale, and Lafayette Story, a wealthy resident of California.

Perhaps it would be impossible to offer a better proof of the prosperity of the town than to mention that it is free from debt, has money in the treasury, and does not support a pauper, a lawyer, or a doctor, and one of the strongest reasons for this happy state of things is that no liquor is sold in the town.

During our stay we visited many aged people, the most remarkable of whom were Mrs. Story, who is 97 years of age, and Mrs. Whipple, aged 94. Both of these ladies are in the enjoyment of all their faculties and have every appearance of becoming centenarians. In bidding Mrs. Whipple good-day, she followed us to the door and said, "Tell them I came to the door to see you off."

During the last few years the beauties of Dunbarton have become more widely known, and the locality is getting to be quite famous as a summer resort. An idea of the range of vision may be obtained from the following: Standing in Mr. Stinson's door we could see with the naked eye, Mounts Wachusett, Monadnock, the Uncanoonucs, Kearsarge, Moosilauke, and the Franconia range; while Mount Washington is visible from several points. In travelling a mile one can see land in every town in Merrimack county—with the exception of Wilmot, which is hidden by Mount Kearsarge—and at least three fourths of the land in Hillsborough and a part of Rockingham counties. In fact one can see land in every county in the State, with the exception of Strafford, and the tops of mountains in Vermont and Massachusetts. The Centre offers, perhaps, the most attractions for summer tourists, and here, upon a site commanding an unrivalled view of the surrounding country, is located the Prospect House. For the past season this hotel has been under the management of Mr. J. S. W. Preston, a gentleman who has won hosts of friends, both among the towns-people and the travelling public. The commodious house of Mr. J. A. Chamberlin is also a favorite resort, and people who have been fortunate enough to obtain rooms there, speak very highly of that hostelry. His son, Mr. O. A. H. Chamberlin, is proprietor of the well-known Snowflake Publishing House. Two churches, the post-office, and the town-hall are also located at the Centre, which is, in fact, the Hub of the Dunbarton Universe.

PAYMASTER THOMAS L. TULLOCK, JR., U. S. NAVY.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., Paymaster U. S. Navy, eldest son of Thomas Logan Tullock and Emily Estell Tullock, was born August 13, 1845, in the city of New York, where his parents were temporarily residing. About two months thereafter, Mr. Tullock returned to his native city, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, remaining there until June, 1858, when the family removed to Concord, N. H., residing there three years, thence to Portsmouth.

Thomas attended the public schools at Portsmouth and Concord, and was afterwards a diligent student at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton, making great proficiency in his studies. He subsequently entered (1860) Philips Exeter Academy, preparatory to a collegiate course, with the design of adopting the profession of law. He early displayed marked ability in debate in the debating society at Portsmouth, Concord and Tilton, and

the fluency, grace and logic of the youthful orator gave promise of eminence in the profession which he intended to follow. The rebellion caused him great disquietude, and his anxiety to enter the service was such as to induce his father, who was then Navy Agent at Portsmouth, N. H., to withdraw him from school and require his services as clerk in his office, where he became familiar with naval accounts and regulations. But he craved active participation in the war, and determined it should not be said of him, that he took no part in the conflict. He was accustomed to say, "I must be either in the field or on the wave," and on making application he was appointed in the volunteer service, May 11, 1863, as Acting Assistant Paymaster U. S. Navy, and was ordered to the U. S. steamer *Adela*, May 18, 1863, which, after cruising in pursuit of confederate armed vessels, returned to the harbor of New York and guarded important interests during the memorable riots in that city; thence to Hampton Roads and the coasts of South Carolina, and then joining the Gulf Squadron, blockading the western coast of Florida, and co-operating with and aiding the land expeditions against Tampa and elsewhere. The yellow fever was very prevalent, part of the time, but he escaped the contagion.

Paymaster Tullock was detached from the *Adela*, December 9, 1864, and assigned to duty on board the U. S. steamer *Paul Jones*, March 9, 1865, joining the Gulf Squadron. He left the ship at New Orleans, October 11, 1866, having been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Passed Assistant Paymaster in the regular navy, July 23, 1866, and passed a most creditable examination at Philadelphia, in December, 1866. During the brief period in which he was relieved from ship duty, he acted as Judge Advocate of Naval Courts Martials, at Norfolk and Philadelphia, to great satisfaction. He was ordered to the U. S. steamer *Oneida*, Captain G. Blakely Creighton, April 23, 1867, to report May 8, and sailed from New York, May 19, 1867, via Cape de Verde Islands, Rio de Janerio and Cape Town, to join the Asiatic Squadron, visiting most of the ports in Siam, China, Japan and the North China Seas. He was promoted and confirmed full paymaster, March 3, 1869.

On the evening of the 24th of January, 1870, the *Oneida*, Captain Edward P. Williams, steamed slowly away from Yokohama with her homeward-bound pennant flying, when, near Saratoga Spit, fifteen miles or more down the Bay of Yokohama, she collided with the peninsular and oriental (English) large iron mail steamer *Bombay*, Captain Eyre, and in fifteen minutes went down, firing in distress her heavy guns, which happened to be loaded. She was but partially supplied with boats, only two serviceable, having lost most of her complement in a cyclone in the North China Seas, otherwise most if not all the lives might have been rescued. Of 176 officers and crew, only 4 officers and 57 men were saved, and as the U. S. consul wrote, "almost without exception, the officers spurned the use of boats and met death bravely, calmly, heroically, at their posts."

The *Oneida*, a staunch wooden screw steamer, had proved a most efficient cruiser, and was considered one of the gems of our naval marine. She was in the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the subsequent fighting on the Mississippi; was at the taking of Mobile and had an honorable record. Her length was 211 feet; tonnage, 1695; guns, 8. When lost she had on board 24 officers and 152 men. At about 5 o'clock P. M., January 24, 1870, the *Oneida* weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, homeward-bound. It was a fine evening, sharp and wintry, but with a clear sky, stiff breeze, and the water of the bay smooth. As she successively passed the various ships of war, they manned the rigging and gave cheer after cheer that resounded far and wide. The *Oneida* sped on, the fading twilight deepened into gloom of night and her outline rapidly blended

with the darkness. Without describing the cause of the coliding, it appears that when but a short distance off the *Bombay* changed her course, heading directly for the *Oneida*, attempting to cross her bows. Her sharp, iron prow cut into the wooden sides of the *Oneida*, tearing diagonally through her quarter and leaving a gaping wound. Her quarter boat was crushed, and the poop, spanker boom and gaff, wheel, binnacle, and most likely the rudder and propeller carried away. While the *Bombay* lay across the *Oneida's* stern the executive officer hailed: "Steamer ahoy! you have cut us down; remain by us." The *Oneida's* steam whistle was instantly turned on and kept blowing, and guns were fired, but the *Bombay* steamed on to Yokohama, without lowering a boat or for a moment heading in the direction of the sinking ship. Nay, worse, with even the malicious boast of Captain Eyre, that "*he had cut the quarter off a Yankee frigate, and it served her right.*" This remark is quoted from the testimony of a British naval officer, before the British court of inquiry.

After the collision the *Oneida* fired heavy guns indicating distress, and continued firing until she sunk. At Yokohama the sound of the guns were distinctly heard. The stern part of the *Oneida* in which the rockets were kept had been carried away, and the guns alone could be used to appeal to the *Bombay* for assistance. The *Oneida* sunk in about 15 minutes after the collision. It is generally conceded that the evidence clearly proves that no blame is to be attached to the officers and crew of the *Oneida*.

A naval officer writes substantially that although Captain Eyre left a temporary stain on the name of a British sailor, let it not be forgotten that British sailors nobly came forward and rendered efficient aid. British sailors helped search for the *Oneida's* drowned. British sailors paid befitting obsequies to her recovered dead, and British royal marines fired the requiem volleys o'er the grave of the *Oneida's* captain. The action of the British and Russian naval officers was generous in proceeding with our American officers and men to the wreck at the earliest possible moment, but they reluctantly returned unable to find the bodies of our dead.

Paymaster Tullock refused to leave the sinking ship in the life boat manned by the surgeon, the boatswain and 15 of the crew. It was his option, but he preferred to take his chances for life with the officers and men who remained at their posts of duty. Thus perished an accomplished and gallant officer in that Asiatic night, one whose manly virtues and noble spirit, whose unsullied and beautiful character has been truthfully portrayed by officers who were his intimate friends.

A correspondent writing to the Providence Journal concerning the *Oneida* disaster, said: "The Paymaster was Thomas L. Tullock, Jr. I never saw any one that met him who did not love him. Gentle and winning in his deportment, his personal attractions, for a man, had such tenderness and grace, that, before you knew it, he had won your affection and esteem. A most honorable war record has been followed by a spotless official and private reputation."

Another, a naval officer, writing from Japan, said: "Among the officers of the *Oneida* there was no one more prized and better loved than Paymaster Tullock, no one, now that he has gone, is spoken of more often and more regretfully. He was of such a genial disposition, so full of life and sunshine, so generous and unselfish, that he won his way right to our very hearts. He was a most excellent officer, one of the best in the corps, taking great pride in his office, and performing all its functions with exactitude and promptness."

The U. S. consul at Yeddo, in a letter which was published, said: "I loved that officer from the time we met, was drawn towards him with a strange feeling I cannot explain, such as a man seldom entertains for another. Time served only to develop his generous qualities and enhance his loss. A no-

bler, truer son never honored a father or deserved the love and affection of a mother. His virtues were legion, his faults, if any, few. He was a young officer of great promise and merit, and to have been so inhumanly sacrificed adds additional poignancy to the bereavement."

Another consular agent writing, said: "Thrice I passed the sad spot where your honored son passed from duty here to reward in heaven. All was calm, not a ripple on the placid deep—a fit emblem of the repose of a soul forever at rest. Near the spot a noble mountain gently threw its shadow on the quiet waters, and in turn was mirrored far down in the deep profound. That mountain is nature's monument to the memory of a noble youth, a dutiful and loving son, and the favorite of all who knew him."

Another, writing from Yokohama, said: "Among the number who perished was Paymaster Tullock. Deep and earnest are the words of affection exchanged for him, and many are the eyes unaccustomed to tears that grow dim at the mention of his name. He was a son to be proud of, a friend never to be forgotten."

U. S. Consul Shepard, at Yeddo, wrote: "On the morning of the 24th, our American Minister and myself made official calls upon the foreign ships of war in the harbor, and by invitation of the officers returned at one o'clock to the *Oneida* for breakfast, after which Paymaster Tullock and myself walked the deck and exchanged vows of friendship. He spoke so tenderly of his father and mother, and brother, of his love for them and the unspeakable longings he had to see them again. He added, 'my father wants me to leave the navy, and I have fully made up my mind to do so soon after I reach home.' He gave me the enclosed photograph, and on it is almost the last writing he did, about 4 o'clock P. M. of that day. The last seen of him he was standing on the main deck with a wooden grating in his hand, but the suction of the ship sinking may have taken him down immediately. He said to one of the officers, 'It's no use, we're going down.' Noble boy! not to you and yours only, sir, but to the navy, the country and the world, are such as he a loss. Tenderly, earnestly, lovingly, shall his remains be searched for, and if found, speedily forwarded. Should any of the many beautiful things he had gathered to surprise his father, gratify his mother and please his brother be recovered, they too, shall be faithfully transmitted."

A U. S. government official wrote of him: "I can never forget the hour I spent on deck of the *Oneida*, with Paymaster Tullock, on the day of the fatal 24th of January last. I distinctly remember the beautiful and vivid picture he painted, of what I so deeply miss and tearfully remember—home. Of his mother, so dear to him—with an affection and love burning brightly and ever the same—a holy beacon which had guided him safely upon his course in life, and ever directing to a safe and peaceful harbor. Of his father, whose example, and the thoughts of whom grew upon him day by day. How that, whenever an honor was bestowed or a promotion given, his first thought was, how it would gratify his father. He spoke of his name and how proud he was to bear his father's full name. It was an incentive to his ambition, to do something to add to its worth and honor."

In an extended article in the Washington Chronicle of March 13, 1870—"In Memoriam of the Gallant Unforgotten Dead"—probably contributed by a schoolmate then in the Navy Department, is the following extract relating to the subject of this sketch: "Paymaster Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., was of noble mind, genial spirit, high toned in action and bearing, brave and true in heart, and possessing a character without a blemish. The pure and cherished name of the departed, who was lost on the ill-fated *Oneida*, on the evening of January 24, at Yokohama Bay, will live in the memory of those who knew him, as long as life shall last. He possessed all the qualities of a perfect gentleman, and, though his

young life has been taken away while in the service of his country, his name will live. He has left a proud record in the hearts of those to whom he always proved a generous friend and brother."

The Hiogo News of January 29, 1870, has a long editorial respecting the catastrophe. In it we read: "And what shall we say of those—our friends and companions, the familiar voices that were as household words, the welcome guests that sat at our boards, the smiling faces of Williams, Stewart, Tullock, Frothingham, Muldaur, Thomas, and the rest—that were wont to grace our firesides, and who will be seen among us no more. Shall we say there is a grief too sacred to cross the confines of the family circle of friends that mourn the taking-off of these young hearts in the heyday and spring-time of life? Shall we speak of the bright vista of happiness—no secret in this community—with which these toilers of the sea were wont to regale us at the joyful anticipations of home, to which they expected soon to return. * * * Yet we cannot forbear the wish that the honors of a noble death had been theirs—theirs a more fitting mausoleum than the bosom of the ocean."

Commander Stoddard, who commanded the *Adela*, bears testimony concerning him as follows: "You must feel deeply the loss of such a son, and deeply will all who had the pleasure of his friendship sympathize with you. During his cruise with us in the *Adela*, he was my constant companion. I then had the opportunity of knowing him, and appreciated his generous disposition and unswerving attachment to the arduous duties of his profession. With a happy faculty very few possess, he made friends of strangers, and I can truly say that his life was without reproach. His loss is a heavy affliction, but we are comforted with the thought that his name and deeds will ever be remembered with pride and satisfaction."

Captain I. Blakeley Creighton, now Commodore, who commanded the *Oneida* until relieved by Commander Williams at Hong Kong, April 17, 1869, also added his tribute to the memory of the departed: "I have several times attempted to write to you, but my heart has failed me. I desire much to express my deep sympathy and sorrow for the sad fate of your noble son, who to me was a very dear friend. It may be a pleasure to you to hear from one who knew him well, and can testify to all his noble qualities. Words cannot express your sorrow, or what I feel. He was beloved by all who knew him; generous, kind and affectionate, he was without reproach, and I looked forward to his coming home, as one great happiness to me, to take him by the hand again. We will keep his memory fresh in our minds, and when we can speak of his noble character and manly virtues, the opportunity should not be lost. God must have loved him, for all that knew him loved him. We shall never see his like again. How much I think of him. It appears impossible, at times, to realize so sad a bereavement."

At the high school reunion, at Portsmourth, N. H., July 5, 1873, one of the speakers, Frank W. Hackett, Esq., late Paymaster U. S. Navy, said, in response to the sentiment, "The Navy: "Portsmouth proudly claims her share in the lustre of its achievements. But there comes up before me the vision of one young man to whom I must briefly refer. A young man known to some of you, a little younger than myself, cast in a slender mould, with a voice as sweet and delicate, almost, as that of a woman, around whom there was ever sunshine, who went forth from these streets with many a friendly clasp of the hand, and many a 'God speed,' and who stood upon the deck of the *Oneida* as she took that sudden plunge to the deep below, when was uttered that memorable sentence, '*I will not leave my post until regularly relieved.*' Then passed away Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., of the *Oneida*, and in him we see a type of the young men reared in Portsmouth, and taught in our high schools."

At a meeting of the Methodist Social

Union, of which Governor William Claflin was President, held in the Wesleyan Association Hall, on Broomfield Street, Boston, in January, 1871, Mr. Tullock was called upon to address the meeting. His closing remarks, as reported by the Boston Journal, January 16, were as follows: "As a token of my appreciation of the Methodist Theological Seminary (now Boston University), in which you are particularly interested, I donate $1000 towards its permanent endowment, the principal to be funded, and the interest applied in sustaining the institution. I contribute not in my own name, but as desired from a dearly beloved and fondly cherished son, who was familiar with the institution before its removal from Concord, N. H., to Boston. To his memory I raise this monument, more beneficial, and I trust more enduring than granite shaft or marble tablature. I may, at a future time, add to its proportions, but I cannot do anything commensurate to his manly virtues and spirit, or expressive of my estimate of his unsullied and beautiful character. In memory of that accomplished and gallant officer, of whom I was justly proud, I dedicate the sum I have mentioned, to charity and pious teachings, in aiding indigent students preparing for the gospel ministry. In memory, therefore, of the late Paymaster, Thomas L. Tullock, Jr., a noble young man of great promise, ability and purity, who, having survived the perils of battle, storm and pestilence, was inhumanly sacrificed by the sinking of the U. S. steamer *Oneida*, in the Bay of Yokohama, Japan, on the 24th of January last, I dedicate this benefaction to this sacred cause, and send it forth on its errand of usefulness. Let it be considered as his gift, and when I am forgotten may it be performing its beneficent mission. May its influence be felt as from Him 'who, though dead, yet speaketh,' in this testimonial which I offer as a tribute to departed worth, and in testimony to my intense and unfaltering affection to his precious memory. My heart is shadowed by his absence. The child of my early love, who bore my name—my first born, whose presence was sunshine to every circle, has passed from earth. May we hope that through the infinite mercy, the great compassion, the immeasurable love of the Father and our Intercessor, he rests with the redeemed. I can say no more."

The foregoing tributes to the memory of Paymaster Tullock have been selected from published notices which appeared in the newspapers just subsequent to the disaster. Many items of interest could be added to this sketch, by reading the intensely interesting and minutely descriptive letters received from him during his absence from home, and also the sympathizing letters from many of his friends, but an instinctive reluctance to re-peruse them prevents. It would be afflictive. A sufficient number of the tributes have been given to indicate the high estimate of his friends and associates of his personal qualities as a man in the symmetrical beauty of his life.

Paymaster Tullock was warmly commended, almost from the outset, to the Navy Department, by the Fleet Paymasters under whom he served. His thorough knowledge, and the prompt and intelligent discharge of the duties of his office, placed him among the foremost of his grade. There were a large number of Acting Assistant Paymasters commissioned in the volunteer service, but he was promoted to the regular navy without being an applicant, and selected by the government solely on account of his aptitude and capacity to fill creditably the position to which he was designated. He had purposed relinquishing the service, when the war should close, and enter upon the profession he had early decided to follow—the study and practice of law. An interesting chapter could be written, tracing his movements from the time he entered the navy, but I will allude to a few only, given mainly from recollection, without recourse to his letters, which graphically describe everything occurring during his several cruises, worthy of record. Paymaster

Tullock stood deservedly high in the esteem of all his commanding officers. Regarded as a great favorite, with pleasing presence and address, he almost invariably constituted one of the party in all official visitations, journeyings, and sight-seeings.

At Rio de Janerio, July, 1869, he was present at the grand naval ball, at the Casino, in honor of Prince Alfred of England (Duke of Edinburgh), who was at that port in command of the *Thetis*, bearing the royal standard. The Emperor of Brazil and the Royal Family, together with the diplomatists and officers of the naval vessels in the harbor, participated in the festivities—all in full dress uniforms. Prince Alfred sailed the next day, when all the men-of-war in the harbor manned yards and saluted, presenting a magnificent spectacle.

Again at Cape Town, Africa, in September, 1869, Prince Alfred arrived at that port, and was properly noticed and saluted. He came on board the *Oneida* on two or three occasion. A grand ball or reception was given by him on the 20th of September, in return of the compliments to his honor at Cape Town, to which the officers of the *Oneida* were invited.

Also, a superb banquet to the officers of the *Oneida*, by H. M. 99th, at the castle.

In company with Captain Creighton, to whom he was devotedly attached, and three other officers, in March, 1869, he was present at the audience with the First King of Siam, who, surrounded by his nobles and prime ministers, received them with great pomp and ceremony; the next day, with the Second King of the Empire, and were treated in a royal manner; also, subsequently participated in a royal elephant hunt, and were accorded great privileges in inspecting the many temples, palaces and places of renown.

They were also the recipients of distinguished attention from the Japanese authorities, and had gorgeous receptions and marked previleges. Visited Sheba, or the burial place of the Tycoons—a park of large dimensions, with broad avenues lined with magnificent old trees—a large number of exquisitely constructed temples and mausoleums, adorning the grounds. Foreigners had never been admitted to the inner park until about that time, when Sir Henry Parke, of the English Embassy and his party had preceded them.

THE "ONEIDA" MONUMENT AT YOKOHAMA

was made at Hong Kong of two massive pieces of granite, one weighing nine, the other fifteen tons, and bears the names of the twenty officers who perished when the *Oneida* sunk beneath the waves. It is in the shape of a pyramid, about fifteen feet high, and the inclination of the four faces at an angle of, perhaps, fifteen degrees. It stands in the centre of a square lot, which is surrounded by a hedge of evergreens. The front face has this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
The Officers and Men
who went down in the U. S. S. "Oneida,"
January 24, 1870,
when that vessel, homeward bound,
was sunk by the P. and O. Steamer, "Bombay,"
off Yokohama, Japan.

On the other three faces, the names of the officers appear.

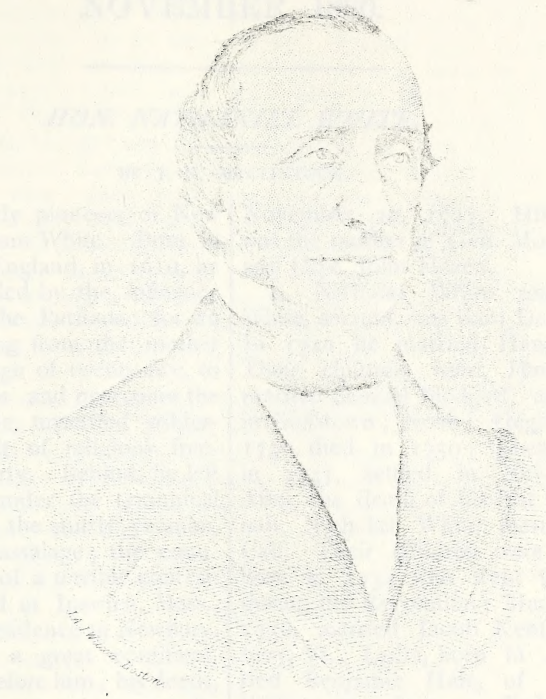
Underneath the front face is a bas-relief, representing the sinking of the *Oneida*, and the *Bombay* steaming away. On the base,

Erected by the Officers and Men of the United States Asiatic Squadron.

After diligent search of forty-one days, only three bodies were recovered, viz: Commander E. P. Williams, Carpenter J. P. Pinner, First-Class Fireman Thomas Reddy, and were buried with military honors.

The three graves, covered with grass and carefully kept in order, are on one side of the obelisk, each with its head and foot stones—Commander Williams reposing in the middle grave.

Beautiful trees and shrubs grow about the enclosure, but none within it. The monument and the mounds alone tell the sad story. The situation is unsurpassed in its perfection of quiet loveliness. In the distance are hills with soft and flowing outlines, while nearer the blue waters of the Bay murmur a solemn requiem.



Nath White

—THE—

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HON. NATHANIEL WHITE.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

One of the hardy pioneers of New England was William White. Born in Norfolk County, England, in 1610, he was early surrounded by the influence and teachings of the Puritans; for we find him embarking from the mother country at the age of twenty-five, to brave the dangers and overcome the obstacles of a rude, unsettled wilderness, in the pursuit of religious freedom and civil liberty. Behind, he left his native land under the tyrannical rule of Charles I; the sturdy yeoman, in almost feudal vassalage; the country, on the eve of a terrible contest. In 1635 he landed at Ipswich, Mass., and took up his residence in Newbury. A new country, a great continent, unreclaimed, lay before him; his deeds, and those of his companions, can be traced in many a fair field, fruitful orchard, row of shade-trees, the church, the school, the town-meeting, the idea of liberty so dear to every American, the New England, the United States of to-day. From him, in direct line, NATHANIEL WHITE could trace his descent.

2. John White, the only son of William White, was born soon after his parents arrived in this country. He died in Haverhill, Mass., June 1, 1668.

3. John White, second, the only son of John White, was born March 8, 1664; lived in Haverhill, Mass.; died November 20, 1727. His daughter was the mother of Gen. Moses Hazen and Capt. John Hazen.

4. Nicholas White, son of John White, second, was born Dec. 4, 1698. In 1722 he married Hannah Ayer. Their children were, Hannah, who married Samuel Blodgett, and settled in Goffstown; Noah; Abigail, born in 1730, died in 1750; Ebenezer, born in 1731, settled in Newbury, Vt. After the death of his first wife, Hannah, Nicholas White married Mary Calf. Their children were: Joseph, born in 1734, who went to Canada during the Revolution; Mary, born in 1736, married Jacob Kent, of Newbury, Vt.; Lydia, born in 1738, married Benjamin Hale, of Atkinson; William, born in 1739, died in Plaistow, leaving three children; John, born in 1741, lived in Plaistow; Samuel, who died in infancy; Elizabeth, born in 1746, married Timothy Ayer, of Bradford, Vt.; Martha, born in 1748, married Joseph Dodge, of Haverhill, Mass.; Samuel, born in 1750, married and settled in Newbury, Vt.; Abigail, born in 1757, married James Davis, of Haverhill, Mass. Nicholas White was the father of fourteen children, and, living to a ripe old age, died October 7, 1782.

5. Noah White, son of Nicholas and Hannah (Ayer) White, was born Feb. 15, 1728; married Sarah Sweatt,

and settled in Coös. Their children were: Nathaniel; James, born May 26, 1754; Abigail, born August 18, 1756; Nicholas, born May 22, 1759; Sarah, born September 5, 1761; Anna, born October 30, 1764; John Sweatt, born January 1, 1768; Hannah, born December 30, 1772; William, born May 15, 1777. Noah White died March 20, 1788.

6. Nathaniel White, eldest son of Noah and Sarah (Sweatt) White, was born April 10, 1752. By his first wife, Betty, he had three children: Betty, born July 23, 1777; Unice, born August 25, 1778; David, born November 28, 1779. After the decease of Betty White, he married Rebeckah Foord. Their children were: Polly, born June 15, 1782; Abigail, born May 21, 1785; Samuel. Nathaniel White settled in Lancaster about 1790, and died there April 28, 1809. During his life Nathaniel White won for himself a host of friends, who sincerely lamented his loss.

* "The poor and the afflicted lost in him one of their best friends, the town one of its most public-spirited inhabitants, and the school district one of its most able and generous supporters. Property with him was used to alleviate the wants of the poor and disseminate learning by the public schools. He was the best of husbands, the kindest and most provident of fathers, the tenderest and most faithful of friends. His loss seemed irreparable." He was a Revolutionary officer and his widow received a pension.

7. †Samuel White, youngest child of Nathaniel and Rebeckah (Foord) White, was born in Bradford, Vt., September 14, 1787, removed to Lancaster with his father in boyhood; married Sarah Freeman, April 2, 1810, and settled in Lancaster. Their children were: Nathaniel; Selden F., born April 16, 1812; Samuel L., born April 21, 1814; ‡Harriet L. (White) Chapin, widow of Hon. John P. Chapin, one of the former mayors of Chicago—born Sept. 27, 1815; ‡James F., born Oct. 16, 1817; Charles, born Sept. 30, 1821, died in infancy; ‡William G., born April 15, 1823; Charles H., born March 10, 1826; ‡John E., born March 12, 1828. Samuel White died in Concord, June 4, 1854. Sarah (Freeman) White died in Concord, December 30, 1857.

8. NATHANIEL WHITE, oldest child of Samuel and Sarah (Freeman) White, was born in Lancaster, February 7, 1811. His childhood was passed under a tender mother's care, and to her strict religious training was Nathaniel White indebted for his noble character, which led him untainted amid the temptations of youth, and unspotted through a long career of usefulness. At home were those principles of integrity, honesty, temperance, philanthropy, and generosity inculcated which led to a long life rounded by Christian virtues, adorned by humanitarian graces, and free from vices.

At the age of fourteen years he went into the employ of a merchant of Lunenburg, Vt., with whom he remained about one year, when he accepted employment with Gen. John Wilson of Lancaster, who was just entering upon his duties of landlord of the Columbian Hotel in Concord. His parents the more readily consented to his taking this step on account of the many noble qualities of Mrs. Wilson. To her care he was entrusted by his solicitous mother. In the employ of Gen. Wilson, Nathaniel White commenced life in Concord, at the foot of the ladder. He arrived in Concord, August 25, 1826, with one shilling in his pocket. For five years, or until he came of age, he continued at the Columbian, rendering a strict account of his wages to his father, and saving the dimes and quarters which came as perquisites, until by his twenty-first birthday he had a fund of two hundred and fifty dollars.

This may be understood from the fact that he commenced life with cer-

* Dartmouth Gazette, May 17, 1809.

† I am indebted to the researches of Samuel White for information regarding the genealogy of the White family.

‡ Living.

tain virtues, and with no vices. He was prudent, economical, temperate. He never used intoxicating drinks as a beverage, nor tobacco in any form; nor did he gamble, or bet, with dice or cards; business success he preferred to pleasure, and to his work he carried enterprise, energy and will.

In 1832 he made his first business venture, negotiating the first and last business loan of his life, and purchased a part interest in the stage route between Concord and Hanover, occupying the "box" himself for a few years. In one year he was free from debt; soon after he bought into the stage route between Concord and Lowell; in 1835, in company with Capt. William Walker, he initiated the express business, making three trips weekly to Boston, and personally attending to the delivery of packages, goods or money, and other business entrusted to him. He was ever punctual, he never forgot. In 1842, upon the opening of the Concord railroad, he was one of the original partners of the express company which was then organized to deliver goods throughout New Hampshire and Canada. The company, under various names, has continued in successful operation to the present day, and to Nathaniel White's business capacity has it been greatly indebted for its remarkable financial success.

In 1846 Mr. White purchased his farm, and has cultivated it since that date. It lies in the south-western section of the city, two miles from the State House, and embraces over four hundred acres of land.

To his adopted home he ever felt and evinced a strong attachment; and to him Concord owes much of her material prosperity and outward adornment. Beautiful structures have been raised through his instrumentality which render the Capitol and State House Park such attractive features of the city.

In 1852 he made his first step in political life, being chosen by the Whigs and Free-soilers to represent Concord in the state legislature. He was an Abolitionist from the first; a member of the Anti-Slavery society from its inception. His hospitable home was the refuge of many a hunted slave, a veritable station on the under-ground railroad, where welcome, care, food, and money were freely bestowed; and the refugees were sent on their way rejoicing. The attic of his house and the hay-mows in his stable were the havens of rest for the persecuted black men. In all works of charity and philanthropy Mr. White was foremost or prominent. He was deeply interested in the establishment of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and the State Reform School; in the Orphan's Home at Franklin, which he liberally endowed; and the Home for the Aged in Concord, which was his special care.

The Reform Club of Concord, although not an eleemosynary institution, received substantial benefits from his generosity; and to him, in a great measure, it owed its very existence, during the reaction which followed the first enthusiasm.

Besides his extensive interest in the express company, his farm—which is one of the most highly cultivated in the state—his charming summer retreat on the borders of Lake Sunapee, and his real estate in Concord, he was interested in real estate in Chicago, in hotel property in the mountain districts, in railroad corporations, in banks, in manufacturing establishments, and in shipping. He was a director in the Manchester and Lawrence, the Franconia and Profile House, and the Mount Washington railroads; and in the National State Capital Bank; a trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank of Concord; also, of the Reform School, Home for the Aged, and Orphans' Home; and of other private and public trusts.

In 1875 Nathaniel White was the candidate for governor of the Prohibition party; and he had a vast number of friends in the Republican party, with which he was most closely identified, who wished to secure his nomination for the highest honor within the gift of a state by the Republican party. In 1876 he was sent as a dele-

gate to the Cincinnati Convention which nominated Mr. Hayes for president, and cast every ballot for the gentleman of his choice. During the summer of 1880, he was placed by his party at the head of the list of candidates for presidential electors.

With all these honors thrust upon him, Nathaniel White was not a politician, although firm in his own political convictions. The office sought the man, not the man the office.

Nathaniel White was blessed in his marriage relations. His history is incomplete without a narration of the perfect union, complete confidence and mutual trust and assistance, between him and his wife, during a married life of nearly half a century. November 1, 1836, he was married, by Rev. Robert Bartlett of Laconia, to Armenia S., daughter of John Aldrich of Boscawen, who survives him. Mrs. Armenia S. White is of good old Quaker stock, descending in the sixth generation from Moses Aldrich, a Quaker preacher, who emigrated to this country in the seventeenth century, and settled in Rhode Island; and on the maternal side from Edward Dotey, a Pilgrim who landed in the Mayflower. She was born November 1, 1817, in Mendon, Mass., her parents removing from Rhode Island at the time of their marriage. In 1830 she went with her parents to Boscawen, where she lived until her marriage.

Their children are: Col. John A. White; Armenia E., wife of Horatio Hobbs; Lizzie H. White; Nathaniel White, Jr.; Benjamin C. White, who survive. They lost two children, Annie Frances and Seldon F.; and adopted one—Hattie S., wife of Dr. D. P. Dearborn, of Brattleborough, Vt.

Mrs. White has been his companion and abettor in every good work.

In early life Mr. White joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, but his interest was soon gone. For several years he continued his connection with the society, by paying his dues, without actual attendance, until at last he dropped from their ranks. He belonged to no other secret society. Anti-slavery societies, temperance societies, charitable and benevolent societies, woman suffrage and equal rights societies, and the Universalist society—in all of these, both husband and wife were deeply and equally interested. Hand in hand they have been in every good work, save where the charities of one were unknown to the other. During the first four years of their married life, on account of Mr. White's occupation, they boarded; for eight years they lived on Warren street; since 1848, until the death of Mr. White, in their residence on School street. Here they have meted out generous and refined hospitality to the humble slave, the unfortunate, and to the most illustrious guests who have honored Concord by their visits.

Nathaniel White died Saturday, October 2, 1880, having nearly completed the allotted span of three score years and ten. He was stricken down suddenly—although, with his usual business foresight, he seems to have been prepared for the change. The family, in their bereavement had the sympathy of the community and state. The sense of a great loss pervaded the city. The funeral was held in the church which owes so much to his fostering care, and was the occasion when a great multitude bore witness to the depth of their sorrow. His remains lie in the lot in Blossom Hill cemetery which his filial love prepared as the resting-place for his parents.

What were the traits that so endeared Nathaniel White to all who knew him, or could appreciate him? He was thoroughly good; he had a great heart. Of active sympathies, of warm feelings, he was ever ready to listen to the call of suffering, and answer it. His heart and purse were always open for worthy objects. His assistance was freely given for the furtherance of good enterprises. He was an ardent and persevering worker for reform. He was a consistent temperance advocate. He was a modest man withal,

not fluent as a speaker, but listened to as an oracle. Deeds, not words, made up his life. He was blessed with good judgment and common sense. He was practical and successful. To him a man was a brother; a woman, a sister. He loved his fellow men.

Mr. White embodied and exemplified in his life those qualities of mind and heart which distinguish what we love to call our self-made men. He was esssentially progressive, courageous, and a moving force among his associates. Life was to him full of opportunities which he had the nerve to seize and the capacity to improve; and then force of character, guided by high moral instinct and sterling honesty, made him a power in the business and social community, and won for him his high position. And it was no covetous hand that gathered up this harvest of wealth and influence and strength of resource. He gathered it and dispersed it with equal munificence. It went to help the poor, to encourage enterprise, to promote all good works, and to make the community better and happier. He made his impress on the world about him, not by what he gained from it, but by what he gave to it; and his works live after him, and speak continually of a life that was a rich blessing, and is still a treasure to the community to which it peculiarly belongs.

KEARSARGE.

BY M. J. MESSER.

The mountain side is broad and steep.
  The mountain top is gray and hoary;
'Tis toilsome up the crags to creep,
  But oh! how grand the burst of glory
Which breaks upon the 'raptured sight
When once attained its utmost height!

On every side are fragments strewn
  Of massive, pre-historic boulders.
Vast buttresses of ragged stone;
  Not that which crumbles, rots and moulders,
But that which stands in strength sublime.
Defying storm, and sun and time.

Adown the slopes, in somber green
  The old, primeval forest reaches,
Tall hemlocks, bosky spruce between,
  Then groves of maple, birch and beeches,
And at its base, in fruitful pride,
The fertile fields stretch far and wide.

Bright, gem-like lakes flash far and near,
  Like diamonds in an emerald setting,
And forest brooks creep, cool and clear,
  Through weedy glades, their ripples wetting
The tangled wild flowers at their edge,
Or murmuring low through marshy sedge.

O scene of beauty, vast and fair!
  My heart goes out to thee in gladness,
And loses, in thy mountain air,
  Each thought of sorrow, care and sadness.
The Switzer's land, the world at large,
Can ne'er o'ermatch our own Kearsarge!

Springfield, N. H., Sept. 20, 1880.

THE PEMIGEWASSET—A REMINISCENCE.

BY L. W. DODGE.

> The years go by, and out of the shroud
> The statue stands naked in noon;
> Out of the tint and out of a cloud
> Of a long-forgotten June.
>
> TAYLOR.

We had slept the sleep of the innocent, for the night following that hot summer day had been cool and delightful, and we arose, like Sancho Panza, invoking blessings on the man who first invented sleep. It was to be a pleasant day; the Squire said so, and was he not as weather wise as "Old Prob?" "There was a copious fall of dew," he said, and the spiders had woven their webs in gray patches all over the pastures and waysides, and the nightcaps which the mountains had put on after sunset were being drawn up and hung away somewhere in the cloud-closets of the skies. To be sure, there was a line of gray fog down there, following the course of the valley stream, all the way from the wilds of "Kah-wan-en-te" to the Connecticut; but a breezy breath and a few sun glances would scatter that formless cloud-fustian into fog-land.

Thus encouraged and persuaded, we rubbed the sleep from our eyelids and followed the Squire to the breakfast room, where a cup of coffee and the rest of the party already awaited us.

It is many years since Frank took it into his agricultural head to make a home of this highland terrace. What high aspirations impelled him hither we never asked; but come with me on some glorious summer evening, just as the sun is touching the hills beyond Lunenburg; the close of some day, "sacred to mountains;" cloudless, when "they rear their sunny capes like heavenly alps," or golden capitals of the skies, when

> "Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Is bathed in floods of living fire;"

when the glory of that "upper country," of which we were taught in childhood, comes down among the hills; or shall it be in the morning, just as the gates of day are swinging back upon golden hinges, and those phantasms of mountains are being sculptured into rugged domes and gilded crests by magical touches from an unseen hand, until gray rock, towering peak, and shadowy ravine are all aglow with sunlit morning glory. Come with me, I say, out to the little summer-house, or look-out in the edge of the old pasture, and then, knowing the man, you will not ask why here he set up his household gods; nor will you need Wren's injunction from lip of life, or letters of stone, to "look around."

It was long afterward that a gentleman of some leisure, an ardent lover of nature, and a man of rare mental attainments, became charmed with the surroundings and the outlook from this spot, and having passed a summer amid its joys returned bringing with him other and congenial spirits "in like manner tempted as he was," so that the old farm-house grew into a sort of a summer hostelry; and it came to pass that a large and cheerful three-story mansion, full of summer homes, grew up by the side of the ancient structure, and the hill-top, crowned and christened, thus became "Mountain View."

But here comes "Van" with the fiery steeds before the "beach wagon," and waiting for us with all the patience of mountain mustangs and driver. You wonder why he calls it the beach wagon? So did we, when there is no shadow of a strand or murmur of a wave within a good fifty miles of us; so we concluded the vehicle was an importation, really built and characterized at some sea-side mart, but strayed or trundled away, as had we, to the highlands.

But then, what was it that suggested

to our thoughts squirrels and beechnuts, and carried us back through the pathway of years to the old beechwood when our hearts were as full of exuberance as a pic-nic lunch basket of good things, or as were our hats and pockets of the three-cornered brown nuts? We have it; beach wagon, beechwood, beechnuts and squirrels.

While we were bestowing ourselves, Van, with flourish of whip, and the girls with flurry of handkerchiefs had waved farewell to the stay-at-homes, and given us an impulsive send-off southward; for we were booked and headed for the Pemigewasset valley, and we steer for those sentinel cliffs which mark where the head waters are.

Chills are abroad at this early hour, and we begin to feel the need of "old Grimes's coat all buttoned down before;" but the morning is a delight. The sky and the mountains are generally clothed in their Sunday best, and old Lafayette will doff that monkish cowl of his as the sun goes higher. I wonder if the old French general was ever aware of the compliment, and the world-old monument created up here to his memory; what ages of anticipation before the hero was prepared for the memorial! and who shall say it was not a part of the great plan, the man and his monument, from the foundation of the world.

Up and down we go, and the ups seem far more and longer than the downs. Bethlehem lays in our course high up on the terraced slope of Mt. Agassiz, but it is no tarrying place for us, only to notice as we pass its spacious hotels, cozy cottages, sunny abodes, and delightful mountain views. The driver's whip was socketed, and the long mile of street was slowly unwound, for, like us, the mustangs were in musing mood. We had some valued friends who lived hereabout "lang syne," and we gazed and memorated as we passed the Turner home that was, but saw not the familiar faces of the long ago.

While the picture was unrolling like a scroll, we clomb the hill another stair, and from the summit of the divide between the wild Ammonoosuc and the Franconia valley, we did just as did the wife of the sodomite shepherd, looked back; that was *the* eventful moment in the life of the shepherdess, this was *one* in ours. We have a picture to hang in memory's hall, but not to describe, framed by the horizon of hills, dove-tailed with the sky in alternate green and blue. What a great disturber of the peace that must have been to drive these great cones and ridges of granite up from below, and heave them into billows of mountains and hills, away back so long ago that even geologists lose sight of that "4004" landmark; then they were billows of gray granite, now they are surges of green, and golden, and purple, for nature in this gala day of sunshine is showing off her most attractive wardrobe, as parti-colored as the coat of Joseph, and dotted here and there with spangles of silver, amid the lights and shades of the season! Oh the delights in the birds-eye view from these upper pastures, and how we strive to look beyond, into those sky parlors, for we know by the heavenly breezes, outward blowing, that the doors are wide open swung!

But down we go again, for we have another valley to cross before we scale the outworks of Lafayette, and so we leave the hills of Bethlehem. There, has not that an oriental sound; and if you had been there would you not have remembered the story that was told us in boyhood, of the man and his wife who came to an inn in the land of Judea, and the landlord said, "All full sir," and so they found lodgings in the stable, and of the event that transpired before the stars had gone in the morning? and would you not have looked around, as we did, for the flocks and the shepherds? We saw the sheep but they were shepherdless; the glory was all about us, and we felt like singing "peace and good-will toward men," but we were surrounded by the delights of mid-summer, and it was no time for Christmas Carols.

A few rattling dashes down a little valley, where a rollicking school-boy

of a brook led the way, and then we began to climb that long Jacob's ladder of a hill, whose foot rests in the valley and whose top reaches toward heaven, and rested, we knew, against that gateway of the notch, up among the shadows above, between Lafayette and Cannon mounts. That hour's semi-mountain climb is a memory. How philosophically the mustangs assumed the hitch-my-hatchet-and-up-I-go labor required of them; they bore the not-to-be-left-behind half of our load, the lunch baskets and the ladies, while we, the other half, pedestrianated among the berry bushes, the fern banks, and the wild, wayside nooks and rambles; and hush! no, you can but listen to the bird choir, the thrush and the warbler, and the sparrow, and the vireo; and then the music of the pines, the sighing, as sung by the poets, a sort of a mournful lingering of spirits of winds, long since died away, and then up from below, yes, and down from above, comes that jolliest, liveliest laugh of a brook, and looking down there through the foliage you can see it romping, and leaping, and sparkling among the rocks and eddies; it is a runaway from that sunless home of the Old Man of the Mountain, and it is hilarious with freedom.

It is no closed gateway, and needs no open sesame to gain admission to this "back parlor of the gods." We are on the shoulder of the mountain, and a few ins and outs among the shadows of the birches, and the aspens, and the maples, over a road as smooth and as faultless as the Appian Way. We were never there, and we are dropping into a mystic world not made with hands. The sharp crack of Van's whip never before woke such answers as when we rattled down among the pine shadows to the shore of Echo Lake — or was it the fall of a decayed branch, or a suddenly loosened fragment of rock from up above where the live thunders have their nests, that came rustling back in palpitating mists of sound? This shadow-haunted gem, across whose waters, waveless as a marble floor, voices answer to voice from cliff and chasm, and go talking all around the mountain walls, is a liquid mirror. And there are echoes of sight too, as well as of sound, for gazing into its breathless depths you may trace all its wild surroundings of crag and peak, of lightning scar and earthquake seam; diminutive evergreens, clinging like patches of moss to rocky crevices; ferny fringes of trees growing from the hanging balconies of the cliffs; scalloped outlines of forest primeval, from water's edge to waving summit. It seems a sacrilegious innovation, intruding upon these sacred solitudes with the whir and whistle of the steam car, but there it creeps warily along the far shore, and Eagle Cliff, gray with the grime of centuries, frowns down upon the invasion from the top of the sky.

This pass, or notch as it is called, is the head of a narrow valley, between two lofty mountains—Lafayette, here as unscalable as the Palisades, except for vines, and mosses, and fleecy clouds, and Cannon Mountain, as bald as the poll of a much-married Mormon, and whose bare, sun-burned summit convinces the beholder it was never calculated for potato-patch or pasture-land—the forest trees faltered a long way below the sky-line. Do not imagine this a lonely, lifeless vale. Its woods and winding ways are as full of human life as the avenues of an ant-hill are of insects, and the Profile House yields to these hundreds of wonder-seekers all the accommodations and luxuries of modern civilized life; but it is not charms and attractions we seek. "Look around!" High up on an overhanging cliff, with face of unutterable calmness looks forth that wonder of the world — the American Sphinx — the Old Man of the Mountain, sculptured by the Almighty long before his image in man had walked the earth, his face turned to the rising sun, always watching for the coming of the new day, and counting the centuries as they pass. Why does one feel like standing with uncovered head in the presence of this venerable crea-

tion of an unknown age? For how many thousands of the earth's years have the thunders rattled, and the clouds woven their fillets around his head? How many cycles of sunshine and shadow have marked the "eternal progress of the spheres" since the Almighty Sculptor fashioned its stony outline? For whose adoration or admiration was it designed? Ours, we know, now, but for whose then? And, after all, how can we wonder at the simple worship of those whom we are pleased to term idolaters, when we find ourselves almost worshipping that outlined face among the clouds? What wonderful records might be known from the unfoldings of those stony lips, unwritten from the time the "earth was rocked to its first slumber?" I wonder if this was not once a grand temple of worship, a mountain monastery, whose covering was the "cloudy canopy or starry decked heaven," and that here the tribes of men gathered themselves together as the autumn fires were kindled upon the summits and slopes of the hills and mountain walls, at the shrine of the Old Man of the Mountain, and that their shadows still haunt the valley and its lakes and streams and holy places, and that the ashes of myriads and myriads now lie under our feet and mingle with the soil we tread! And so we go wondering down the valley.

> Oh child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
> Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagles' wings,
> Down whose slopes to the lowlands the wild waters shine,
> Leaping gray walls of rock, dashing through the dwarf pine.
>
> WHITTIER.

It was no wearisome pleasure, that drive down that marvelous Pemigewasset pass. We were trying to imagine what aboriginal idea could be wrapped up in that musical but almost untranslatable name. Thoreau has not told it. Starr King knew it not. Prime fails to furnish it. We heard it, however, as we mused by the brook-side, listening to "Pa-im-wa-wa"—"the passing sound"—and we knew that these wild echoes of winds and waters and inanimate things along the dark corridors and up among the secret passages, with faint whispers told it to the ear of the listening native.*

This is a roadway as perfect and smooth as ever the imagination and skill of Macadam could mould from hillside and wayside, and then so full of delights and surprises, the sweeping turns bringing to view unexpected crags, and long horizon lines of lofty peaks ever wearing of the green, following the course of a mountain stream as full of frolic and eccentricities as a country school-boy; darting here, lurking there, in among the shadows, out among the sunbeams, leaping over ledges, flashing from sunny rapids, beckoning from before us, shouting from behind us; foaming and fleecy here, smooth and reflecting as a mirror there, now stealing forth from cleft rocks, and now hiding in some trout-bowl of a pool as wonderful as Bethesda, hollowed from the solid rock by the swirling waters and the whirling pebbles. "There are books in the running brooks."

Down we go, zig-zaging through those magnificent forest halls, sweeping away on either hand full of primeval solitude, far up toward the gray summits of those "mountains of light."

The sun had already turned the shadows eastward when we left the highway of the hills for the by-way of the waters. Did you ever see the "Flume," as it is termed by those mountaineers? Well, there it is up the mountain yonder. Somewhere away up from out those rocky chambers, whence the thunders are hurled in summer days, and where ice works are builded in winter nights, escaped ages agone a wild witch of a stream, and it has worked wonders since, for it has worked for itself a way into the solid rock of the world deeper than the moss-bound well into which you wonderously gazed in childhood

* The writer has never seen any translation of the Indian name Pemigewasset, but thinks it may have been coined from the two words expressive of the two distinct ideas—Paimwawa, a passing or echoing sound, and Mudwaysin, the sound of inanimate things.

to see where the iron bound bucket went to in search of water.

We may follow this noisy offspring of the clouds upward in its bed, for at this season, except when swollen by rains, there is pass for two, yourself and the brook. So upward we climb, if we may call it climbing, for it is walking up the smooth surface of granite, made so by the sliding and gliding of one of the jolliest, liveliest little rivulets you ever met; but there is a rib of a root here, a water-cut crevice there, and you find it less difficult than climbing jagged stairs. Soon we meet broken fragments of rock, and the waters grow noisy and more musical, and there are mossy edges, and ferny banks; and there are miniature pools, and rippling eddies; and then we take another climb flume-ward, and lo! the fissure in all its remarkable aspects is before and above us! We gaze around for a moment at the wonders which time and the waters have wrought, and then leave the gray granite pavement for narrow board bridges, well trodden by-paths, and jagged, rocky stair-ways; and now the pass is narrowed to the width of the spruce-barred way through which you turned the cows in the mornings of the long ago to their highland pastures. And there is no longer pass by the side of the stream as below, so it is under your feet, if perchance you cling to the rude board of a path, slippery with spatters and mist, thrown across from mossy niche to rocky knob.

It is a very unsocial foot-path, this. You may catch the utterances of your companion as they are flirted back to you, but they are as unintelligible as the cawings of a crow or the chirpings of a cricket, only the voice of this untutored mountain-born stream, which comes shouting down the chasm with a boyhood freshness, impresses the listener's ear, and that in wild harmonies. Midway heavenward a huge egg of a boulder hangs suspended, poised as you would hold a pebble between finger and thumb. Whence it came, what force started it on its down mountain journey, is an unguessable mystery. We can only look and point upward toward the gray, ragged summit, scarred and scratched by young earthquakes and world-old thunders. But why it stopped steadfastly there is just discernable, the rolling rock was just a shaving too thick or the gullied gulf a trifle too narrow. So there it must hang, like a huge acorn, until next quaking day, a geological curiosity, and one of the "valley wonders."

Across the chasm above the rock some hero of a hurricane, one long ago day, hurled a giant cedar, and time has covered both with gray lichens and green moss as long as the beard of a druid, Away through the tracery of trees, misty and wavy, is the "blue beyond," but in the gorge it is as sunless as creation's first unperfected days. Fresh wonders fountain-ward beckon to us from above, but waning hours say nay. So fishing a pebbly souvenir or two from among the eddies, and a few mosses and feathery ferns from the crevices of the pictured rocks, wherewithal to grace the botanical basket of Calorine, we leave boulder and shadowy Flume for wonders wild yet to come.

In the heart of this "Valley of passing sounds," in one of its most romantic nooks, is a resting and refreshment resort, with outlook upon the eastern ridge rising grim and grand high up to a craggy crown. From wooded base to gray wrinkled crest, the eye climbs by shadowy lines up to where long ago the prophet smote the rock, and marked out the course of the rod-invoked rivulet. As we watched the changing lines, the frowns and the smiles away skyward, little gray clouds crept along the mountain top and out of the caverns and hollows, and as we watched them gather in fleecy flocks, we saw what all that hurry-scurrying was for. They were getting up an entertainment for us away up there in the sky parlors, a show of sunshine and showeretts, first a cloud, then a sunbeam, and then a shower, and you should have seen

all the little juvenile clouds scudding up the rivulet paths to add to the support, and I dare say in one hour thereafter some of those same cloudletts came shouting down the rocks into the valley again at our very feet; up in the fog and down by the brook. And then, too, athwart the curtain, came, as we gazed, the vision of a rainbow, just a fragment, not enough to bend but sufficient to remind one of the seal of the covenant, a touch of purple, a tinge of golden, a shading of red, and a tinting of blue, flung out like a banner from the battlements of the sky.

What was done with that cloud and rainbow picture, we never knew—rolled up, I suppose, for some future rehersal, or hung away in those upper lofts for next summer's surprisals, for while the scene was changing, we, to gratify curiosity and get a peep behind the scenes, entered an unclosed by-way of a door opening towards the mountain. It was the "Pool" path, and the myriad of enchantments strung along its shadowy windings were like the pearls of a necklace.

Unexpected episodes are often quite as pleasing as expected plots, certain these wayside joys heightened the glories and marvels of the final success. There were huge boulders, once a portion of the cloud-piercing crag, or dropped from some southern bound iceberg in a primeval age. Nay, but see the flaw yonder, whence they were flung by some Titan of a day, before yesterdays were countless. Time has upholstered them deep with moss and crowned them with ferny favors rare and beautiful. Do you remember, when a boy, of climbing just such hallowed rocks, and dreaming away hours of God's Sundays upon just such beds of moss among forests of ferns? Then you dreamed of days to come; anticipations were many, realizations so few.

All along this Pool-ward ramble are nooks, and corners, and zigzags—pictures for memory. Sighing pines, shaking aspens, flickering shadows, ancestral trunks long since cumberers of the ground, broken columns, but time, the obliterator, has kindly shrouded them with moss, and lichens, and clinging vines. And this is the Pool! We knew it was near for we heard the murmuring echoes of its discontented waters as we sat among the weird roots of that ancient pine upon the bankside. Ah! what a nook of the world! but the sound is no longer a murmur, for the stream comes rushing and tumbling in from some mysterious source among the rocks, waltzes around the gray granite chamber, and then goes laughing and rollicking out, restless and unruly on its way.

You look down as you cling to some friendly sapling or over-hanging rock, one hundred and fifty feet into its sparkling, pebble-lined depths, and across two hundred feet to the broken and seamed walls of God's masonry beyond. You sit down and scale with your eye the unscalable cliff. It is jagged and broken as the "Walls of Jerico after the battle of the ramshorns," but these are the scars of quakes and lightnings.. Lifeless? No; every crevice is a vase, a nestling place for some bright-hued flower or miniature plant, some fairy fern or tiny "child of Eden," smiling down at you from inaccessible crags and rugged niches, and away up the hoary battlements, where the eagles have their nests, are patches of greenery where dwarfs of pines and pigmies of spruce have climbed by jagged pathway.

> "Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
> Nor lacked they many a banner fair,
> For from their shivered brows displayed,
> Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
> All twinkling with the dew drops-sheen,
> The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
> And creeping shrubs of myriad dyes
> Waved in the west wind summer sighs."

By rustic staircase we descend to the bottom of the gorge, among the mists and wonders, below where the shouting, mad waters come leaping through the cleft rocks. There are rifts and holes around the sides, and you wonder if they are not the outer doors to some inner temple of the

mountains. Some mamoth cave unexplored and perhaps unexplorable. You look upward, tracing the path of your descent, and you think of the patriarch's dream in the wilderness, angels and all. The basin is tumbled thick with fragments of those ancient monuments, older than the records of man, hurled earthward when the "rocks were rent." Those dwarf evergreens, looking timidly down, are descendants of that cone-bearing dynasty who sang "the song of the pine," echoed by the primeval winds long ere they had thrilled to the morning bird-song or vibrated to the notes of the katydid; ere Adam was called to the oversight of the Oriental garden, or Eve had hid from the presence of her Lord among the grape-vines and fig leaves; older than man, or beast, or bird, or even the soil that time has since accumulated for its newer creations, down among the coal measures are the deep-buried graves of their primeval kindred.

It was that garrulous old "charon," whose flat-boat and paddles are at your pleasure for a dime, who disturbed our contemplations, and he would row us around this whirl of waters. We wished him paddling a passage down the Pemigewasset, and reascending our Jacob's ladder sought the pathway tending outward.

The scene-shifter had been working wonders while we were within. The trailing clouds were hung in fringes away down the mountain sides, and there was a flutter up aloft that was portentious. The brow of the Old Man of the Mountain looked grim and disturbed as we passed. It was plain that something betokening a change was transpiring in those upper realms. How they shook out the dark somber robes of the hills as we watched, and hung them down over Lafayette and Eagle Cliff till they trailed their edges in the waters of Echo Lake, and spread them over the woods till their shadows grew dark with shadow. The mountains were "taking the veil," and we were witnessing the ceremony as we skirted along the edge of the cloud. By and by came a patter upon the roof of our storm-proof carriage.

Did you never lie down up in the old garret at home listening to the patter of the rain upon the shingles? Then you know of what we were thinking as we drove up that Franconia valley, watching the bewildered clouds, and the storm-clad peaks and the unillumined heavens, rolling and unrolling like a scroll.

> "Where through mists were glimpses given
> Of the mountain's sides,
> Rock and forest piled to Heaven,
> Torn and ploughed by slides,"

Suddenly, as we looked, there was a rift in the sky of the west, a tint upon the cloud-canopied realms of the east. The tint became a blush. The blush deepened to a glow until as we reached the summit at the west of Mount Aggasiz the whole eastern world was hung with heaven-wrought curtains of crimson, and silver, and gold. It was as glorious a sunset as ever hallowed mountain land. It was the grand closing scene of the day, and we fancied we were just upon the swing of the golden gate, and the glories of the within were reflected for a brief moment beyond the walls.

SOMETHING ABOUT MARLOW.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Any one acquainted with its location and history, can truthfully affirm that this village is one of the pleasantest and most enterprising within the limits of "Old Cheshire." If the Windsor and Forest Line Railroad is ever built, or, in fact, if any railroad ever passes through the town, we predict that Marlow will become a centre of considerable importance.

On a beautiful September morning we started, by way of the delightfully rural old turnpike road from Lempster to this place, to glean the brief historical facts given below. The expanded hillsides had already begun to glow with the varied tints of autumn, more vivid and beautiful and delicately shaded than any that painter's palette ever bore, or poet's pen described! For miles along our route, grand old trees form almost an arch overhead, and as the bright-colored leaves rustled in the breeze we thought of the spring days when we watched their gradual unfolding in tufts of tender green. The spring birds sang sweetly there upon the budding boughs, their dark plumage contrasting with the scarlet flowers of the maple, the graceful tassels of the elm, and the pink velvet leaflets of the oak.

Now a solitary redwing chirps from yonder stubble! Now the benignant ministry of the leaves, in a wealth of color, closes! Our poets have not yet done justice to the autumnal foliage. The English have no such brilliancy and beauty, and their allusions are generally of a sombre hue; still, Tennyson finely says:

> "The tender blossom flutters down,
> Unloved that beech will gather brown,
> This maple burn itself away,
> When Autumn hyeth here and there
> A fiery finger on the leaves."

So charmed were we with the glorious scenery, and the welcome coolness of the shaded highway, that ere we were aware the white spires of Marlow Plain, once called Sodom by angry "Hill folks," in "ye olden time," came full into view. Soon we were chatting with kind friends, and were looking over the time-worn records in the clerk's office, within an hour.

The original charter, signed "Ben. Wentworth," and bearing date October 7th, 1761, was kindly loaned us by Mr. E. G. Huntley. By it we notice that the town grant was divided into seventy equal shares, containing by admeasurement twenty-three thousand and forty acres, six miles square. "As soon as there shall be fifty families resident," reads the charter, "and settled thereon, said town shall have the liberty of holding two fairs annually." The grantees are sixty-nine in number, and William Noyes's name heads the list.

The New Hampshire Gazetteer and Cline's Atlas give the names of the first settlers as Joseph Tubbs, Samuel and John Gustin, N. Royce, N. Miller, and Nathan Huntley, and the same authority states that the first town-meeting was held in March, 1776, but we learn that the records of a town-meeting, held Tuesday, March 2nd, 1766, are now in existence, and that the town has the notices of such meetings from that time forward. The authentic copy reads as follows:

"The Inhabitants of this town met according to the warning in the Charter, and being legally warned to meet at the dwelling-house of Sam'l Gustin, Joseph Tubbs was chosen Moderator for said Meeting, and Sam'l Gustin Clerk for said town; and the meeting was adjourned to the third Tuesday of May next at the Dwelling-House of Joseph Tubbs of Marlow at one of the clock in the afternoon on said day.

"May ye 16th, 1766, then met according to adjournment and chose Joseph Tubbs the first Selectman; Sam'l Gustin the second Selectman, and Martin Lord the third Selectman.

SAM'L. GUSTIN, Clerk."

These were probably the first selectmen chosen. In 1767 Nathan Huntley, Sam'l Gustin, and Nehemiah Royce were chosen selectmen.

In 1773 is the first copy of a warrant for a town-meeting. It was directed to the constable.

In 1778 the first minister was settled, Rev. Caleb Blood (Congregationlist). He was dismissed the next year, and Rev. Eleazer Beckwith (Baptist) succeeded, and preached till his death, in 1809.

The Proprietors' committee in 1767, were Nathan Huntley and Sam'l Gustin. In 1783 John Lewis was chosen collector of the *Rumbe* tax, and in the same year it was voted to exempt the widows from taxation for twelve months.

It is evident that but few of the charter members remained in town for a long period, if they did they left no descendants. Nathan Huntley's name does not appear on that document, yet he was one of the first settlers.

The earliest buildings were put up near Baker's Corner, by John Gustin. Nathan Huntley settled near Marlow Hill, and Joseph Tubbs in the south part of the town. The first meeting-house was built in 1798, on Marlow Hill. It had big, square, two-story galleries all around, and contained the "box pews." It was taken down in 1845, and removed to the south (now the main) village, as a sort of a union church; it is now called the Christian Church. There is no preaching in it at present, and the basement is used as the Town Hall. Originally, this edifice stood near Baker's Corner; it was not clapboarded or plastered, and was ornamented (?) with the primitive wooden benches. The Methodist Church, also, originally stood on old Marlow Hill. Before its erection, there were quite a number of Universalists in town, and, not agreeing in regard to a minister, a committee was chosen—one from the Baptists, one from the Congregationalists, and one from the Universalists—to procure a pastor; and in order to have one that would unite them, they employed the Rev. Peter Jacobs, a Methodist, and this was the first introduction of Methodism in Marlow, which is at this time the popular church of the place.

Oral tradition says that a Mr. Marshall was the first man to preach a Methodist sermon in town, but nothing is remembered of him except the fact that he preached two or three times.

Mr. Jacobs was succeeded by Rev. Paul Dustin, a local preacher of the M. E. Church, and he organized a Methodist Society. Among its first members were Francis Brown, Amos Gale, Jr., and wife, Cyrus Comstock and wife, Mrs. Griffin, and Samuel Rice. Subsequently Mr. Dustin preached for the Congregationalists at Alstead, where he died, February 10, 1811, at the early age of thirty-six, and was buried in the cemetery at Alstead Centre.

Rev. Dexter Bates was probably his successor, as he was known to be the pastor in 1812–13. He is spoken of as "a strong man, full of zeal and energy."

In 1815 Marlow was embraced in Grantham Circuit, New England Conference, Vermont district, with Eleazer Wells, presiding elder, and Warner Bannister preacher—the latter did not preach in Marlow oftener than once in four weeks. The entire circuit, comprising probably from six to ten towns, reported a membership of two hundred and fifty-five whites and one colored.

In 1815 Marlow was included in Unity Circuit, with Caleb Dustin and James Farnum, preachers. Erastus Otis was pastor at Marlow in 1816–17, Amasa Taylor in 1818, Zenas Adams and Lemson Walker in 1819. John Lord, now a member of the Maine Conference, a man of great physical and mental strength, was the pastor

of the Methodist Church here in 1820–1. In 1822 Phineas Ball and Silas Frink; in 1823, A. D. Merrill and Justin Spaulding. The former was one of the most prominent men in the denomination for years, and the latter afterwards became a missionary to South America. In 1824 Joel Steele and George Putnam. The former was re-appointed, with Amasa Houghton as colleague, in 1825. In 1826–7, Leonard Frost; in 1828, Josiah A. Scorrett, Benjamin C. Eastman, and George Barkley were its circuit preachers.

In 1829 Marlow is dropped from the minutes, but was probably included in the Goshen Circuit. In 1830 the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference were separated from the New England, and the official records stand New Hampshire and Vermont Conference, Vermont District, Unity and Goshen Circuit. "The preachers were George and Roswell Putnam and Dennis Wells. In 1831, Elihu Scott and Set. Farewell. The former is now a venerable supernumary of the New Hampshire Conference, and resides at Hampton; the latter, a very talented and eccentric man, afterwards became presiding elder of Springfield District, Vermont, and died soon after his promotion. He was buried at Springfield.

In 1832, H. J. Wooley and J. L. Smith. Wooley deceased a few years later, and Smith, after years of acceptable labor, located and now resides in Acworth.

In 1833, N. Ladd and James Smith; 1834, N. Ladd and J. L. Smith; 1835, J. Allen and John Jones. The former preached only one Sabbath, when he left, and Daniel Jones was associated with his brother John on the circuit.

In 1836, H. Johnson and L. D. Barrows. The latter became eminent in the ministry, and was for years president of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College, at Tilton. In 1837, Caleb Dustin and Nathan Howard; 1838, J. L. Smith; 1839, L. H. Gordon and E. G. Perham; 1840, L. H. Gordon; 1841, H. Nutter; 1842, H. Nutter and C. H. Eastman. The latter soon after located and settled in business in Claremont; he was at one time a member of the Governor's Council, and died at Claremont universally respected.

In 1843, Rufus Tilton; 1844, R. Tilton and J. English; 1845, Franklin Furber.

Up to this time the Methodist Church was upon Marlow Hill, but the business of the town having concentrated at the "Plains," it seemed indispensable to move the church there. This was done, but it caused quite a division in the society, and a small edifice for worship was erected on the Hill. Preaching was for a time sustained in both places, but finally the building was sold, removed to the village, and, with an addition, constitutes "Murray Hall," now owned by the Universalists. Thus all three of the meeting-houses, originally built on the Hill, have been removed to the new village, and, greatly improved in appearance, are still standing.

In 1846, Abram Folsom was the Methodist preacher here. Some idea of the economy of the times may be gathered from the fact that the preacher's salary was two hundred and eighty dollars.

In 1847, A. Folsom and H. C. Harris. During this year the society met with a severe loss in the death of Dr. Baker, the venerable father of the late Bishop O. C. Baker. In 1848–9, W. T. Evans was pastor. Mr. Evans was a man of great talents, and afterwards became a disciple of Swedenborg; he now resides in the vicinity of Boston.

In 1850–2, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. H. C. Wood, who was principal of the Marlow Academy. In 1853–4, G. S. Dearborn, now of the Kansas Conference, was pastor. In 1855–6, G. N. Bryant; 1857, W. H. Jones; 1858–9, O. H. Call; 1860–61, E. A. Smith; 1862, S. Beedle; 1863–4, A. P. Hatch; 1865, N. M. Bailey; 1866, S. Quimby, now a superanuated, and residing at West Unity; 1867–8, A. C. Coult; 1869, A. L. Kendall; 1870–1, A. K. How-

ard; 1872–4, I. Taggart; 1875–6, A. F. Buxton; 1877–9, C. W. Taylor; 1880, S. G. Kellogg. Mr. Kellogg, the present incumbent, has been a popular presiding elder; he is a very energetic and able preacher. We are indebted to him for material aid in compiling the above record.

The minutes of the Methodist Church in Marlow, for 1880, report eighty-four members, fourteen probationers, a church valued at five thousand dollars, and parsonage valued at seven hundred dollars. It has a Sabbath-school of one hundred and twenty-five members, and a library of six hundred volumes. At present, preaching is regularly sustained by no other society in town

Of the Methodist preachers appointed to Marlow, seven became presiding elders, and several others have been favorably known as authors, or by their connection with educational institutions. The church itself has furnished men and women who have been favorably known for eminent piety and wide influence. Several, who afterwards became noted in the clerical ranks, were born in Marlow. Among others may be mentioned Bishop O. C. Baker, and Eleazer Smith, the latter, at one time, chaplain of the New Hampshire state prison.

Universalism had quite a foothold in Marlow as early as 1799. A society was formed in Washington, N. H., as its centre, out of the believers in that town, Stoddard, Marlow, and Lempster. Its pastor was Rev. Ebenezer Payne. It flourished for several years, but owing to the division in church matters already alluded to, and other reasons, the believers were scattered, and the parish became extinct.

In 1822 a new society was formed in Washington, and the Rev. Samuel Willis became its minister. While there he labored in Marlow and the adjoining towns. After him, Revs. O. A. Skinner, David Cooper, and Josiah Gilman, all of whom preached more or less in Marlow. As there was no organization, there was little or no progress, save to keep the name alive. These ministers preached in school-houses. At that time a Universalist in this section was not admitted into the churches, even though he had a right there.

An organization was made, of this denomination, in Marlow in 1847, and from that date till 1856 the Rev. N. R. Wright, now of Lynn, Mass., supplied the pulpit. He was much liked, being of a very social and friendly disposition, and to this day occasionally meets with his old parishoners here on the Sabbath and breaks to them the bread of life.

We believe that the Rev. Mr. Hooper, now of Canada, was the last regular preacher for this denomination in Marlow. Asa Way, an old resident, left the Universalists of this town one thousand dollars, and also willed five hundred dollars to the public schools. Elder Palmer was the first Christian minister.

The first High School in Marlow was taught by Rev. Giles Bailey, a Universalist preacher of Acworth, in the hall of Jones's Hotel. There is a flourishing academy, called the Marlow Academy. Two hundred and fifty dollars are annually raised for the support of the Spring and Autumn terms in the district where it is located. This institution is taught this season by Francis W. Lane, A. M. (of Ashburnham, Mass.), an experienced and popular instructor, and the school is making fine progress. There are eight public schools in town. The citizens of Marlow have always taken great interest and pride in all matters of an educational character. Liberal and public spirited, they have well sustained their schools, which are proving not only an honor to the place, but one of the chief factors in its prosperity. District number four has reason to be congratulated for securing and retaining the servives of its present teacher so long. Miss Sarah Boynton has taught eleven consecutive terms in this district. She is a native of Brattleborough, Vt., and is a born school-ma'm, but it is possible that she will assume the charge of a cozy dwelling

ere long, as its mistress, and thus become a permanent citizen of old Marlow.

Isaac Baker was the first, or about the first physician in town; he settled at Baker's Corner, where he built him a fine two-story house. This part of the town derived its name from him. He soon had a large practice, and lived to a good old age, highly honored by all. He was succeeded by Thomas J. Stevens, his son-in-law, who settled on Marlow Hill, where he lived till 1838, when he moved to the Plains, erected a substantial brick house, and continued his practice till 1844.

We should have stated that Dr. Lyman Brooks followed his profession in this town from 1821 to 1823, when he removed to Acworth, where he practiced with great success till his death, in 1865.

Dr. Stevens sold out to Dr. Reuben Hatch, and went to Charlestown, Mass., where he died the past summer at an advanced age. Dr. Hatch was succeeded by Marshall Perkins, Croydon, in 1850. He was then a young man, and has remained in Marlow ever since. He is known throughout the state as a skilful physician, with a large practice. While Dr. Perkins was absent in the army as an assistant surgeon, Dr. Richardson, now of Walpole, was located here for a short time; also, Dr. R. G. Mather; the latter, however, enlisted soon after his arrival as an assistant surgeon in the army. Dr. Perkins was attached to the 14th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.

Several physicians have been born in Marlow. Among them, Zepheniah and Michael Tubbs; Wister Stevens, son of Thomas J. Stevens, now living in Charlestown, Mass., a highly educated gentleman, who studied several years in Germany, and who is now considered one of the most skilful physicians and surgeons in New England; John F. Butler, now located in Chesterfield, N.H., is a promising young doctor, also; and Herbert F. Pitcher, who has just commenced practice, with every prospect of success, at Milan, N. H. Of the brothers Tubbs, spoken of above, the first settled in New York, and the latter in Deering, N. H.

Among those of other professions, we should mention Prof. Sanborn Tenney, who, though born in Stoddard, moved to Marlow in early life, and is claimed as a Marlow boy. He graduated at Amherst College, was at one time professor of natural history in "Vassar," and was afterwards professor in Williams College. At the time of his death, he was regarded as one of the ripest scholars of the times, having become the author of several text-books in geology and natural history. He passed away suddenly, in Michigan, while on his way, with a party of scientific gentlemen who had started on an exploring expedition, to the Rocky Mountains.

Calista M. Huntley (*Marie Calisto Piccioli*) was born in Marlow, April 11, 1841, and with her parents moved to Boston in 1845, and from thence to Lynn in 1851. At a very early age she manifested great musical talent, and seemed to feel the strongest desire to cultivate her gift. The sooner to accomplish her darling wish, she purchased a sewing machine, and after working upon it till its price was paid, she, at the tender age of twelve, began to save her wages till she was enabled to purchase a piano. Then her musical education commenced in earnest. Before she had taken any lessons, Calista had mastered many of the problems of this beautiful science. After receiving instruction a while from a competent teacher, she herself gave lessons, remaining a pupil still. Her talent not only secured scholars, but she ere long was offered the leading place in churches and at festivals, so she was able to continue her favorite study. In April, 1866, she went to Italy, and pursued her chosen vocation, taking lessons till she had perfected a thorough course of study, under the tuition of the best masters. In the meantime she gave concerts and other entertainments to pay her

expenses, under the stage name of Marie Calisto. In 1869 she married Geromano Piccioli. Since then she has visited and sang in all the principal cities of England, Ireland, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and, in fact, over the whole civilized world, and has won a lasting and well deserved fame. She speaks four languages fluently, and though she of necessity has quite a foreign air, still she is very easy in her manners, broad in her religious views, and in all respects is a lady of fine appearance, to whom the humblest may easily find access at her elegant home. Her residence is in Italy, but she is now temporarily stopping in Lynn, Mass. Marlow has good reason to be proud of this distinguished artist.

Here, too, was the native place of Rosinee Richardson, familiarly known as "Fat Rosinee," who in her day was the wonder of the world. She travelled with Barnum for several years, and died not long since in Florida.

Nahum Stone, son of Phineas, who in olden times had a small tannery at the head of Stone Pond, was a native of Marlow. He at one time owned and edited what is now known as the *Cheshire Republican*, at Keene.

Among the early settlers and substantial citizens passed away, was Mr. Farley, who came from Billerica, Mass., and who, at one time, owned the principal part of the "Plains," selling out his mill rights to Mr. Russel Huntley. Mr. Farley's son married Susan P. Pierce, whose father was a cousin to President Pierce.

Widow Farley has a promising son, also a native of Marlow, Dallas J. Farley, at present an engineer on board the U. S. survey steamer Hassler. This lady showed us the model of an elegant cannon of pure nickel, taken from metal on board the Kearsarge, and made by her son. It attracted much attention at various fairs, as has, also, the beautiful specimens of California seaweed which he has sent home.

One of the prominent men of "ye olden times" in Marlow was General Elisha Huntley, son of Nathan, referred to. He lived in a large two-story house on the Hill, kept hotel, was postmaster, and a justice of the peace. He was not only commanding officer of the old militia, but was judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1809; was, also, appointed judge of the Circuit Court in 1816, and judge of the Court of Sessions in 1821. He lived to an advanced age. Mr. Aaron Huntley was one of the early inhabitants of Marlow, and built a house on the site now occupied by Dudley Huntley. The old cellar on the site occupied by Hezekiah Huntley, still remains on the land owned by Mr. Luther Huntley.

Wells Way, commonly called the "Old Squire," was a very popular and prominent man; almost all arbitration was left out to him. He was a town clerk for many years and held various other offices. Silas Mack and Samuel Royce were both town clerks and selectmen for many years.

Old manuscript records tell us that in 1788 there were forty-two votes cast in Marlow. John Langdon had thirty-six: John Sullivan, six. In 1800 it was voted not to tax a widow's cow. At the annual town-meeting, the same year, William Lewis was chosen constable and collector; he was to receive three dollars and eighty cents for his labor in the latter office.

Baker's Corner was in olden times the only business resort. Here was a flourishing store, a potash manufactory, and a hotel. The public house first opened had Samuel Richardson for proprietor. All of these buildings subsequently passed into the hands of William Baker. The first store ever kept in town was opened by Mr. Lamphier in the house now owned by Curtis Winham, on the Hill. Soon after, Francis D. Ellis opened a store and hotel, and a hostelry was also started by Elisha Huntley, Esq. Mr. Ellis abandoned his hotel, but continued his store, and Amos F. Fiske became associated with him. After many years, Mr. Ellis sold out to Mr. Fiske and removed to Boston, going into trade on Kilby street; Mr. Fiske

remaining till he removed to the Plains.

The hotel on the hill most noted was kept by Almon Smith, familiarly known far and wide as "Peg Smith." Great times used to be enjoyed by "the boys" in that weather worn edifice, such hilarity as would now shut up a respectable tavern. Marlow Hill was celebrated for its muster days; the 28th regiment for many years in succession mustered here. At these times, "Peg's" establishment was, of course, in its glory. It is said that men would ride into the bar-room on horseback and call for their hot punch. Stopping up the sink-spout and pumping into the receptacle till the water ran out of the front door was but one of the numerous tricks performed on those occasions. Marlow Hill was indeed regarded once as a "big place," but only three small houses now remain of all its ancient splendor.

Town-meetings were held on the Hill, in the old meeting-house, till about 1840. The last town-meeting held on the Hill lasted two days. On the afternoon of the first day, it was voted to adjourn to Jones's Hotel, at South Marlow—so-called then. There was great excitement when this vote was being taken, as the "Hill party" were determined to continue the meetings there; but they were beaten and this was the last town-meeting ever held in that part of the town. So everything of general interest gradually left the Hill. South Marlow, Sodam, "Poverty Plains," though it only possessed a few houses then, soon began to grow, for here were excellent water privileges that business men began to appreciate.

Here Joel Tenney, now living in Hancock, an aged man, opened the first store. He was a famous auctioneer in his day, and many remember him well. Then came Samuel Buss, Reuben Griffin, Aaron Tenney, Stephen Day, and others. Arthur W. Fisk, one of the former merchants at the Plains, is now a prominent citizen of Washington, D. C.

Ashuelot river flows through nearly the entire length of the town, in a south-westerly course, affording many valuable water privileges which have been for a long time improved. The first tannery ever built in town was erected on the brook near Freeman Phelps's rake manufactory, by Ward Ware. The first clothing-mill was also at that place, and the first carding establishment was put up by a Mr. Keyse. The first grist-mill on the Ashuelot, south of the village, was built near Andrew Town's. We have elsewhere referred to a tannery carried on by Phineas Stone, near the head of the pond bearing his name. There was, also, one near Baker's Corner, under the management of a Mr. Mustin.

The first tannery built at the present Marlow village, was put up in 1835, by L. Huntley. The building was 20x40, single boarded, and run by water. The vats, thirty-two in number, were all out doors, and were rather poor. In 1837, Hon. James Burnap, a native of Nelson, having completed his trade as a tanner and currier, came to Marlow and secured a small job of finishing leather. He had not been here long before he purchased the tannery. The first year the firm was Burnap and Way. In 1838 he formed a partnership with his brother under the firm name of J. and J. Burnap, which Josiah continued till 1856. In 1849 he put in steam, and made some other improvements and enlargements. In 1856 he enlarged again. In 1859 he put in a new engine of thirty-five horse power, and again enlarged the tannery. In 1862 he took in his foreman, Mr. James Howard, as a partner, and the firm continued till 1869, when they dissolved; since that time Mr. Howard has remained as foreman. In 1864 the tannery was entirely burned. Mr. Burnap immediately re-built and enlarged the original plan. On Nov. 4, 1877, it was again consumed by fire, and in about six weeks it was once more rebuilt.

It now contains nearly two hundred pits, and is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the state, being sur-

mounted with a handsome cupola. In all its arrangements it is now as complete and well-regulated as taste and business foresight can make it. It is one of the leading industries of the town. The capacity of the yard is for seventy-five thousand calf-skins and six thousand sides, these having been tanned here in a single year.

In 1868 Mr. Burnap bought the old tannery of C. D. Symonds, together with a large lot of land, and two dwelling houses. Here, in 1869, he put in a circular saw and other appurtenances, and has since sawed about three hundred thousand feet of lumber annually. Recent improvements have also been made on this mill. Mr. Burnap is also a farmer on quite an extensive scale. He cuts about two hundred tons of hay per year; keeps nearly six hundred sheep and lambs; has about thirty hogs; and expects this year to raise about one thousand bushels of roots, potatoes, etc. He also keeps eight yoke of oxen, twenty horses, and runs two six-horse teams regularly, and often more.

Mr. Burnap owns fourteen horses and employs thirty hands. He is also the senior member in the firm of J. S. Tuft and Co., manufacturers of all kinds of pottery ware, and importers of crockery and glass ware, at Keene, with a capital of sixty thousand dollars invested. For the sketch of Mr. Burnap's tannery and other information we are indebted to Mr. E. G. Huntley.

There are now three grocery and dry-goods stores in town: one kept by Joslin and Messer, proprietors also of a meat market; one by Hosea Towne, postmaster, and one by E. A. Jones. There is one or more stores for fancy-goods; an apothecary store, kept by E. N. Howe, town-clerk; a light grocery store, by E. Shepardson, and two millinery parlors.

There are two very fine hotels in town—Jones's, which used to do a large business, but which, owing to the ill health of the proprietor, has not been filled this season. Mr. Jones and his admirable helpmeet know how to keep a hotel, and we hope that another year his health will be such that he can take care of the host who would like to patronize him. The Forest House, which was built by Capt. Edmund Jones, in 1833, and kept by him twenty years, is flourishing finely, and is well managed.

The present population of Marlow is rising seven hundred. The village proper contains nearly a hundred neatly painted dwelling houses, and many of them have recently been remodeled and greatly improved. Considerable building is going on this year, and everything about the place is suggestive of thrift and industry.

J. Q. Jones is doing a driving business in sash, blinds and doors; E. B. Gee in his saw, shingle and grist mills; and the Phelpses in the rake, coopering and blacksmith line.

There have been few better managed farms in the state than those that encircle old Marlow. The land is productive and well cultivated; good stock is kept, and the farmers pride themselves on their annual exhibits of cattle and produce. This town has long been famous for its fine fairs, is out of debt, and has money in the treasury, and to let.

Several fatal accidents have occurred in Marlow. Daniel Mack, son of Silas Mack, Esq., fell dead on the road from school, Monday, Feb., 26, 1798, and his burial took place Wednesday, Feb. 28. Gilbert Burdett was burned to death in October, 1864, while going into Burnap's tannery, which was wreathed in flames, to obtain his clothing from a room occupied by himself and companions in the upper part of the building. Many years ago, a man was struck by lightning and instantly killed while standing in the doorway of a blacksmith shop at Baker's Corner. Mr. Peter Fox lost two very promising sons by singular accidents. One was killed by the overturn of a cart he was driving. While riding in it, the oxen became frightened, near the forks of the road in the east part of the town, and running the wheels up on a stone wall, the young man was thrown out and

instantly killed. The other son came to his death by the fall of a tree in the Latimer pasture.

Only two persons ever lived to be one hundred years old in Marlow—Mrs. Downing and Mrs. Gustin.

We have thus imperfectly sketched some of the historical facts regarding the towns of Washington and Marlow, which have never before been given to type. If they serve no other purpose, some future historian may glean from them a few paragraphs worthy of being more substantially preserved.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A PRESIDENT.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Few states of the Union can boast of the honorable distinction of being the birthplace of a President. Nineteen American citizens have borne, at different times, the title of the chief-executive of this republic, but only eight of our sovereign states can lay claim to the place of their nativity. Virginia leads the van. She is the mother of seven Presidents; Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were born under her skies. North Carolina follows next in precedence, and claims Polk, Jackson and Johnson. New York produced Van Buren and Fillmore. Grant and Hayes were born in Ohio; the two Adamses, in Massachusetts; Buchanan, in Pennsylvania; Lincoln, in Kentucky; and Pierce, in New Hampshire. So our little Granite State need not blush among her sisters, for the regal circlet of power glows upon her forehead. Her breezes have rocked the cradles of great men. From her portals they have gone forth, a muster-roll of worthies, warriors, statesmen, jurists, divines, scholars and journalists. One of her sons has grasped the reins of empire in his hands. Three others—Cass, Greeley and Hale—have been candidates for that exalted place. Proud and thrilling memories belong to her, this rugged, hardy state throned among the hills; and while her breezes blow blandly around us, and her sunlight thrills our blood like wine, let us visit her proudest shrine, the richest gem in all her casket of jewels—the birthplace of a President.

In southern New Hampshire, bearing the name derived from Col. John Hill, of Boston, one of its early grantees, is the town of Hillsborough. Its most important and flourishing village is called Hillsborough Bridge. For a busy, lively place, the "Bridge" is not surpassed by any village of its size in the state. Here was formerly the terminus of the Contoocook Valley Railroad, which now extends to Peterborough. A dozen manufactories, fifteen or twenty stores, a bank, two churches, a hotel, and a hundred thrifty looking dwelling-houses speak for the enterprise and populousness of the place. We will not stop here, however, not even to see our friend Ferry, editor of the spicy *Hillsborough Messenger*, or Frank H. Pierce, nephew of the President, who has a law-office in the place, but we will take a seat in the Washington stage coach, and driving due west over a picturesque and charming road, halt at a little hamlet embowered among trees in a happy valley. The spot is three miles distant from the "Bridge," and is known far and wide as Hillsborough Lower Village. On the right hand side, at the foot of a hill, is seen a square, com-

modious, two-story old-fashioned house, with an ell, also two stories, and several large barns and sheds attached, and all painted white. Externally, the building presents an appearance but little different from many other old houses scattered up and down our country towns, but when once your footsteps have taken you up the walk to the entrance door, our word for it, you will not regret that you have strayed to its portals. Built during the first year of the century, it was for nearly forty years the residence of Governor Benjamin Pierce, and the place where his yet more illustrious son was born, on a late November day, seventy-six years ago. The old house, therefore, has a history, and a rare one, too, which fairly challenges our enquiry.

It was in 1785 that Col. Benjamin Pierce, a patriot of the Revolution, who fought all through the battles of that bloody struggle, seeking for a home, came in his wanderings to Hillsborough. On the spot where this mansion now stands, there stood a hut built of logs. A small stream flowing near by contained a plenty of the finest trout, and the young patriot, who always had an eye for the facilities to hunt and fish, determined to make this his home. Spying the owner of the hut at a distance, he sought him, and after a short conversation, asked him if he would sell his farm. The man replied that he would. Colonel Pierce gave him one hundred and fifty dollars for the place, and thus settled down in the wilderness as a farmer. It was up hill work for a time, but industry and perseverance brought success, and the pioneer prospered. The original purchase comprised a hundred and fifty acres. Several hundred acres were subsequently added at different times, until he lorded it over a demesne grand as that of a southern planter. The log cabin was pulled down, and a large and stately mansion was erected on its site, where a numerous family of children grew up, and where the owner dispensed a generous and elegant hospitality, for Benjamin Pierce was now a man of means, the squire of the village, and a rising politician.

He married, first, Miss Elizabeth Andrews, who died at the early age of twenty-one, leaving one child, a daughter. His second wife was Miss Anne Kendrick, by whom he had eight children, the seventh of whom became the fourteenth President of the United States. In 1786 President Sullivan, of New Hampshire, appointed Colonel Pierce a brigadier-general of militia. From this date till near his death he always held some office, and he gradually rose to be the most influential man in the state. He was democratic in principles and a follower of Jefferson and Jackson. He was four times a candidate for governor, and twice carried the state victoriously against such Federalists as David L. Morrill and John Bell, when his party was in the minority. The old house witnessed gay scenes in those years. Everybody was a friend of the governor, and the whole neighborhood assembled under the roof to the feast and the dance. It actually seems to laugh now, with memories of the jollity it has seen in days gone by.

The Pierce mansion stands in the midst of grounds which in former years were laid out with elegant taste, and embellished with fruit trees and shrubbery. Several handsome, stately trees embower the venerable roof. Around the front side of the building extends a broad and generous piazza. Surely none ever gave a more genial welcome. Sitting here in the morning sunlight or at the sunset hour, and looking out on the beauty beyond, it would certainly seem nothing strange to see three shining ones appear, as they did to the aged patriarch, sitting at the door of his tent under the great terebinth on the plains of Mamre. A visitor arriving in a carriage either alights at the front entrance, or passes by the broad drive under the shade of thrifty maples to the swarded yard beyond. Emerging from the east entrance door, the old proprietor used to mount his horse

from this block, to ride to Exeter court-house or to Hopkinton, where, as a member of the New Hampshire Assembly, he long served his fellow-citizens of Hillsborough. At a later day he rode in a coach, which carried him in state to the capitol at Concord, the people all flocking along the way to get a glance at "the Governor."

On the east beyond the yard there is an enclosed garden of an acre or more, with walks, a summer-house, and in the centre an artificial pond, now choked with debris and weeds, but in the old governor's time well stocked with trout. These grounds must always have been a favorite resort of the family and their guests. Their greatest glory now are the grand, shadowy old trees. Everywhere we ramble, they outspread their arms over us and murmur, "Benedicite." On the trunk of one an acute eye can still detect a wound in the bark, said to have been the linked names of Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce, and cut there by the former in their college days. In the summer-house, covered by climbing grape-vines, have sat grave judges and courtly scholars whose eloquent voices have long been silent. Doubtless, too, softer tones have rippled there, in sport, in jest, in earnest, and its walls might, perchance, whisper of many a love tryst.

Entering the house by the south door, we step into a large hall which formerly extended through the middle of the mansion, but has since been shortened. Yet it is the noblest part of the house to-day. It is wide and cool, has an air of spaciousness and grandeur, and is a delicious retreat in the heat of day or in the hush of evening. The walls of this room are lined with family portraits, those of the governor and his lady, President Pierce, Gen. John McNiel and wife, Judge Chandler E. Potter and wife—three generations. We notice the broad stairway and the quaintly carved balusters, and are transported to the time when a dignified, portly gentleman used to go up and down the stairs, and ladies, dressed in long flounced skirts and curious shaped bodices and stately head dresses—the costume of 1830—filed through these doors. Upon this very floor played a merry group of children, among whom was a boy with hazel eyes and brown curly locks, who, less than fifty years afterwards, was to sit among the great rulers of the earth, in the place which Washington had occupied before him, and which Jefferson, Adams, Van Buren and Jackson adorned. Think of it, country youths and city youths, wasting your time in frivolous amusements, and your manhood in debauchery, think of this child, the son of a simple country squire, cradled not in affluence, who was taught to work for himself, and who by honest toil and persevering industry rose to be more than the peer of kings. If you want romance, here it is, and both rosy and sombre hued.

On the left of the hall-way is the great parlor, with its large chandeliers, its heavy cornice, its massive hearth-stone with antique brass andirons, and its walls covered with the original paper put on nearly eighty years ago. This paper is very thick and extends from ceiling to floor, embossed in gorgeous colors, with landscapes, tournaments, old castles, marine views and civil festivals most correctly represented. The room teems with historic associations. Here were married the governor's daughter, Elizabeth, and her two daughters, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Benham, and brilliant ceremonies attended all of these events. Beautiful and antique relics are distributed about, war trophies of the Pierces and McNiels, Mexican relics, curious old mirrors and chairs, and a host of articles too numerous to specialize.

Opposite is the sitting-room, equally lofty and spacious, its windows on one side looking upon the highway, on the other upon the garden. This room has a more modern furnishing, but is still a dreamy old place with more than one hint of bygone grandeur. There are pictures on the walls, several pretty landscapes, and some more

portraits, this time of General and Mrs. Samuel Andrews, the present proprietors, and of Col. Benjamin Pierce, a brother of Franklin, who was an officer in the regular army and died young. There are eight rooms on the ground floor of the square part. In the northeast corner, now used as a sleeping room, is the apartment where Franklin Pierce was born. His cradle is still preserved here, and in this room is also the old governor's side-board, which old time hospitality required should be always garnished with wines or a huge bowl of punch. That was in the ante-Washingtonian days, when men could drink their pint of Antigua without fearing any enemy but the gout, and when the aroma of good old Xeres was not distasteful to the ladies.

The second floor is provided with six sleeping chambers, all opening on a spacious and airy hall. None of these rooms demand special description, although mighty heroes have slept in some of them. Descending to the cellar, we have pointed out to us the various compartments of the governor's domestic repository. Everything is on a grand scale. In the wine cellar there were annually stored twenty casks of wine, and fifty barrels of cider—the good old New England beverage. The potato bin will accommodate five hundred bushels of tubers. In the wing are a dozen other rooms, all of good dimensions, particularly the kitchen, which is one of the old-fashioned sort. The barns and outhouses are on the same generous scale, and have been kept in fine repair.

The founder of this mansion was a great man in his day, and with but one exception was probably the most popular governor ever elected in New Hampshire. Even to-day, after the lapse of forty years, his very name touches the heart almost to a burst of enthusiasm. His personal appearance, as it has been preserved by the portraits on the walls of the mansion and in the State House at Concord, is indicative of the man. There is something of the look of a Jackson in that face. The jaws have the same lion-like solidity, the lips are firm, and the nose identical with that same feature which we observe in the portrait of the hero of the hermitage, but the eyes have a merry gleam, and the rubicund visage and the thick-set, portly figure tell more plainly than words can of the frank, fearless, good natured, good living, hospitable squire, whose name could rally more voters to the polls than that of any other man in the state, after John T. Gilman.

Grand as the house is, one would hardly think that it had been the scene of so much romance and glory. Yet there is no dwelling within our state that can evoke more significant associations than does this rural mansion. Here dwelt the embryo statesman and President through all his boyhood days. Out of these windows looked the eyes that were to gaze on the splendors of the White House, and the varied scenes of foreign lands. In this very yard rang the voice which was to stir listening senates with its tones. Around this place centers all of the associations connected with his youthful years. Here was the theater of his early sports, here his school-days began, here he had his first visions of future eminence, or of the possibility of it. Through this very door he passed with his college honors upon him, the friend of Stowe, of Hawthorne, of Longfellow, and others equally known to fame. Here, also, he came with the trappings of state upon him, surrounded by a galaxy of the noblest Americans. Great men, statesmen, writers, divines, and soldiers have been domiciled under this roof. Nearly all of the leading men of New Hampshire, for fifty years, visited at Squire Pierce's house. Isaac Hill, the Athertons, Ebenezer Webster, Judge Woodbury, John T. Gilman, Samuel Bell and Governor Steele were more than once guests of the governor. And, afterwards, Hawthorne, Dr. Appleton, the McNiels, and others came to see the young lawyer, their friend.

John McNiel, in particular, was often a visitor there, coming every Sunday night to pay his addresses to a certain staid, beautiful maid, who afterwards became his wife.

There were several fair daughters in the house of Pierce, but Elizabeth, the eldest, the daughter of the first wife, was the queen of the family. At all the sewing-bees and tea assemblies of the country side, Elizabeth Pierce was the belle among the village maidens. Many of the leading young men of the town desired her fair hand and the heart that went with it. But John McNiel, the son of her father's old comrade in arms, tall, handsome and manly, was the favored suitor. The McNiels were a fighting race. The family came to America from Ireland, where, doubtless, the ancestor of the race imbibed the military spirit from his friends who had experienced the one hundred and five days of excruciating horrors at the famous siege of Londonderry. The first McNiel in America was John, who settled in Londonderry, N. H., in 1719. He was a man of great energy of character and of indomitable courage, tall, erect and athletic, physically, characteristics that marked all his descendants. Gen. John McNiel was the third in descent from his namesake, the Indian fighter, and was fitted by nature for a military man. Firm, resolute, of indomitable energy, possessing superior bravery under all circumstances, and a quickness of apprehension which enabled him in the heat of battle to seize upon any mistake of the enemy, he was calculated to rise to a superior position in his chosen profession. In physique he was a model of manly beauty and developed strength, and was capable of enduring a great amount of hardship and fatigue.

John McNiel was a captain in the eleventh regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Campbell, when he married Miss Pierce. Who would not like to know the particulars of that courtship? When Alphonso and Juliana, after flirting with and kissing half a dozen other girls and men, engage themselves now-a-days, between the pauses in the waltz, and hie away the next morning to announce the fact to all their friends, the story does not seem sweet at all. But it was different in the early days of our century. Young lovers saw each other seldom only in the presence of others; letters were studied and formal, and the engagement was kept secret according to custom. Human hearts are the same, however, in all ages, and love was as strong and fiery then as now, though hidden under modest reserve. Many a time, undoubtedly, John and Elizabeth walked arm in arm along this path, talking the same old story that lovers always have. One almost envies them the delicious thrill of the sacred secret when their hands touched in the stately quadrille, or when they wandered up the hill to church of a Sabbath morning, as their eyes told the sweet unspoken story.

They were married, and John McNiel went into the war of 1812, where his valor and skill soon won him promotion. He led his regiment, being its major, in the battle of Chippewa, and for meritorious conduct in that engagement, was made lieutenant-colonel by brevet, July 15, 1814. Ten days afterwards he was brevetted colonel for "distinguished valor" in the battle of Niagara or Lundy's Lane, where two other brother officers, both natives of the Granite State—Eleazor Ripley and James Miller—won distinction by their heroism and military capacity. He was made a brigadier-general after the close of the war, and remained in the service until 1829, when he resigned to become surveyor of the port of Boston, to which position President Jackson had appointed him. He held this office ten years, performing its duties with honor and ability.

In 1839, Governor Pierce died, and his son-in-law, Gen. McNiel, became master of the mansion and surrounding estate. The hero lived there ten years, holding public office most of the

time. The last five years of his life he was afflicted with ill health, the result of the hardships he endured during his old campaigns on the Canadian border. His leg, which had been shattered at Lundy's Lane, also troubled him. He did not, however, relinquish labor until the last. Early in 1850 he went to Washington, D. C., on business, and died there suddenly Feb. 23, at the age of sixty-six years. His remains lie in the Congressional Cemetery at that place, under a magnificent monument which his grateful country erected. Mrs. McNiel died in 1855.

The old house now came into the possession of their daughter, Miss Fanny Maria McNiel. Her famous relative was now in the White House, and when he came into New Hampshire, as he often did, he was entertained by Miss McNiel. The mansion revived its old days of glory. Cabinet ministers and foreign secretaries talked statesmanship and politics in its rooms, and fair, delicate Mrs. Pierce and stately Mrs. Marcy exchanged jests and witty repartee with their generous hostess. Twice, certainly, the whole country side gathered there at the invitation of leading townsmen to do honor to the chief magistrate. Long tables were set out of doors under the trees. There were feasting and speech-making. The wine and the cider flowed, and the festivals ended with music and dancing. Brilliant must have been the scene, the lights shining upon lawn and garden, as they glowed from the windows or hung suspended from the limbs of trees. And as the courtly and urbane Pierce saw the demonstration in his honor, and listened to the hearty greeting and the congratulations, did he think of the struggles of his boyhood and his early manhood? Here he had commenced the business of life, here he had met failure, and later, success, and now here was the scene of his triumph. The greatest man in the nation, greater than a king, how his pulses must have throbbed with pride. Yet his beginning had not been promising.

On the opposite side of the road, there stands a long, low building in good repair. This was formerly the old horseshed, in one corner of which a room was finished for a law office, where the future President first "set up in business." It was in the year 1827 that young Pierce, fresh from college, began his practice of law in this place. Few who saw the young attorney then imagined they were looking on the future chief magistrate of the nation. Not much above the middle size, nervous and hesitating in speech, he did not even look as if he would succeed as a lawyer. Indeed, his first effort as an advocate was a marked failure. But there were elements of greatness in the young man, and he could not be discouraged. Said he to a friend who condoled with him: "I will try nine hundred and ninety-nine cases if clients will continue to trust me, and, if I fail just as I have to-day, will try the thousandth. I shall live to argue cases in this court-house in a manner that will neither mortify myself nor my friends." He made his assertion good, and even as a lawyer, Franklin Pierce had few superiors. George Barstow, Esq., was the last practitioner of law who used the office. The innovation of railroads left the old village out in the cold, and carried its business to other places, and the law office of an American President is now devoted to the humble use of a carriage-house.

In 1856, another great man became master of the Pierce mansion. Judge Chandler E. Potter, by his marriage in the autumn of that year with Miss Fanny McNiel, added another to the roll of famous names whose memory the old house has embalmed forever. Judge Potter was prominent in the legal courts, in the military annals, and in the literature of his state. A graduate of Dartmouth, and a law student of Ichabod Bartlett, he practiced law in East Concord, and was for seven years judge of the police court at Manchester. For a long time he was colonel of the Amoskeag Veterans. But his predominant tastes

were antiquarian, and his talents literary. Much of the latter part of his life was devoted to historical research. He was for many years connected with the press, as editor of the old *Democrat*, of the *Farmers' Monthly Visitor*, and of the *Granite Farmer*.

Col. Potter led a quiet, studious life, for the most part, at his historic home at Hillsborough. He completed his History of Manchester, one of the largest and most exhaustive histories of its class in the state. Many years were devoted to the preparation of the Military History of New Hampshire, which he published in 1866. This work consists of two volumes, and embraces a detailed account of all the wars in which our state was engaged, from the first settlement in 1623 to the close of the war with Great Britain in 1812. It was his design to publish a full and complete history of the state, bringing it down to the present time, and he left many unpublished manuscripts bearing upon our annals.

He was no literary recluse, however, but a man of warm social nature. The old house sustained its hospitable character under his *regime*. Col. Potter loved the society of intelligent and worthy men, and he welcomed all such with open doors. He continued his connection with the Amoskeag Veterans, as their commanding officer. The battalion visited him at his home in 1865, and the event was one of much interest. He provided a grand entertainment for them in a large tent upon the grounds. This was another red letter day for the old mansion. Many of the country people came in to see the Veterans, and the picture was like a scene out of Ivanhoe. The colonel presided in state; around him were his veterans in continental array; here was the white tent; there his large mansion house towering aloft; and beyond, the hundreds of spectators in holiday attire. It was a great day. Col. Potter died at Flint, Michigan, whither he had gone on business, August 3, 1868, aged sixty. He was buried with military honors at Manchester.

The house still remains in the family, practically speaking. Mrs. McNiel Potter remained there two years after her husband's death, when, longing for change for body and mind, she sold her old home. Gen. Samuel Andrews, a nephew of Governor Pierce's first wife, bought the homestead, whose property it is at the present time.

AUTUMN.

BY FANNIE HUNTINGTON RUNNELS.

What means this peerless splendor everywhere,
This grand arraying of the earth and skies!
This flush of morning ere the twilight dies,
This nameless something in th' encircling air
Which thrills our inmost souls! our faces wear
An untold gladness, and it glows
As if the Spring in all its wealth arose
To deck the brow of Autumn, queenly fair.
O Autumn, stern and cold, and full of days!
Ofttimes you take a lease anew of life.
Ofttimes returns the memory of the Spring,
The youthful Spring, thy triumph born of praise;
And thus all Nature with deep beauty rife,
Basks in the glory that October brings!

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BY HON. J. E. SARGENT, LL. D.

[TAKEN FROM A CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY IN 1873.]

The *privilegium clericale*, the privilege of clergy, or in common speech, the benefit of clergy, had its origin in the pious regard which Christian princes, in the early ages, paid to the Christian church in its infant state, and in the improper use which the Popish ecclesiastics soon made of that pious regard. Anciently, princes and states, converted to Christianity, granted to the clergy large privileges and exemptions, that they might not be so much entangled in suits and worldly business, and for their encouragement in their religious offices and employments. Thus the *persons* of the clergymen were exempted from criminal process before the secular judge, in a few particular cases, and this was the origin of the term, privilege of clergy, *privilegium clericale*.

The clergy, however, soon increased in numbers, in influence, wealth and power, and at length began to claim as their right, what they had at first received only by the special favor of states and princes, and not only did they claim this of right, but of divine right, *jure divino*. By their constitutions and canons, they thus obtained in many countries vast extensions of power, in the form or under the name of privileges and vast exemptions from their duties and liabilities to the state, so that finally, not only the clergy proper, the bishops, priests and deacons, but all who had any kind of subordinate ministration to the church, were exempted civilly and criminally from the jurisdiction of the secular power, and made wholly subordinate immediately and only to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which they claimed to be lodged first in the Pope by divine right and investiture from Christ himself, and through and from the Pope shed abroad into all subordinate ecclesiastical jurisdictions, whether ordinate or delegate.

By this means they succeeded, in many kingdoms, in setting up and establishing, for many ages, a supreme ecclesiastical power by the side of the civil power or magistrate, so that there was a double supreme power, the ecclesiastical and the civil, in every such kingdom. Such was the fact in all countries subject to the Pope, through many centuries of the dark ages.

The theory was not that the clergy or clerks were to go unpunished for their offences, but that they were not amenable to the civil authority, or the civil magistrate, or liable to be punished in the same manner with the laity, but that they were amenable to their ecclesiastical superiors and rulers, and to the ecclesiastical laws, and to such punishments as those laws prescribed. But this amounted to very little, by way of punishment, for when convicted before the bishop, they were only degraded from their office or put to penance. But they were not often convicted, so one-sided and unfair were the trials before the bishops, so great privileges were granted to the clergy, and so little justice to the other side, the accused being allowed to testify and to produce his compurgaters and other witnesses, while little testimony was allowed upon the other side, that a verdict was almost sure to be returned in favor of the acquital of the priest.

But although the ursupations of the Pope were very great and obtained to a great extent in England until the termination of his pretended supremacy under King Henry the VIII, yet this claim of the exemption of the clergy

from secular jurisdiction could never thoroughly be effected, though often attempted by the clergy, and therefore, though the ancient privilege of clergy was allowed in some capital cases, yet it was not universally allowed. In England, benefit of clergy was never allowed in a case of high treason against the king, but in case of petit treason or felony, clergy was in common law allowable, with one or two exceptions, while in indictments for offenses criminal, but not capital, and wherein they were in no danger of losing life or limb, then the benefit of clergy was not allowed, and therefore, in this class of cases, the clergy or clerks were not exempt from punishment. Only in cases of felonies which were then punished by death, and in all cases where life or limb was in danger, the benefit of clergy was allowed, except in case of high treason and one or two other exceptional cases.

Lord Chief Justice Hobart, of the Common Pleas of England, in the case of Searle *v.* Williams (Hob. Rep. 288), which was decided in the 17th year of James I (about the year 1620), discusses this privilege of the clergy at great length. He holds that though it had its origin in the canon law in favor of the Romish church, yet that it was admitted into the King's courts rather as a matter of convenience, that it serves as a refuge in favor of learning, "to save the life of an offender *literate*, in certain cases." The law was greatly modified by the statute of 18 Elizabeth, chap. 7. And the question may be very properly asked, why did not the English Parliament do away altogether with the benefit of clergy? They did away with its system of purgations and many of its most manifest corruptions. Why not abolish the whole system altogether? We can conceive of but one answer to this question, which is that all crimes at that period were punished with indiscriminate severity. Death was the penalty for every offense known as a felony, and that included almost every crime known to the laws, so that in the time of Blackstone, something more than a hundred years ago, there were in England more than one hundred and sixty offenses punishable with death. Most of these were within the benefit of clergy.

The courts very willingly allowed benefit of the clergy, or any other excuse which could claim for itself the forms of the law, to avoid inflicting the punishment of death, in large numbers of cases, where it was seen that there was no real or just proportion or relation between the offense and the punishment. By letting in the benefit of clergy the prisoner escaped the infliction of the penalty of death in a vast number of cases in which no such severe penalty should ever have been attached to the commission of the offense.

This was evidently the view of Blackstone, whose commentaries upon the law of England were published in 1765-69. In speaking of the benefit of clergy at that time, he says, Book 4, chap. 28, that it then stood "very considerably different from its original institution, the wisdom of the English legislature have in the course of a long and laborious process, extracted by a noble alchemy rich medicines out of poisonous ingredients, and converted by gradual mutations what was at first an unreasonable exemption of particular popish ecclesiastics, into a merciful mitigation of the general law, with respect to capital punishment."

In other words the benefit of clergy which originally meant the entire exemption of the clergy from all corporal punishment for most capital offenses; which meant that the clergy were not amenable to the civil law or to the civil magistrate for their crimes and offenses, while the lay men should suffer the utmost rigor of the law, which imposed the punishment of death for almost all offenses, except the most trivial, had, by the process he described, finally come to mean that every man, by claiming the benefit of clergy, should be spared from a capital execution, for a first offense, which should never have been made capital at all. In that view, perhaps, it might

be properly considered a rich medicine, extracted by a noble alchemy out of the most poisonous ingredients. But at length this rich medicine became no longer necessary, when men had learned that the *certainty of detection*, with mild punishment, is a far greater preventative to the commission of crime, than the severity of the punishment; and when the English nation had learned the same simple truths which our fathers so fully comprehended when they introduced article 18 into the bill of rights of our New Hampshire constitution, they could well afford to dispense altogether with this system of coming at justice by so great an indirection.

In England, after a time, the privilege of clergy was extended to all clerks, as well secular as religious, and then another step in the same direction was taken, and all who could *read* were allowed the privilege, whether they were clergy or laity. But after the invention of printing, learning began to be more generally disseminated than before, and it was found that as many laymen as divines were admitted to the benefit of clergy, yet these laymen were not put upon the same footing as the clergy, as all laymen were not allowed to claim this privilege but once, and upon that occasion they were to be burnt with a hot iron in the brawn of the left thumb.

This distinction between learned laymen and real clergy was abolished in the time of Henry VIII. Under Edward VI it was enacted that lords of Parliament and peers of the realm, having a place and voice in Parliament, may have the benefit of their peerage, which should be equivalent to that of the clergy, for the first offense, although they cannot read, and without being burnt in the hand, for all offenses then clergyable to commoners. And by statute of James I, it was provided that women convicted of simple larceny, under the value of ten shillings, instead of being hung for it, might receive the indulgence of being burnt in the hand, whipped, put in the stocks or imprisoned not more than one year. And under William and Mary the same indulgence was allowed to all women guilty of any clergyable felony, that they might once claim the benefit of the *statute* (which was equivalent to the benefit of clergy) even though they could not read.

It was therefore said that in the time of Queen Annie, "All women, all peers of Parliament, and peeresses, and all male commoners who could read, were discharged in all clergyable offenses or felonies, the males absolutely, if clerks in orders, and other commoners, both male and female, upon branding, and peers and peeresses without branding, for the first offense, yet all liable, except peers and peeresses, if the judge saw fit, to imprisonment not exceeding a year; and those men who could not read, if under the degree of peerage, were hanged."

Various modifications of this privilege were made by different statutes until it was finally abolished, except as to peers by the 7 and 8 George IV, chap. 28, and by the 4 and 5 Victoria, chap. 22, the privilege of the peers was absolutely abolished.

In the early times, the privilege of clergy was guarded with great jealousy and was designed to be allowed only to those who had been admitted to holy orders. In the thirteenth century, the dress of the clergy and the cut of their hair seems to have been regulated by law or legal custom having the force of law. Such was also the case in regard to sergeants and baristers at law. At this time the law was held to be that none should be admitted to the benefit of clergy but such as had "*habitum et tonsuram clericalem*," or the clerical dress and tonsure, and a story is told of one William de Bussey, in the year 1259, a time when all practicing lawyers were priests, and all the judges upon the bench were taken necessarily from the priesthood, for there was no learning, or next to none, outside the clergy. This Bussey was a practicing lawyer, or a sergeant at law, who was called to an account for his knavery and malpractices, but who claimed his privi-

lege of clergy. Now it had not been publicly known that he had taken orders, and so, that he might show himself entitled to this privilege, he attempted to untie his coif, or cap, which as a sergeant at law he was required to wear, in order to show the clerical tonsure. But the bystanders, who understood well his rascalities, would not permit this, but seized him by the throat and dragged him to prison.

At a later day, where the benefit of clergy was allowed to all who could read, we are told that after conviction, the felon demanded his clergy, whereupon a book, commonly a psalter, was put into his hand, which he was required to read, when the judge demanded of the bishop's commissary, who was always present in such cases, "*Legit ut clericus?*" and upon the answer to this question, depended the convict's fate. If the answer was "*Legit*," the prisoner was burned in the hand and discharged. But if "*Nonlegit*," he suffered the punishment of death.

In this country the common law of England was in force until modified by statute. But the benefit of clergy was abolished here much earlier than in England. In our act of February 8, 1791 (N. H. Laws, 1815, p. 314–15), it is provided "that the benefit of clergy shall not be used or allowed upon conviction of any crime for which, by any statute of this state, the punishment is or shall be declared to be death." And also that, "if any person shall be convicted of any crime at common law, wherein by law the benefit of clergy was heretofore allowed, and for which, without such benefit of clergy, he must have been sentenced to suffer the pains of death; such person shall not be entitled to the benefit of clergy, but instead of the punishment of death, such person shall be punished by being set upon the gallows for the space of one hour, with a rope about his neck, and the other end thereof cast over the gallows; by fine, not exceeding one thousand pounds; by whipping, not exceeding thirty-nine stripes; or suffer one or more of these punishments, according to the aggravation of the offence."

In our statute of 1829, there were similar provisions, except that the sitting on the gallows, and the whipping were omitted.

In our law of 1791, the benefit of clergy is spoken of as having been heretofore allowed in this state. How extensively this was the fact we are unable to say, some have doubted whether any case of the kind could be found. But that was a mistake. One case has been found by George A. Ramsdell, Esq., clerk of the court for Hillsborough County, in which the benefit of clergy was allowed; and at my request, he has very kindly furnished me with a copy of the record in that case, which may be a matter of interest to many, and which I will add entire. It will be observed that this was in 1773, one hundred years ago, and three years before the declaration of American independence. New Hampshire was, of course, then a province, of Great Britain, and was under the jurisdiction of King George the III.

Anno regni Regis Georgii tertii decimo tertio.

PROVINCE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At his Majesty's Superior Court of Judicature held at Amherst in and for the County of Hillsborough on the second Tuesday in September in the thirteenth year of his Majesty's reign Annoque Domini 1773,

PRESENT.

The Honorable THEOD. ATKINSON Esq. Chief Justice.

The Honble { MESHECH WEARE, LEVERETT HUBBARD, WILLIAM PARKER } Esqrs Justices

The Jurors for our Lord the King upon their oaths do present that Israel Wilkins late of Hollis in said County

of Hillsborough, Yeoman, not having the fear of God before his Eyes but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil on the twenty-first day of November A. D. 1772 in the thirteenth Year of the reign of our said Lord the King at Hollis aforesaid in the County aforesaid with force and arms feloniously and of his Malice beforethought did make an Assault upon the Body of one Israel Wilkins Senior of Hollis aforesaid in the peace of God and the said Lord the King then and there being and him the said Israel Wilkins Senior the said Israel first above named with a certain billet of Wood of the value of three pence did voluntarily, feloniously and of his Malice beforethought smite and strike in and upon his left Temple thereby giving him a mortal Wound of the length of three inches and of the debth of one inch of which same Wound the said Israel Wilkins Senior thereafterwards languished for the space of three days thence next following and at the expiration of said three days, the said Israel Wilkins Senior died of the said mortal Wound at Hollis aforesaid. And so the Jurors aforesaid upon their Oaths say that the afores[d] Israel Wilkins first before named him the aforesaid Israel Wilkins Senior in manner and form aforesaid at Hollis aforesaid feloniously and of his Malice beforethought did kill and murder against the peace of our said Lord the King his Crown and dignity.

Israel Wilkins appearing and being arraigned at the Bar pleaded not guilty and put himself upon the County for trial upon which a Jury being duly sworn well and truly to try and true deliverance make between our Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at the Bar. The King's Attorney and Counsel for the Prisoner being heard on the evidence, the Case was committed to the Jury who after having withdrawn for trial return unto Court and say upon their Oaths that the Prisoner at the Bar is guilty of Manslaughter only. It is therefore considered that the said Israel Wilkins the Prisoner is guilty of Manslaughter only.

It being demanded of the said Israel Wilkins the Prisoner why Sentence of Death should not be passed upon him. The said Israel Wilkins prayed the benefit of Clergy which was granted. Whereupon the Prisoner, the said Israel Wilkins was burned with a hot Iron in the form of the letter T on the brawny part of the Thumb of his left hand, and it is further considered that the said Israel Wilkins forfeit all his Goods and Chattels to the King."

It appears that this privilege was abolished in this country nearly forty years before it was in England, and about the time of the adoption of our amended constitution of 1792.

I have thus, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, called your attention to a subject altogether of the past, but one which invited and received the attention of the best minds upon the English bench, or at the English bar, during many centuries, a subject which formed an important element and feature of the English system of criminal jurisprudence for more than seven hundred years. Lord Hale, in his "Pleas of the Crown," devotes seven chapters to this subject, and premises by saying, "I must needs say that this is one of the most involved and troublesome titles of the law."

Our forefathers simplified this matter and avoided all these difficulties, by holding all men subject to the state alone; that there should be no privileged classes, but that clergy and laymen, high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, should all stand equal before the law; that punishments should be apportioned in their severity to the enormity of the offence, so that not only the judges, but the masses of the people could see that justice and humanity were properly blended in the making and the execution of the laws, and so that courts and juries should have no excuse for seeking in

any way to evade the due execution of the law, and where every good citizen shall feel that his own highest interest is to be best promoted by a faithful execution of the will of the people as expressed in the statutes and ordinances of the state.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

"Listen, I have weaknesses, but not passions. Wine, gambling, and *les belles*, as the French say, have cost me a ridiculous sum of money, and in certain respects I have only been an overgrown child; but a real passion, a tyranical passion, capable of making a great man or a great criminal of me, I have never known. Some one of my family, on the contrary, has had it, and many things, which I have seen in my younger days without thinking much about it—— Ah! now, you are a discreet man, are you not? If you were not, Frances would not rely on you as she does, and besides, you are one of the family, and it is better that you should be warned." Thereupon he swallowed the last glass of wine. "Know, then, that among the various professions I followed in Germany, I had the honor to be *croupier* in a gambling-house. There, without, being known by him, I have seen my unfortunate father play with a frenzy of which you have no idea, and you may well believe that, in spite of all my wrongs, it is in this way that he has eaten up his own fortune as well as that of Frances. I would have thrown myself at his feet, to beg him not to precipitate himself into this abyss. I was chained by my position, but I watched him secretly, and learned with certainty that he had borrowed money of a Dutch banker, that he had signed obligations without letting Frances know it, and, you see, for fear of having to confess his fault, he was obliged to accuse me to her."

"But this would be abominable."

"What would you have? Passion does not reason. I was far off. My name was already dishonored. If I could only clear myself in Frances's eyes! To finish my history, I was not any more successful in the new world than in Europe. I made a shipwreck. I lost all I had. I took refuge in the far West, without meeting anything which could secure me a future. In short, I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Stonehorse, circus director, who proposed to visit Europe with his equestrian troupe. It is thus that I again tread my country's soil, under the flag of the Union. Once near here, I was seized with an irresistable desire to see Werve again. That has not succeeded any too well, as you see. Bah! Cost what it may, I will keep my word, which I have given to Frances. And now good night, I am tired to death!"

He stretched himself out on the sofa, without waiting for the least answer from me, and very soon I could not doubt that my strange room-mate was sleeping soundly. I had nothing better to do than to follow his example. When I opened my eyes in the morning, he had disappeared, but he had left his pocket-book on the table.

On reflection, I concluded that he had guessed correctly, and that his father had not recoiled from the base

expedient of defaming his own son before his grand-daughter, of whose remonstrances he was afraid. How foreseeing aunt Sophia had been in not wishing her fortune to be swallowed up without profit to any one in this insatiable chasm.

You can understand, Willem, how I was obliged to make an effort to congratulate my great-uncle on his birthday.

IX.

This birthday fell on a Sunday. We went to the village church. The minister was old, monotonous and tiresome. A good half of the audience was asleep. Frances turned over the leaves of her Bible to conceal her impatience; the hearers who were not asleep looked at us, at her and me, more than they listened to the minister, and I seemed to fancy that their commentaries, silent or whispered, were not favorable to us. The General alone fixed his open eyes on the orator, but without any one being able to imagine whether his thoughts were not elsewhere.

On our return, the festival began. The school-master came with his pupils, who recited some verses in which the Baron was glorified as the patron and protector of the school, for which he did not care in the least. It seemed to me that these verses must have served for several generations of proprietors of Werve. Then came the farmers, who always called the General "their lord;" after them some of the villagers. Everybody was treated with chocolate and cake. The burgomaster presented himself in his turn; he was a half peasant, who paid much more attention to my person than to the Baron's; evidently he suspected some mystery in me which excited his curiosity. My great-uncle, to whom I made my excuses because, being informed too late, I had nothing to offer to him, but adding that I hoped some day to atone for it, whispered in my ear "I only ask one thing of you, and that is for you to be reconciled with your uncle, the minister." Fortunately there was no need of my replying. Frances was fascinating in the animated and cordial manner with which she received all the visitors. One could see that she knew how to be agreeable when she had nothing to fear from the judgment, and especially from the perfidy of those who came to see her.

The dinner was very fine. The Captain had put on his full uniform, and the General also, and I had also taken pains with my toilette. Frances was, as ever, simply dressed, without any thought for the fashion of the day, but with something original and elegant, which wonderfully enhanced her beauty. I remarked the richness and weight of her silver; it was marked with the family arms. Evidently Frances and the Captain had joined forces to redeem it from the hands of the pawn-broker. She had taken her place between the minister and myself; the notary, the postmaster, some rich peasants, members of the consistory or of the municipal council were also at the dinner. Rolfe, seated among them, loosened their tongues by making them appreciate the exquisite qualities of the wine. The minister was more amusing at the table than in the pulpit, and the conversation did not languish. Fritz, assisted on this occasion by the farmer's son, had put on a livery which much resembled a metamorphosed officer's coat. He was more attentive, more exact than ever in his service; you might even suspect that he had some hidden design, so serious and solemn was he. In spite of myself, I thought of the total ruin of this house, formerly so wealthy, and of the unfortunate son banished from the paternal table. As to the General, I had never seen him in such good spirits. This well served table, these fine dishes, these wines which he tasted as a connoisseur, all satisfied his epicurian tastes. Coffee was served in the garden; we tasted the "May wine,"* which Rolfe had skilfully concocted, and as all these country

* White wine mixed with sugar and aromatic herbs.

people go to bed early, the evening was not far advanced when a large cariole made its appearance to carry back to the village the enchanted guests.

I earnestly hoped to meet Frances and to propose a walk in the garden. I had difficulty in finding her. She had run over to the farmer's house to carry some delicacies to his old mother. When she came back, her first care was to ask where her grand-father was. "He must not be alone a moment to-day," she said, "I have been uneasy all day."

"Is it on account of Rudolf?"

"I am afraid of some rash act on his part. You are at at least sure that he is gone?"

"Certainly, and I was still asleep. But he left his pocket-book on the table. I will carry it to him to-morrow."

"No, do nothing. I am sure that he will return. That is my night-mare—rather tell me how did you like my dinner?"

"You are a charming mistress of the house, Frances. How I should like to see you at the head of a well appointed house!"

"And where one would not be obliged to take the silver out of pledge, when one expects guests," she said, with some bitterness.

"Dear cousin, did that cost you very dearly?" said I, compassionately.

"It chiefly humiliates me; but I owed this satisfaction to my old grandfather, whose weaknesses I sometimes severely reproach. Rolfe, who in spite of all his faults is the best soul in the world, went to the city, and we rubbed up the silver together—"

"And me, Frances, to whom you owe nothing, you have so agreeably surprised—"

"Don't speak of that trifle. I only wished to mark the day when you became my friend."

"Oh! Yes, your friend for life," said I, tenderly putting my arm around her; this word had made me bold—even rash; "thank you for this kind word, Frances, but that is not enough for me; grant me the favor of being something more for you than a friend, allow me——"

"More than a friend?" she exclaimed, plainly agitated, "I beg you, Leopold, do not go beyond what we can be to each other, do not spoil this relation which is as dear to me as to you, by demanding the impossible, and promise me seriously, Leopold, that you will not use such language to me any more."

This was very much like a formal refusal, and still there was some emotion in her voice, which was to a certain degree encouraging. "And why would this be impossible, Frances?" I rejoined, appealing to all my courage.

This time I received no answer, she uttered a cry, darted towards the arbor, and I followed her on the run. A frightful spectacle awaited us.

Rudolf, the unfortunate Rudolf, was on his knees before his father and kissing his hand. The latter remained motionless on the seat. Suddenly Rudolf uttered a cry of terror and despair.

"I warned you," said Frances, "you have killed your father."

"No, Frances, no, he has fainted, but I found him in this condition! I swear to you by all that is dear to me that I found him thus!"

The fact is that the General was as stiff and immovable as a corpse. The trellis of the arbor had alone prevented his falling to the ground. His countenance had a bluish palor, his eyes were set and open, his features contracted. Frances rubbed his temples with the contents of her flask. The friction reanimated him a little; but there was need of prompt assistance.

"Tell me where the village physician lives and I will fly for him," cried Rudolf in great agitation.

"It had better be Fritz," declared Frances in a determined tone.

I ran for the old servant, to whom I told the condition of affairs in a few words.

"The General has a shock!" he

exclaimed, with tears in his voice, "and it is my fault."

"How so?"

"I ought not to have allowed—but I—I could not nevertheless drive away the son of the house."

"Naturally, but now hold your tongue and hurry." And the old soldier started with the speed of a young man.

When I returned towards the arbor, the General was still in the same condition. Rudolf, leaning against a tree, was wringing his hands.

"That does no good," Frances said to him, "rather help me to carry him to his room; Leopold will help us also."

"No need of him, it is my father, and I have the right." At the same time, he lifted the old man with precaution, but also with a steadiness in his movements, which showed that the burden seemed light to him. He did not wish me to aid him even in ascending the stairs. In a moment the Baron was laid upon his bed, his eyes still set and seeing nothing. "Thank God, we are here," said Rudolf, falling on a chair, "I have done many harder things than that, but none that has made my heart beat so. Can I stay till he comes to himself?" he asked of Frances in a beseeching tone.

"I see that you cannot go in such a moment," she replied, "but Rolfe must be warned, and if he sees you——"

"Bah! if he makes the least disturbance, I will simply wring his neck like a chicken."

I found it simpler and more prudent to go myself and tell the Captain what had happened, and to dispose him to indulgence. He was still plunged in his after-dinner nap. I believed that he also would have an attack, when I told him what had happened. His anger, on learning the return of Rudolf, took him away from his anxiety in regard to the General. I tried to make him understand that the accident was to be attributed to a chill after a hearty meal; but he could not be turned from the idea that Rudolf was the cause of the misfortune, and maintained that his military duty would oblige him to cause the deserter to be immediately arrested.

I had great trouble in diverting him from this purpose. I finally succeeded in inculcating the idea that just now the duty of humanity overruled all others, and that a son ought not to be torn away from the bedside of a sick, perhaps dying father; that Frances herself allowed him to remain, and that we had nothing else to do than to cover with a respectful veil an unhappy family secret. Rolfe's natural goodness finally conquered, and we returned together to the General's room.

The doctor had just arrived. He considered the condition dangerous and thought that the patient must be bled. Fritz and Rolfe undressed the sick man. I took Frances into the room where Rudolf was concealed. The door between was open and we heard the General, when he regained his consciousness, call Frances, though speaking with difficulty, and address to her in a frightened tone some questions which the doctor attributed to delirium, but which proved to us that he had seen and recognized Rudolf, even though he took care not to pronounce his name.

"The patient must have the most complete rest," said the physician in leaving, "otherwise I am afraid of a brain fever."

"Would you like to see the person of whom you spoke just now?" said I in a low voice to the General, when we were alone.

"No! I know that he is here; he must go away, must leave me in peace, must never reappear before my eyes—or else—I shall curse him."

We heard a suppressed sigh in the adjoining room. Rudolf had understood.

Rolfe and Frances were to pass the night by the sick man. I took Rudolf, who could now only walk in a tottering manner, into my room. He fell on the sofa, crying like a child.

"It is all over," said he; "after all, I could not hope for anything else, and I have deserved it."

"Frances was right then; you ought not to have broken your word."

"It did not depend on me to keep it. Fritz surprised me this morning, just as I was scaling the garden wall, and I was obliged to let him recognize me so as not to be taken for a robber. Thereupon he offered to conceal me till night in an unoccupied room on the ground floor. From there, without being discovered, I could see my father walking in the garden. When his guests were gone, I saw him go towards the arbor, sit down, and I thought he fell asleep. Then I wished to come out of my place of concealment, and come near him for a moment. It seems that he saw me and recognized me. But I have had enough of it, and I leave now for good. May God bless him! May God strengthen dear Frances!"

Nevertheless, I kept him for the night, which I passed sitting up with him. From time to time, I went for news. Towards morning, I was able to tell him that his father had had a good night, and that he had slept well. He could now go away with more security. I went with him a short distance and promised to write him the news, to the address of Richard Smithson.

The General escaped this time, but his recovery was slow. He remained weak, and his arms and legs partially paralyzed. I could remain for a while by the side of Frances, whom I assisted as well as I could, and to whom I rendered many little services. One of us two was obliged to be always by the side of the convalescent, for Rolfe had more good intentions than skill as a nurse. He would easily have brought on a relapse by the singular advice which he gave to the General. Frances was grateful that I remained. She did not understand how I could reconcile this prolonged stay with my occupation. She did not know that my most pressing, my dearest occupation was to remain near her and to continue to gain more of her affection. Sublime in her devotion to her grandfather, she had forgotten all the wrong he had done her, and reproached herself for having caused him pain, by freedom of speech. Nevertheless, just as the old man's health was reëstablished, she was obliged to persuade herself anew that some firmness was absolutely necessary. In a lucid moment, he had charged me to receive and open his letters. I thus acquired the certain knowledge that he was engaged in dangerous speculations, and that without the knowledge of Frances he was still incurring debts. When I believed that he was well enough to endure a conversation on the subject, I forced myself to point out to him the fatal consequences that his persistence in this perilous game would have for himself, and especially for Frances. Had his illness made him wiser? The fact is that he promised me to renounce them forever, and he engaged me to sell Werve on the most advantageous conditions. It was time. Overberg readily consented to wait longer; but Van Beck, the testamentary executor, the man of strict law, lost patience. And I was not yet sure of Frances. You may think that I was very timid, if not a coward. What shall I say to you, my friend? My education, my retired life, had, in fact, made me very timid with women. I believe that, without boasting, I can affirm that I have some courage, but it is only when I have to deal with men. I was afraid, yes, I was afraid of Frances' headstrong determination not to marry, even when I might have made some impression on her heart. I continually recalled those terrible words in the garden: "You must never again use such language to me." I trembled at the idea that a new attempt would bring to her lips an absolute and defiant *no*.

The old General had guessed my intention; I was sure of it. He always insisted that I should reconcile myself with my uncle, the minister, and that I should prepare Frances for the sale of the castle. I assured him

that on this last point Frances would be reasonable, and, fortified with his written authority, I went to Z—— to have an interview with Overberg. Van Beck was decidedly unmanageable; he showered on Overberg whole bundles of stamped paper which the General was to pay. The situation was very desperate. I charged Overberg to write to Van Beck that the sale of Werve would take place soon, and according to all appearance, at the same time as my marriage to Frances, and I, thinking that the lawyers would leave us a respite of a few days, returned to the castle, carrying some trifles for the General and the Captain, as well as some jewelry for Frances, since the time was not yet come for me to offer her diamonds as my betrothed.

To my great surprise, I found Frances more sad and anxious than when I left her. She received my gift with an indifference which disconcerted me. She retired early and I did the same, not wishing to be left alone with Rolfe. All night I lost myself in my conjectures as to the meaning of this change of manner; I swore to myself anew that the following day should put an end to my indecision. At breakfast, Frances, in a more sombre humor than the evening before, told us that she had received a letter from Dr. D—— at Utrecht, who gave her very good accounts of the sick person in whom she was interested. I wanted to propose a good walk in the woods to my cousin; but I had hardly come down from my room, where I had gone to pay a little attention to my toilette (excuse me, my dear friend, nothing must be neglected in important moments), when I discovered Frances in her riding habit, and this time with a pretty hat with a blue veil, going towards her beautiful horse, Tancred, led up saddled by a son of the farmer.

"Sacrifice your ride for me this time," I said to her, not without some impatience, which could not escape her notice.

She looked at me astonished, playing with her riding-whip.

"You can go to ride an hour later," said I, still persisting.

"My ride is to be a long one, and I must be back to dinner."

"Then put it off till to-morrow. It is the first time that we could have a good walk together since your grandfather's illness. Don't refuse me this pleasure."

"You always like to disarrange my plans, Leopold."

"I have serious reasons to-day, Frances; believe me, to-morrow it will be too late."

"Really? you are threatening," said she, trying to smile. "Let it be as you wish," and she threw aside her riding-whip in a pet,—"but wait till I put on another dress: one cannot walk in a riding-habit."

Tancred was then sent back, and in a moment my cousin reappeared without having made the least sacrifice to feminine coquetry.

"And where are we going, cousin?"

"Into the woods, I suppose."

"You are right; the weather is superb; let us go towards the circle."

I was determined to speak; but how to lead to the burning wish? She seemed to take delight in speaking of a thousand other things. At length, I was obliged to interrupt her, and tell her that I must finally return to the Hague.

"I have been expecting that, Leopold."

"And—that makes you—a little sorry?"

"I ought to answer you *no* to give your foolish question a worthy answer."

"But I—will come again, if you think it good."

"No, Leopold, I do not think it good. It would have been better for you to have gone the day when I advised you to first."

"Have I then been a burden to you, Frances?"

"You know very well that you have not. You know very well that I am under all sorts of obligations to you, that you have been good, sincere, obliging to me. Finally you have

spoiled me, and I shall have great trouble in reaccustoming myself to solitude."

"Nevertheless, if I return—and if I should return—with—with a wedding present?"

"In Heaven's name, for whom?"

"For whom then, if not for my beloved cousin, Frances Mordaunt."

"That is a poor joke, sir; you know very well that your cousin, Frances Mordaunt, will never marry."

"Let us see, Frances. At the time of our first meeting on the heath, when you threw your ideas on this point at my head, I had no reason to turn you from it; but you very well know that it is not so to-day. You recall with what frankness I indicated to you what seemed to me to disfigure your noble and beautiful character. Do you believe that I should have allowed myself such liberties if from that moment I had not conceived the hope that you would not always refuse to become—my wife."

The word, the great word was out.

"Well, Leopold," she said to me sighing, "you force me to repeat my last warning. It cannot be, it must not be."

"And why, Frances? Have I deceived myself in thinking that I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

She turned aside her head, but I surprised something like a concealed sigh.

"Perhaps you are no longer free?" I asked, gently taking her hand and placing myself before her to see her face.

"Certainly, I am free," she replied with some bitterness, "I have done all that was needed for that; but I am going to remain independent; it must be so."

"Ah! I understand, Frances," I cried out, carried away by an absurd jealousy, "you are still waiting for Lord William!"

"I?" she replied, passionately, "I wait for Lord William, who never loved me, who made me do a thousand foolish things, who broke my heart, and who now is over sixty! Ah! Leopold, don't humiliate me by being jealous of Lord William. Should I have told you my story of him if I had still loved him?"

"Can it be, then, that Major Frank wishes to remain in his wild independence?"

"Do not torment me so, Leopold. You can break my heart, but not come to the end of my resistance."

"I shall soon discover the mysterious power which enchains you," I cried, full of anger and sorrow.

"Nevertheless, you know, Leopold, the duties I have to fulfil. Why should you throw yourself with me into the abyss of misfortune and misery—in which I am sunk—from which I shall never emerge in this life."

"I wish to know them, your miseries, my beloved Frances, I wish to share them; together we will conquer them—be sure of that, my adored."

Truly, Willem, passion carried me away. I threw my arm around her, I pressed her to my heart. She let me do it unresistingly, or rather, as if exhausted by her long struggle, with closed eyes and deeply blushing cheeks she let her charming head, crowned with golden locks, rest on my shoulder. I was in Heaven.

Suddenly a croaking interrupted the profound silence of the woods. "Don't trouble yourselves. Ah! that is it—Miss has a lover, it is not strange that she forgets the little one." That is what we heard uttered near us by a cracked voice, speaking the abominable patois of the country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ELIJAH PARKER, ESQ.

Elijah Parker, Esq., for many years a well-known lawyer of Keene, was born in New Ipswich, in August, 1776. His father, Capt. Stephen Parker, was a man of sterling worth, and his mother, Mary (Morse) Parker, was a superior Christian woman. The father, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, was a well-to-do tanner, but sold his tannery, raised and took command of a company in the patriot army. The payment received for the tannery was in the Continental paper money, whose depreciation left Capt. Parker and his family poor. The family was large and the sons were all brought up to the work of a farm. Elijah, having injured himself by overexertion, felt obliged to give up farming. By his own efforts he succeeded in securing a college education, graduating at Dartmouth in 1806. He subsequently read law with the Hon. George B. Upham of Claremont, and commenced the practice of law in Keene, where he spent the half century of his professional life. He was a useful and influential citizen, deeply interested in the cause of education, one of the earliest champions of the temperance movement, first president of the Cheshire County Anti-Slavery Society, and always on the side of all that he thought would be of benefit to others. He died in August, 1858, at the age of eighty-two. His wife, daughter of the Rev. Aaron Hall of Keene, and a most rare woman in her superior mental endowments and moral worth, survived him eighteen years, reaching the age of ninety-three. He left five children, David Hall, since deceased; Mary Morse, widow of the late Judge Joel Parker; Henry Elijah, professor at Dartmouth; Horatio George, a lawyer in Boston, and Charles Edward, an architect, also in Boston.

TO A CIGAR STUMP.

O ancient stump!
Ungainly lump!
Stale, smokeless, fireless weed;
Ashy,
Brashy,
Gone hopelessly to seed!

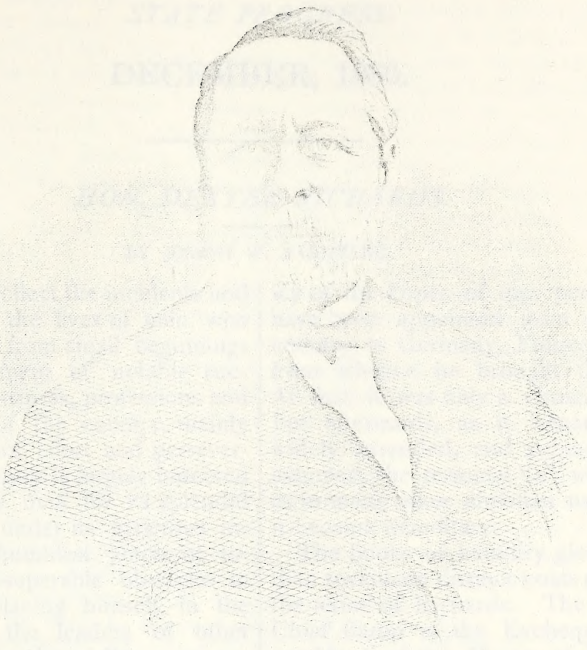
Oh! gentle blaze,
Oh! fragrant haze,
Joy of the evening hour,
Daily,
Gaily,
Soothing with magic power.

Oh! dainty roll,
Oh! hidden soul,
Of comfort and repose;
Neatly,
Sweetly,
Here once thine incense rose!

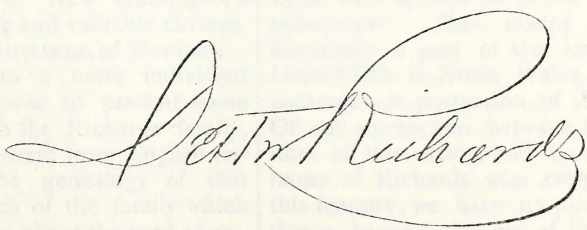
No more thy fire
Can joys inspire,
No more its fitful gleam,
Blushing,
Flushing,
A living friend shall seem.

But, done to death,
Thy odorous breath
And glowing beauties cease;
Thy fun
Is done,
Thy soul has found release!

R.



Engd by Geo. E. Perine, N. York.





—THE—

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HON. DEXTER RICHARDS.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

It is well to collect the incidents and experiences in the lives of men who have come up from small beginnings to the achievement of notable successes in the business, professions and statesmanship of the country, mainly through their own effort and perseverence. Our country is largely indebted to its self-made men for its splendid prosperity, and under its generous institutions the humblest youth of today has no insuperable obstacles to overcome in placing himself, in the future, among the leaders of other men, politically and socially.

It is in this regard that we have gathered the material for the following sketch of one of New Hampshire's most enterprising and valuable citizens, Hon. DEXTER RICHARDS, of Newport.

Preliminary to a more individual sketch, we propose to present some data in regard to the Richards family, showing their descent from English ancestors, and the genealogy of that particular branch of the family which came to America about the year 1630–32, from which Mr. Richards has descended.

The name "Richard" first occurs in England as the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry II, 1154–89. It is undoubtedly continental in its origin, as that high ecclesiastic, and second man in the kingdom, in accordance with the policy of the Popes of that period, must have been appointed from a foreign country, as Germany, France or Italy, from whence he brought the name. At first it was only a christian name, but afterwards, as it became more widely extended, and surnames were assumed, the terminal "s" was added, as in many other christian names, and it became hereditary.

The books of heraldry give no less than seventeen distinct coats of arms of the name of Richards. The late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, often president of the House of Lords, Sir Richard Richards, inherited a manor, of which his ancestors, about the year 1550, were spoken of as the "ancient possessors." This manor was undoubtedly a part of the lordship of Dinwiddick in North Wales, and still continues in possession of the family. Of any connection between the inheritors of this estate, and those of the name of Richards who emigrated to this country, we have no positive evidence beyond the use of the names, "Edward" and "Richard," and their coming from a part of England where an offshoot of the Welsh stock had previously taken root. Of their descent from a Knight there is no doubt. They claimed the privilege of bearing the identical arms of the Richards, of E. Bagborough in the county of Somerset, England.

These arms are depicted on the tablet of Hon. James Richards, at Hartford, Conn., who died in 1680, and may also be seen in an ancient manuscript in the library of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, halved with the arms of Gov. John Winthrop, whose daughter Judge John Richards, of Boston, married in 1692.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the renown of this old English family any farther than is necessary to establish the source from whence the name in this country derives its origin, and to claim that the founders of New England, not only the Richards, but many other of the early families, were of the strong mental characteristics and best blood of the elder land.

The members of the Richards family in America have wrought out for themselves name and fame, and so far as aristocratic titles and decorations are concerned the great Scottish bard has embodied the American idea when he says:

> "The rank is but the guineas stamp,
> A man 's a man for a' that."

From the twelve emigrants of the name of Richards that originally came to this country at different times, in the years from 1630 to 1728, have come, as may be seen by the records of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, in Boston, a great number of descendants, who, from the beginning, have borne a royal part in the toils, and trials, and hardships of our early time, and who are to-day represented in the learned professions, the arts, commerce and manufactures, and general business of this great country.

The sixth of these immigrants, in point of time, was EDWARD RICHARDS, a passenger in the ship Lion, from London, who landed in Boston, Sept. 16, 1632. His brother, Nathaniel, was also a passenger. Nathaniel afterward joined the party of Rev. Mr. Hooker—a memorable expedition—and with it traversed the then howling wilderness to the valley of the Connecticut, and was among the founders of Hartford.

Edward Richards was, for a time, resident at Cambridge, Mass., where he married, Sept. 10, 1638, Susan Hunting. He was afterward one of the sixty-two original proprietors of the town of Dedham, near Boston, where he lived and died in 1684, and where many of his descendants are to be found at this time. We follow the descent of the line from Edward (1), through John (2), John (3), John (4), Abiathar (5), to Sylvanus in the sixth generation, who, about the beginning of this century, moved, with his family, to Newport, N. H., where he settled on a large tract of land in the western part of the township, on what is known as the old road to Claremont. The place is now (1880) in possession of Shepard H. Cutting.

Mr. Richards was, for some years, one of the largest land holders and tax payers in the town. In connection with his farming business he kept a way-side inn, where rest and refreshment awaited the dusty and chilly traveller—man and beast. This was nearly three quarters of a century before the scream of the locomotive was ever heard in this part of New Hampshire, a time when the people were mostly dependent upon their own resources, in regard to methods of travel and transportation.

We may digress to illustrate some phases of life at this period: Early in the winter season the forehanded up country farmer would load his cutter or sled with pork and poultry, and other products of the farm, and drive to Boston, Salem, or Newburyport, where he would barter, or sell and invest the proceeds of his load in dry goods and groceries, rum, tobacco and snuff, for family use during the year. If the weather was sufficiently frosty, a supply of fresh cod and halibut were taken along as luxuries of the season.

In the course of time, as the country grew older, and the roads were improved and business increased, the "pod teams," so-called, were superseded by great six or eight-horse wagons, or land schooners, as they might be termed, covered with white canvas, that came to be employed in the interior carrying trade. Sometimes a num-

ber of these teams from different towns on the route, would fall into line like an Arabian caravan, and their stately progress along the old pikes, and main country roads, would attract the admiring gaze of the rural population.

To meet the wants of this pung and big-team travel and traffic, arose the village tavern, and at stated distances along the route the way-side inn, with its abundant larder, and great glowing fire, founded on back-log and fore-stick, around which the ruddy travelers gathered in the evening, and cracked their jokes while the firelight flashed upon the beams and panels, and lattice work that guarded—to our youthful imagination—the mysterious precincts from whence, over a bar of unusual height, were dispensed to the jolly circle—the Tam O'Shanters and Souter Johnnies that were wont to gather there—the slings and toddies that inspired the festive scene, and which for the time being, doubtless, more than matched "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." That the Richards' inn, and the manner and custom of the time are illustrated in this pen sketch, we have no doubt. But the way-side inns of New England—their occupation gone—may be relegated to a place in the history of a past age, with the "Tabard Inn," of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, and the "Boar's Head," of the merry old England, of time of Shakespeare.

About the year 1812, Sylvanus Richards moved to Newport Village, and became the proprietor of the "Rising Sun" tavern, a house originally built and occupied as a public house by Gordon Buell, the father of the late Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, of Philadelphia, the accomplished writer and editor of the "Lady's Book." It was in this house that Dexter Richards was born.

Of the four children, all sons, born to Sylvanus and Lucy (Richardson) his wife, was SETH RICHARDS (7), born in Dedham, Mass., Feb. 20, 1792, who grew up to aid him in his business, and ultimately succeeded to the proprietorship of the "Rising Sun."

The writer remembers Capt. Seth Richards as a man of great personal activity and tact in business; of irreproachable integrity in all his transactions with his fellow men, through a long and busy life; genial and benevolent; a downright gentleman of the old school, and in his departure leaving a place in the social and business affairs of this community exceedingly difficult to fill.

He was often called by his fellow-citizens to fill town offices, and places of trust and responsibility, and was chosen as a representative to the state legislature, in 1833.

After leaving the hotel he turned his attention to the mercantile business, and was for some time a clerk in the store of Erastus Baldwin, one of the earlier merchants of the town. In 1835, when the Cheneys retired from Newport, he purchased their stock and trade, and the "old stand," and continued the business successfully for many years, or until about the year 1853, when he became interested in the Sugar River Flannel Mills—of which we shall have more to say hereafter—and finally retired from active life about the year 1867.

He married, April 8, 1817, Fanny Richards, of Dedham, Mass., and to them were born, in the years from 1818 to 1834, two sons and six daughters.

In regard to the family of Seth and Fanny Richards, we may say that no more pleasant and hospitable home ever opened its doors in Newport. They died in the faith and communion of the Congregational church. Fanny died August 11, 1854. Seth died Oct. 30, 1871.

Of the children of Seth and Fanny Richards, was Dexter, born Sept. 5, 1818, who is more particularly the subject of this sketch.

Tracing his genealogy we find him in the eighth generation from Edward in the line of the American Richards. To say that DEXTER RICHARDS was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, would belie the facts in the case; but to say that he comes through a worthy line of ancestors, and that he inherits

their good and noble qualities and best abilities, will meet our case at the threshold. He has sometime said that he never had any childhood, or youth, in the common acceptation of the term. That in his early years, his parents were in moderate circumstances, and being the eldest son of a family mostly daughters he was called to work, and think of ways and means for promoting their welfare.

While other lads of his age were engaged in their sports and pastimes, or enjoying public occasions like the old-fashioned trainings, and musters, fourth of July celebrations, or town meetings and court days, he early manifested a natural tact for business, by engaging in some juvenile enterprise, by which to turn an honest penny with the crowd.

The public school in district number two afforded him an opportunity for learning the rudiments of knowledge, which was eagerly improved summer and winter, as he could be spared from other duties. When about 18 years of age he finished his education, so far as schools are concerned, with a term or two at a high school in Lebanon, under the tutelage of the late eminent Prof. Edmund R. Peaslee.

Mr. Richards has, therefore, never been through with what is termed a regular course of study, and comes to us with no diploma from college or hall. The most important part of his education has been acquired outside the schools, in the great university of active life, and is of the most practical character.

Politically, he was reared in the democratic faith; but when the union of the states was assailed, the action of the Democratic party in regard to the great questions of that day not being in accord with his views, he withdrew from it, and affiliated with the Republican party, just then commencing its career. The ranks of this great party that has for more than twenty years dominated in this country, were greatly augmented and strengthened by such acquisitions from the Democratic party—men who arose in their might, declaring the patriotic sentiment of their old leader and hero, Andrew Jackson—"The Union must and shall be preserved."

In regard to his public career, Mr. Richards was many times, when quite a young man, elected to serve on the board of selectmen. In the years 1865, 1866 and 1870, he represented the town in the state legislature. In 1871 and 1872, he was a member from this district of the Executive Council, and about that time a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, that nominated General Grant for his second term of the Presidency. In 1876 he was a delegate to the convention for revising the constitution of the state; and so far as his official course is concerned, from the beginning, it has been distinguished by eminent ability and the strictest integrity. The "spoils," so-called, have never been his object in accepting offices of trust, at the hands of his constituents. He has found his reward more in the faithful and conscientious performance of his duty.

In regard to the business career of Mr. Richards, we may say it has been characterized by great industry and enterprise, on a basis of good judgment, and in a spirit of fair dealing throughout. We have already alluded to his early inclination to buy and sell and get gain, in a small way, as a boy, and in this respect the child foreshadowed the man. During the years of his minority he was the faithful and efficient coadjutor of his father in all his plans and purposes, and particularly so when Capt. Seth Richards succeeded to the mercantile business at the old Cheney stand, about the year 1835. In the management of this business the son was a most important factor, and on coming of age became a partner with his father. The business was well managed and profitable, and with it came prosperity to the Richards family, and to Dexter Richards, the foundation and assurance of future successes in life. About the year 1853, Richards and Son came to be

interested in a flannel mill, in Newport, that, possibly, had not heretofore been very successfully managed. The history of this concern may be briefly stated as follows:

The Sugar River mills were built in 1847, by Perley S. Coffin and John Puffer. About the year 1853, Richards & Son (Dexter) succeeded by purchase to the original interest of John Puffer, then owned by D. J. Goodridge. On the retirement of the senior Richards, in 1867, changes were made by which the entire establishment came into possession of Dexter Richards, Mr. Coffin retiring from the concern with a handsome fortune.

In the prosecution of the business up to this time, the parties interested had been singularly favored by circumstances that brought disaster to many other firms and business men throughout our northern towns and cities. We have reference to the great civil war that about this time (1861–65) so much disturbed the commerce of the country.

Of the gray twilled flannels produced by the Sugar River mills, a large stock had accumulated at this time. The goods were well adapted to the wants of laborers, and particularly the soldiers in the Union army. The war created a demand; prices appreciated; the machinery was kept running night and day; the flannels found ready sale as fast as they could be produced, and the success of the Sugar River mills was henceforth assured.

In the mean time, the establishment had been greatly enlarged and improved, and was turning out about 800,000 yards of flannels yearly.

In 1872, Seth Mason Richards, the eldest son of Dexter Richards, a young man just entered upon his majority, was admitted to a partnership with his father. Enlargements and improvements have continued from time to time, and the condition of the establishment at this date, 1880, may be stated as follows: Dexter Richards & Son, proprietors; capital stock, $150,000. S. M. Richards, superintendent; Arthur B. Chase, secretary. It gives steady employment to 85 operatives; runs 8 sets of cards, 44 narrow looms, 15 spinning machines; works up 280,000 lbs. cotton and wool, and turns out annually nearly 1,000,000 yards gray twilled flannels.

The trade mark (D. R. P.) of these goods is well known among dealers and others, throughout the country, and the products of the factory find market and ready sale through commission merchants in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Up to the year 1871, the manufacturing and agricultural interests of Newport, and the towns adjoining, had achieved all the prosperity it was possible for them to attain without railroad facilities to enable them to compete successfully with other places in the enjoyment of such facilities. As early as 1848, the Concord & Claremont Railroad Company had been incorporated, and in 1850 the road had been put in operation to Bradford. From Bradford to Claremont the rugged nature of the route was appalling to engineers and contractors, and particularly so to capitalists who were expected to construct the road. The enterprise here came to a stand. Further efforts, legislative and otherwise, to continue the work, were made without success, and for twenty-one years the heavy laden stages and teams continued to toil on over the weary hills, to and fro, waiting for some able and friendly hand to establish a new order of things, and deliver them. In the meantime the war of the rebellion, that had absorbed the thought, and labor, and capital of the country, had come and gone, and "enterprises of great pith and moment," that had long slumbered, were again revived—day dawned again upon the Sugar River railroad.

In the year 1866, mainly through the influence of Dexter Richards, then a member of the legislature, and his enterprise as a citizen, the Sugar River Railroad Company, now known as the Concord & Claremont Railroad Company, was chartered.

The means to revive and continue

the building of the road through to Claremont were furnished by the Northern Railroad Company, aided by large assessments on the towns on the route of the road. The town of Newport, by official act, became responsible for $45,000, or about five per cent. on its valuation. In addition to this amount, the further sum of $20,000 was required to assure the continuance and completion of the work. Of this amount, Mr. Richards became liable for $11,000, and other parties interested made up the remaining $9,000. The assurance of $65,000 from the town of Newport secured the construction of the road through to Claremont beyond a doubt.

On the 31st day of May, 1870, Capt. Seth Richards, then in the 79th year of his age, and Dr. Mason Hatch, in the 80th year of his age, the father and father-in-law of Dexter Richards, the former with spade and mattock, and the latter with a gaily painted wheelbarrow, in which appeared a shovel, attended by a large number of enthusiastic citizens, repaired to a point on the projected road near where the passenger depot now stands, and while the church bells rang, and cannon pealed, and the crowd cheered, these veterans picked and shoveled and wheeled the first ground broken in continuation of an enterprise that has been, in its completion, of incalculable benefit to Newport and its neighboring towns. The first train of cars crossed Main street, in Newport, on Nov. 26, 1871. The road was soon afterward completed to Claremont, and the first regular train from Bradford to Claremont passed through Newport, Sept. 16, 1872.

It was also through the instrumentality of Mr. Richards, that in July, 1866, the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were extended and in operation to this town. Of the $1000 subscribed by citizens of Newport, to secure this great facility of communication, three fourths of the amount were paid by him.

Mr. Richards has identified himself with the friends of education, and Dartmouth college particularly, by the endowment of a scholarship in that venerable and favorite institution of learning. He has also contributed liberally to the support of Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, of which he is one of the trustees.

He is also one of the founders and benefactors of the Orphans Home, at Franklin, and a trustee of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane, at Concord, benevolent institutions that are an honor to our state.

The Congregational church and society, of Newport, of which Mr. Richards has been for many years a member, are greatly indebted to him for their present substantial prosperity. He has identified himself not only with the ample support of the ministry of this time-honored church; its mission work; its charities, local and remote; its sunday-school—of which, up to 1878, when he retired from the position, he had been for more than twenty years the superintendent—but with the improvements and additions to its buildings and grounds, and the erection of its parsonage.

At an expense of some $2,500, he has placed a large and fine toned organ in the choir as a memorial of a beloved daughter (Elizabeth), who died in the year 1868, in the twenty-first year of her age.

To complete the list of interests that wait on Mr. Richards for his attention, we find his name as one of the directors of the Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire; and, also, one of the directors of the N. H. Fire Insurance Company, at Manchester. He is the president of the First National Bank, of Newport. He was also one of the founders, and the first president of the Newport Savings Bank, chartered July 1, 1868, and now in successful operation.

He married, Jan. 27, 1847, Louisa Frances, daughter of the late Doctor Mason Hatch, a long time highly esteemed physician and citizen of Newport.

Of the six children born to them in the years from 1847 to 1867, three only survive: Seth Mason, born June

6, 1850, now a partner with his father in the Sugar River mills establishment, in which he has exhibited superior business qualities, and bids fair to become a useful and influential citizen of of the town and state; Josephine Ellen, born Oct 30, 1855, a graduate of the Female Seminary, at Andover, Mass., and the founder of a scholarship in honor of her Alma Mater. She is now (1880) seeking entertainment and culture by an extended tour of a year or two, with a party in Europe. William Francis, born Jan. 28, 1867, is now a student connected with St. John's Episcopal School, at Newport, R. I.

The Richards family have a delightful cottage at Straw's Point, Rye beach, where an unaffected hospitality, as well as the breath of the sea, await their friends during the summer months.

There are several instances in the history of Newport of men who, having acquired wealth in their dealings with its citizens, have removed to more important places to enjoy the spending and investing of their incomes, without leaving behind them any visible improvement in the way of buildings, or a public good of any kind—nothing but a memory of their insatiate avarice, followed by unsparing criticisms. Such a record can never be made of Dexter Richards.

With increasing ability in the way of means, he has manifested a corresponding disposition to improve the physical aspect of his native town. He has placed on the street not only his elegant private residence, but houses for rent, and substantial and sightly blocks of buildings for business purposes. He has improved his factory buildings and grounds, built barns, cultivated lands, produced crops, interested himself in improved breeds of cattle and horses, thus given employment to many working men and hands, and increased the productive industry of the town and its general valuation in many respects, aside from his manufacturing interest, as indicated by the assessments for taxation. He is by far the largest tax payer in Newport, and one of the largest in Sullivan county and the state of New Hampshire.

It is better to exhibit the personal characteristics of Mr. Richards by his acts, and the indorsement of a well settled public opinion, rather than by any eulogium of our own, that might be regarded as an excess of compliment.

There is, perhaps, no more exhaustive test of character than life in a New England village. One literally goes in and out in the presence of the enemy's pickets, though they may not be enemies. To be born, and reared, and travel on contemporaneously, week after week, month after month, for forty, fifty, or sixty years, in the same community, each individual member of which comes to know and read, as he is known and read, of all the rest.

If there is any evil thing, or wicked way in him, it will work out; on the other hand, if there is any good thing, or righteous way, it becomes apparent, and each one finds his or her relative position in the social horizon, as the down of the thistle adjusts itself to the gravity of the atmosphere.

There is no appeal from the judgment of such a tribunal, which, like a "mill of the gods, grinds slowly and exceeding small."

In estimating the personal characteristics that distinguish the subject of this sketch, as they appear to the community in which he has been a prominent figure for so many years, and in which he has stood the test we have made, of all criticism, we may say that if there is any secret in his success in life, it is a very open one, and may be easily comprehended and emulated by the young men of the rising generation. It came of no sudden freak of fortune, or the suppressed anxiety of one inertly awaiting the result of some lottery scheme; but as the reward of long continued and well directed application to business.

As a clerk in his father's store, he early won the confidence and esteem of his patrons and the entire community, by a course of honorable dealing

and an assiduous regard for their wants and interests.

These qualities extended with his business growth and wider sphere of action, and have continued with him to the present.

With the good judgment resulting from a well balanced mind and a just view of men and things, he has not been captured by his own success, and led on to any arrogant assumption of superiority over his less fortunate neighbors. With a most estimable family and all the means of domestic and social enjoyment at home, and travel abroad, in his intercourse with his fellow-citizens of all classes and conditions, no more unpretending or approachable man walks the streets of Newport. If there is anything that meets his unqualified disapprobation, it is a pompous and empty show for personal effect.

As a reader of books, we may say that he has never wasted any time on what is known as "yellow covered literature," but confined his attention to works of substantial merit, and current publications bearing upon the banking operations, commerce, and manufactures of the country, in which he is most interested.

As a thinker, his mind seizes upon the most salient points in all the prominent social, political, and business questions of the day; and his conclusions are well digested, and drawn with a careful intelligence.

He has managed his private affairs and the public business, as far as it has been intrusted to his care, with superior ability, and now in his mature prime of life, should the state require his further service, his past record, and present position, would afford an abundant guarantee for the able fulfilment of any future or more important trust.

REMINISCENCES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Hon. B. W. Jenness, born in Deerfield, N. H., and who died of heart disease in Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 23d, 1879, at the age of 73 years, was a man of remarkable experience, as having narrowly escaped a nomination for President, at a time when the nomination was equivalent to election.

He went to Cleveland in 1862, having previously been postmaster, member of the New Hampshire legislature, high sheriff, probate judge, and candidate on the Breckinridge ticket for Governor of his native state, which latter he declined; was appointed as Senator of the United States to serve out the term of Levi Woodbury in 1845-6, and in 1850 was a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention. The most remarkable escape is recorded for Mr. Jenness, who lacked only one vote of being President. The facts are as follows:

At the Democratic National Convention held in 1852, the choice of a candidate for President was referred by common consent to the New Hampshire delegation, and a caucus was called to name the coming man. The names of Franklin Pierce and B. W. Jenness were presented, and the balloting commenced. There were nine delegates, and the chairman not casting a vote the ballot stood four for Mr. Pierce and four for Judge Jenness. The chairman was called upon, and gave the casting vote to Pierce, which eventually made him President of the United States. Had Judge Jenness received that one vote he would in all probability have attained the same position as Mr. Pierce.

In a speech delivered in Boston shortly after "nullification" times, Daniel Webster is said to have reached the very acme of oratorical perfection. He was referring to Hayne's speaking of "one Nathan Dane." Mr. Webster always considered Dane as the author of the celebrated Northwestern Ordinance, by which that large territory was consecrated to freedom. A distinguished legal writer in referring to the scene says: "He [Webster] exclaimed very scornfully, 'Mr. Hayne calls him *one* Nathan Dane! I tell you, fellow-citizens, that, as the author of the Northwestern Ordinance, Nathan Dane's name is as immortal as if it were written in yonder firmament, blazing forever between Orion and Pleiades!' It is impossible to give an idea of the effect which Webster's delivery of these words produced. Throwing back his head, raising his face towards the heavens, lifting both arms in front of him, and pointing upwards to the overarching sky, so magnificent was his attitude and so thrilling the tones of his voice, that we almost seemed to see the starry characters shining in eternal lustre upon the firmament. The effect was sublime. I have never seen it equalled upon the stage, not even by the greatest actor."

Referring to Mr Webster's magnetic power in his palmiest days, the same writer observes: "I have seen him when every nerve was quivering with excitement, when his gestures were most violent, when he was shouting at the top of his clarion voice, when the lightnings of passion were playing across his dark face as upon a thundercloud. I marked the terrible effect when, after repeated assaults—each more damaging than the preceding—upon the position of an opponent, he launched with superhuman strength the thunderbolt that sped straight to its mark, and demolished all before it. The air seemed filled with the reverberations of the deep-mouthed thunder."

When the present Spofford mansion on Deer Island, near Newburyport, Mass., was a "tavern," it was at one time kept by a landlord named Ebenezer Pearson, who was arrested, in common with the occupants of other houses in the vicinity, on the charge of highway robbery. His hostelry became the centre of attraction for the time being, as he was so prominent in the case. It proved to be "a celebrated case" of sham-robbery committed near by, by a Major Goodridge, who came from Bangor, Maine, and shot himself in the hand and otherwise injured himself to make his story plausible. The act was committed on the Newbury side of the river, on a hill on which the indignant populace subsequently built a gallows and hung Goodridge in effigy; and the place is still known as "Gallows Hill." Goodridge was an express agent, and believed by this subterfuge he could avoid the settlement of certain pecuniary obligations. It was a premeditated affair, and the villain had scattered gold in several houses prior to committing the deed to aid in the deception. The defendants were represented at the trial by the "great Daniel," and it is said to have been at these trials that Rufus Choate first saw the famous expounder with whom he was afterwards so intimately associated, Choate being then a mere youth at Dartmouth College.

We learn from our friend Hoyt of Amesbury that the trials are preserved in a little book written by a Newburyport gentleman, Mr. Joseph Jackman. The cases attracted a deal of attention. Drs. Richard S. Spofford, Sr., of Newburyport, and Israel Balch of Amesbury, with others, detected Goodridge's ruse, and he was afterward indicted and convicted for the crime of "robbing himself." "The genial host of the wayside inn," says an able author, "was terribly disturbed during the progress of his own trial. He had employed Webster because he was 'smart,' but he said that while the other lawyers were taking the evidence and covering the bar tables with a shower of ink, the 'old man eloquent' was either asleep or walking about with a nonchalance which, to the trembling prisoner, was simply appalling. But when the ex-

aminations were finished and the time came for the arguments, the legal giant unbent himself, and thundering forth his 'May it please your Honor, and you, Mr. Foreman,' etc., entered into such an exposition of his client's cause that that honorable individual who but a few minutes before had cursed his advocate as 'an old fool' felt to bless the stars of his nativity that a second Daniel had come to judgment. Pearson, on his acquittal, was carried home in triumph on the shoulders of the people. The theory which Webster adopted in his defence, and which was abundantly confirmed by the facts, is said to have been suggested when on a stage-coach, weeks before he was retained, by a fellow-traveller, who was no other than Jacob Perkins, the well-known inventor."

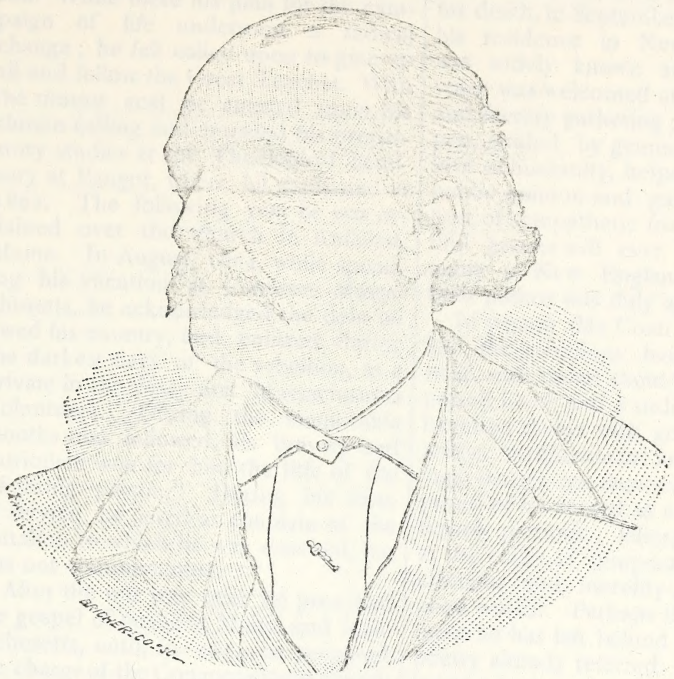
Of Daniel Webster, when he visited Wheeling, Virginia, with his wife and daughter, an intelligent old inhabitant remarks: "That massive man who seemed to loom up above all others, who inspired one with his majesty of person, with his voice, with the flash of his deep-set, dark hazel eyes and with his every movement, was not really a large man — in height he was only five feet ten inches. His head looked very large, but there are many as large. He wore a 7⅞ hat. Mr. Clay looked much smaller, but was really of the same size. His shoulders and chest were very large, that was all; he tapered to small hips and very small hands and feet. He weighed very little, if any, over two hundred pounds. He remained in Wheeling over Sunday, and attended the Rev. Dr. Weed's church on Fourth street, where he said he heard a very good sermon. It was amusing to see him and his family going to church. He went ahead with that never-to-be-forgotten tramp, placing his foot down as though he intended it to stay there. There was no elasticity in his legs, and apparently there were no bones, heel or instep in his feet. His wife, not much for pretty, came about a rod behind, with much the same tramp. Miss Kate went a rod behind her, with more of good looks and less of the tramp, but she was very hard to keep step with, and if the daisies of Marshfield would rise unhurt from under her feet, they are hardier than any I have seen."

One of Webster's stories Peter Harvey used to repeat thus: "Webster and Jeremiah Mason were driving the circuit together in the latter's chaise. It was on Sunday; they thought they would make a call on the Shakers; this was at Enfield. Friend Dyer told Mr. Mason, 'We cannot admit thee on the Sabbath.' [Mason used earnest emphasis in his speech at that early day.] The colloquy failing to get them in, Mason angrily said, 'Do you know who I am?' 'Nay,' said the unruffled Shaker, 'but judging from thy size and thy profanity, I take thee to be Jeremiah Mason!'"

When Webster was beginning his political career, he consulted with his political friends as to the course to be pursued, and wrote to "Mr. Printer" of the Portsmouth paper as he would write orders to an intelligent servant. All this has changed, and "Mr. Printer" has grown to be "Mr. Editor," and makes the politicians, instead of their making him.

In the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Whittier pays an eloquent tribute to the majestic presence and gifts of Daniel Webster. This poem, published nearly eighteen years after his death, is a magnificent, though discriminating contribution to his memory. The concluding passage is regarded as one of Whittier's best:

* * * * Where thy native mountains bear
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblems of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name.
For thee the cosmic forces did
The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood and frost thy monolith.
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison;
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet.
And evermore that mountain mass
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
To light, as if to manifest
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!



REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

One winter evening several years ago I was caught in a snow-storm at Lake Village. I was well repaid for my enforced delay by forming the acquaintance of Rev. Leander S. Coan, and in listening to the public recitation of some of his favorite poems—notably several of the Old Corporal series. Thereafter I eagerly read, as occasion offered, the various productions of his gifted pen, and meeting him frequently, greatly enjoyed his companionship. Several of his poems grace the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY. His death in early manhood seemed a personal loss.

Soon after his decease personal friends and comrades united in collecting the popular and touching poems which he had given to the public from time to time; and they have been lately published in an attractive form by E. O. Lord and company of Great Falls, for the benefit of Mrs. Coan and the orphan children. Accompanying is a biographical sketch of the poet by his brother, Dr. E. S. Coan, from whose data I take the following facts.

Leander S. Coan was the eldest son of Deacon Samuel Coan—a descendant of Peter Coan, who came to America from Worms, Germany, in 1715. He was born in Exeter, Maine, November 17, 1837, and claimed on his mother's side direct descent from a Pilgrim ancestor who "came over in the Mayflower." His parents were in humble circumstances, but they realized the importance of a thorough education, and fostered in him a desire to acquire it. At the age of twenty he resolved to adopt the law as his profession, and with that end in view he went to Bangor to enter the office of ex-Governor Kent as a student. Feeling himself deficient in preparation to enter upon his professional studies, he accepted a school in Brewer for a sea-



son. While there his plan for the campaign of life underwent a radical change; he felt called upon to give up all and follow the Great Teacher. With the utmost zeal he entered upon his chosen calling and pursued his preparatory studies at the Theological Seminary at Bangor, where he graduated in 1862. The following year he was ordained over the church in Amherst, Maine. In August, 1864, while spending his vacation at Cohasset, Massachusetts, he acknowledged the debt he owed his country, and enlisted, during the darkest days of the rebellion, as a private in the Sixty-first Massachusetts Volunteers. During the memorable months that followed, his bravery and patriotism won for him the title of the "fighting parson." During his term of service he acted as chaplain of the battalion to which he was attached, but was not commissioned.

After the war was over he preached the gospel of peace in Maine and Massachusetts, until, in 1874, he accepted the charge of the Congregational church at Alton, on the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee, where he remained until his death, in September, 1879. During his residence in New Hampshire he was widely known and loved. His voice was welcomed at many a reunion and literary gathering; while his facile pen, guided by genius, patriotism and love of humanity, helped him to mould public opinion and gather about him a host of sympathetic friends. His beautiful poems will ever be treasured in many a New England home where their pathos was duly appreciated.

In person Mr Coan was rather below the medium height, compactly built, with broad shoulders, large, well-poised head, and a ruddy countenance, beaming always with good nature; of ardent temperament and strong feelings, though not fanatical or dogmatic; proud of his record as a soldier and intensely patriotic; laboring assiduously in the cause of temperance, good government and morality; active in all good works. Perhaps the best monument he has left behind is the book of poetry already referred to. It is poetry of a high order and would enrich and ennoble every home where it is read and treasured.

SONNET.

BY HON. E. D. RAND.

Another joy has gone out of a life.
  As though a moon should drop from its path,
Fall away from a cluster
Of stars, bereaving the sky of its lustre.
  The earth of its glory. Who is there who fears
Not a still, ignominious strife,
  The torture of desolate tears,
  The fires of a smouldering wrath,
  That will burn through the lingering years,
And be quenched in the lethe of death?
  A gloom, that can never depart,
Since the light of each pitiless morrow
  Must bring to an o'erburdened heart
A voiceless and measureless sorrow.

DIARY OF REV. TIMOTHY WALKER OF CONCORD, N. H., FOR THE YEAR 1780.

FURNISHED BY JOSEPH B. WALKER.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Rev. Timothy Walker, author of the following diary, was the first minister of Concord, New Hampshire; and, from the organization of its church to his death—a period of fifty-two years—its only one. He was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard College, in 1725, and was ordained and settled in Pennycook, now Concord, on the eighteenth day of November, 1730, when twenty-five years of age. Like the rest of the settlers he went there to stay, and at once identified himself with all their interests, faithfully devoting to these the best energies of his life. He possessed good mental abilities and a good education, together with strong common sense and prudence. He was not only their spiritual adviser, but their legal and temporal counsellor as well.

His modest salary, insufficient for his support, was supplemented by the income of the parsonage lands and of the farm which came to him as a township proprietor. He thus became a farmer, as well as minister, and was in this relation brought into more intimate sympathy with his people than might have otherwise existed.

His pacific feelings and good sense contributed greatly to the maintenance of friendly relations with the neighboring Indians, liable at any time to be provoked to acts of violence by imaginary grievances or the wily counsels of the French.

But, pacific as was his disposition, he held to the sacred right of self defense. When, therefore, some twenty years after his settlement, a company, having no existence but upon paper, laid claim to the fair town which his people had wrested from the forest, he personally championed their cause in the courts, making no less than three journeys to England in their behalf, and obtaining, finally, at the Court of St. James, the redress denied them at home. This struggle lasted about thirteen years, and proved, ultimately, as successful as it had been heroic and protracted.

All through the Revolutionary War he was an ardent patriot. His spirit of devotion to the country's cause may be seen in a little incident which occurred one Sunday, in 1777. Col. Gordon Hutchins, having ridden express from Exeter, hastily dismounted from his horse and entered the old North meeting-house during the afternoon service. The pastor's quick eye noted his entrance and his anxious heart apprehended public peril. Pausing in his discourse, he asked aloud, "What news, Col. Hutchins?" Upon learning that Burgoyne was moving down with his army from Canada, and that forces were wanted to meet him, he said, at once, "Those of you who can go had best retire, and get ready to march to-morrow morning." After such had left, the service proceeded to its conclusion. The following night was a busy one, but in the early dawn of the next day their aged minister invoked God's blessing upon a well equipped band of brave men, and dismissed them to Bennington and victory.

He lived to rejoice at the surrender of Cornwallis, to see the establishment of independence, and the substantial close of the war, dying September 1, 1782.

For many years Mr. Walker kept brief diaries of current events. Some of these have been preserved and afford vivid pictures of New England country life on the Indian frontier. The one which follows was written just one hundred years ago, after the more active period of his life had passed, and when he was seventy-five years old. Others of earlier dates, are filled with more stirring incidents, but this one shows an abiding interest in the welfare of his country and his people, a deep love for his children and neighbors, and a surviving interest in rural pursuits.

DIARY.

W.	M.	1780. **January** has 31 days.
7	1	Cold weather begins ye year.
1	2	Continued cold. Preached all day. In the ye evening visited the sick son of James Hazeltine.
2	3	Fell a snow of considerable depth. Visited daughter Thompson.*
3	4	Coldest weather we have had. Winds high. Snow vastly drifted.
4	5	Weather a little moderated.
5	6	Wind increased. Travelling very difficult.
6	7	Wind continued excessive high. Philip went with a team to Portsmouth.
7	8	Winds ye same. Very cold.
1	9	Weather still ye same. Preached all day.
2	10	Ye first pleasant day for a long time.
3	11	Continued pleasant weather. Mr. Foster arrived from Exeter, being ye first yt arrived since ye turbulent weather.
4	12	Weather continued pleasant.
5	13	The N. W. wind resumed ye ascendency. Married Stephen Hall and Patience Flanders, both of Concord.
6	14	N. W. wind still prevalent.
7	15	Teams yt had been detained below a fortnight by the deep and drifted snow arrived.
1	16	Preached all day. Still very cold.
2	17	Had a very bad cold.
3	18	Visited Daughter Thompson.
4	19	Cloudy, but no snow.
5	20	Cleared up cold.
6	21	Visited Daughter Thompson.
7	22	Continued very cold.
1	23	Preached all day. Very cold. The coldest Sunday yt has been for years.
2	24	Son Timothy† set out for Boston.
3	25	This and ye preceding day more pleasant than we have had.
4	26	Nothing remarkable.
5	27	Visited at Daughter Thompson's.
6	28	N. W. wind renewed its force.
7	29	Continued very cold.
1	30	Preached all day.
2	31	Perhaps the coldest day we have had ye season.

Account of marriages in January.

13 D. Stephen Hall and Patience Flanders, both of Concord.

* Mrs. Sarah Thompson, wife of Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford.

† Hon. Timothy Walker.

W.	M.	**February** has 29 days.
3	1	Light wind, southerly. Clouded P. M.
4	2	Cleared up. Wind N. W., but not extreme cold.
5	3	A very pleasant day.
6	4	Do.
7	5	The N. W. wind revived with increased vigor.
1	6	Preached all day. In ye evening Col. Hurd advenit.
2	7	A pleasant day.
3	8	A moderate snow, four or five inches deep.
4	9	Cleared up cold. Wind N. W.
5	10	Do.
6	11	Weather a little moderated.
7	12	Had news from ye General Court.
1	13	Preached all day.
2	14	Visited at Capt. Roach's.
3	15	Attended ye funeral of Mrs. Shute. Began a thaw. Rained chief of ye night.
4	16	Mr. Prince preached a lecture here.
5	17	Dined with Mr. Prince* at Mr. Kinsman's.
6	18	The thaw much damaged ye travelling.
7	19	Attended ye funeral of Joseph Clough's child, and baptized Elizabeth, his other daughter.
1	20	Preached and in evening married Samuel Willard and Sarah Thompson, both of Concord.
2	21	Thawy weather. Capt. Kinsman arrived from Boston. No news.
3	22	Visited at Daughter Chandler's.†
4	23	Visited at Daughter Thompson's.
5	24	Went to William Brown's and there married John Dobbin and Sarah Brown, both of Chester.
6	25	Cold but not extreme. Son Timothy set out for Exeter.
7	26	Hazy. Likely for a snow.
1	27	Preached at Pembroke. Baptized a daughter of Aaron Whittemore. Do. of John Head. Do. of Nath'l Lakeman. Mr. Colby‡ preached for me.
2	28	Heard various rumors of ye revolt of Ireland.

* Rev. Joseph Prince, first minister of Barrington.

† Mr. Walker's youngest daughter, the widow of Capt. Abial Chandler of Concord, who died in 1777.

‡ Rev. Zaccheus Colby, ordained March 22, 1786, and pastor of the Pembroke church from 1780 to 1803.

W.	M.	
3	29	A very pleasant day ends ye month.

Account of marriages in Feb'y, viz:

20	D.	Samuel Willard and Sarah Thompson, both of Concord.
24	D.	John Dobbin and Sarah Brown, both of Chester.

March has 31 days.

4	1	The first, second and third days pleasant.
7	4	Dined at Daughter Thompson's with Sqr. Page.
1	5	The company kept Sabbath here. Preached. Baptized Peter Hazeltine—of Dan'l Abbott; Abial—of Benja. Farnum; Sam'l—of Richard Ayer; Hepzibah—of Jabez Abbott and Betty—Obadiah Hall.
2	6	Dined at Mrs. Osgood's with Sqr. Page. Annual Town Meeting.
3	7	Continued moderate weather.
4	8	Heard pr. Mr. Carlton that Mr. Ingalls from Androscoggin said ye snow had not been above twelve inches deep there this winter.
5	9	Nothing remarkable.
6	10	Last night and to-day fell about six inches snow.
7	11	Cloudy, but no falling weather.
1	12	Preached. Snowed somewhat. Read the letter from Pembroke ch. to assist in ordaining Mr. Colby. The church chose Col. Thomas Stickney and Timo. Walker, Jr., Esq., delegates.
2	13	A pleasant day.
3	14	Married Alexander Long and Anna Moor of Bow.
4	15	Visited at Mr. Stevens's and Mr. Harris's.
5	16	Married Mr. Nathaniel Rolfe, Junior, and Mrs. Judith Chandler, both of Concord; also James Garvin, Junior, and Sarah Mitchell, both of Bow.
6	17	Nothing remarkable.
7	18	Do.
1	19	Preached all day.
2	20	Nothing remarkable.
3	21	Married Samuel Abbott, Junior, of Pembroke, and Lydia Perrum of Concord.
4	22	Attended ye ordination of Mr. Colby at Pembroke.
5	23	Messrs Rice and Kelly departed.
6	24	Fell a small flight of snow and hail.
7	25	Cleared up, moderate.
1	26	Preached. Baptized James Osgood—of Jeremiah Abbott.

The last week in March cold, blustering weather for ye most part.

Account of Marriages in March.

W.	M.	
14	D.	Alexander Long and Anna Moor, both of Bow.
16	D.	Nath'l Rolfe, Jr., and Judith Chandler, both of Concord.
16	D.	James Garvin, Jun. and Sarah Mitchell, both of Bow.
21	D.	Sam'l Abbott, Junior, of Pembroke, and Lydia Perrum, both of Concord.

April has 30 days.

7	1	Very cold for ye season. Post brought ye first newspaper we have had.
1	2	Preached all day. Very cold.
2	3	Town meeting —— is adjourned to ye first Monday, July.
3	4	Ye first spring-like day for a good while.
4	5	Weather continued moderate.
5	6	Nothing remarkable.
6	7	Weather grew colder.
7	8	In ye evening hurt my foot badly. N. B.—Sat'y ye 8th sowed my first peas.
1	9	Was detained at home by lameness. A. M.—A smart rain. Snow up country.
2	10	Cleared up cold. Something of a freshet.
3	11	Continued cold for the season.
4	12	Weather much ye ——. My lameness increased.
5	13	No news from Europe of importance.
6	14	Mr Foster* advenit.
7	15	Daughter Susan pept.
1	16	Preached. Baptized Betty—of son Timothy Walker.
2	17	A cold rain. Went to mill. Nath'l Eastman's house was burnt.
3	18	Visited at Daughter Thompson's.
4	19	
5	20	A rainy day.
6	21	Cleared up cold for the season.
7	22	The nurse went away.
1	23	Weather moderated. Preached. After meeting Sam'l Davis and wife owned ye covenant. Baptized Robert and Betty, children of do. In ye evening turned up very cold.
2	24	Continued very cold for ye season.
3	25	Weather a little moderated.
4	26	A continental fast. Preached.

* Rev. Abi l Foster, pastor of Canterbury church from 1761 to 1779.

W.	M.	
5	27	Mato. Junxi. Moses Kimball and Hannah Chase, both of Concord.
6	28	Weather moderated much.
7	29	This week's news gives acc't of a large French fleet arrived at Charleston. S. C. Was not attacked ye 7th inst.
1	30	Pleasant weather ends ye month. Preached. Propounded ye Sacrament.

Account of marriages in April.

27 D. Moses Kimball and Hannah Chase, both of Concord.

May has 31 days.

2	1	A cold rain, but moderate.
3	2	Do. The freshet rose, but not high.
4	3	Cleared up but cold for ye season.
5	4	Do.
6	5	The first warm day for some time. Visited at Daughter Thompson's.
7	6	A pleasant day. Post brought ye acc't of ye arrival of ye ——.
1	7	Preached. Sacm.
2	8	Rained a little. Catched a violent cold. In ye night was taken with a violent ague fit, with vomiting.
3	9	Was so weak I could scarcely walk. P. M.—Catched a bad fall down stairs.
4	10	Grew better. A very warm, pleasant day.
5	11	Turned up cold for the season.
6	12	Weather continued cold for ye season. Mr. Smith of Dartmouth College advenit.
7	13	Weather moderated. Planted my first beans, viz: 8 rows.
1	14	Preached all day.
2	15	Weather continued warm.
3	16	Planted 9 hills of squashes, 9 of cucumbers, and 8 rows of beans, whereof 1 and about ½ were Mr. Kimball's sort.
4	17	Warm, pleasant weather.
5	18	Began to plant Indian corn.
6	19	A remarkable dark day although the clouds appeared thin.
7	20	Finished planting Indian corn. Ye Post not arrived. The reason not known.
1	21	Preached all day. Began to complain of ye drowth.
2	22	
3	23	Continued warm and dry.
4	24	Saw Capt Mitchell from Amoscoggin.*
5	25	Visited at daughter Thompson's.

* Rumford, on the Androscoggin river in Maine, largely settled by Concord people.

W.	M.	
6	26	Heard the good news from Capt. Roach* yt ye Regulars had raised the siege of Charleston, S. C., with considerable loss.
7	27	Had a small, refreshing shower, and another in ye night following.
1	28	Preached; appointed the Sacrament. Baptized Susanna— of Jacob Carter and Hannah —of Joshua Chandler.
2	29	Son Timo. set out for Woburn.
3	30	Warm, dry weather.
4	31	Tarried at home almost alone.

Account of marriages in May.

10 D. John Chandler of Boscawen and Emma Farnum of Concord.

June has 30 days.

5	1	Dined at Mr. Harris's with Mr. Hunt. Matrio junxi Daniel Flood of Wear and Sarah Kimball of Concord.
6	2	Visited at daughter Judith's.
7	3	Son Timothy returned from Woburn. N. B. On the evening of the 2d was some frost but did no harm in this neighborhood.
1	4	Preached. Administered ye Sacrament.
2	5	Weather moderated.
3	6	Continues warm pleasant weather Visited at daughter Thompson's
4	7	Rained moderately most of ye day.
5	8	Cleared up cool. A light frost.
6	9	Mr. Kelly advenit.† Dined at Mr. Kimball's.
7	10	Warm and some signs of rain.
1	11	Preached all day.
2	12	Nothing remarkable.
3	13	Capt———from Newburyport bro't acct. yt ye siege of Charleston was raised.‡
4	14	Mr Nath'l Rogers arrived.
5	15	A moderate rain. Sat out about 140 cabbage plants.
6	16	Cleared up. There was but little rain.
7	17	Something cloudy. Sat out 150 cabbage plants.
1	18	Preached both parts of ye day.
2	19	Sat out 150 cabbage plants.
3	20	Some signs of rain.
4	21	In ye night past we had a fine rain.

* Capt John Roach, a native of Cork, Ireland, came to Concord about 1778. He was a Continental soldier and lived at South end of Main street.

† Rev. William Kelly minister of Warner from 1772 to 1801.

‡ May 12, 1780

W.	M.	
5	22	Cleared up pretty cool. Heard the news that Charleston, S. C. was taken.
6	23	Warm, growing weather.
7	24	Sat out some cabbage plants.
1	25	Preached. Baptized Robert—of Daniel Hall.
2	26	Mr. Woodman* and wife advenit.
3	27	Visited at Dr. Green's.
4	28	A fine rain. Mr. Rice† advenit.
5	29	Continued raining.
6	30	Heared the French fleet had got possession of Halifax. Finished setting out cabbage plants. Sat in ye whole about 500 or 600. N. B. Agreed with ye Post Rider for half a year's newspapers, beginning ye 28 of June and to end ye 21 of December.

Account of marriages in June.

1 D. Daniel Flood of Wear and Sarah Kimball, Concord.

July has 31 days.

7	1	Cleared up warm after a beautiful rain which has mended the prospect of hay, very much.
1	2	Preached. Baptized Sarah—of Stephen Abbot.
2	3	A fine shower.
3	4	Sat out for Henniker council. Dined at Mr. Fletcher's.‡ Lodged at Capt How's.
4	5	Met ye other members of ye council at Mr. Rice's.
5	6	Prevailed with ye contending parties to submit their matter to a mutual council. Returned home.
6	7	A very hot day.
7	8	Mr. Hutchinson dined with me.
1	9	Preached. Baptized Jenny—of Asa Kimball.
2	10	Began to mow.
3	11	Cloudy. Rained a little.
4	12	Raked our hay, yt was mowed Monday.
5	13	Carted 3 loads of hay.
6	14	Carted 4 loads of hay.
7	15	Cloudy. Signs of rain. Carted 3 loads of hay. Sally Walker‖ returned from Woburn and brought news of ye arrival of ye French fleet at Newport.
1	16	Preached. Propounded Stephen Hall and wife to own ye covenant.
2	17	Carted in ye last of clover, making 15 loads in ye whole.
3	18	A. M. A moderate rain. P. M. cleared up.
4	19	A good hay day.
5	20	Visited at Mr. Harris's.
6	21	A cool morning, but a pleasant day.
7	22	Remained good hay weather.
1	23	Preached. Remained fair weather.
2	24	Do.
3	25	Do. A small shower in ye afternoon.
4	26	Have had 3 or 4 of the hottest days this season.
5	27	Weather grew a little cooler.
6	28	Weather grew hot again.
7	29	Do.
1	30	Preached. Propounded the sacrament. Stephen Hall's wife owned ye covenant. Baptized Daniel—of Ezra Carter and Moses—of Stephen Hall.
2	31	Visited at daughter Thompson's.

No marriages this month.

August has 31 days.

3	1	A very warm day.
4	2	Do. P. M. A smart thunder shower.
5	3	Began to reap winter rye.
6	4	Very hot. In ye evening a shower.
7	5	Carted 12 shocks of winter rye. P. M. A small thunder shower.
1	6	Preached. Sac. celt. Baptized Amos—of Mr. Caleb Chase.
2	7	Went on with reaping our rye.
3	8	Weather very hot about three days.
4	9	Nothing remarkable.
5	10	Finished winter rye harvest. Had about 51 shocks.
6	11	Weather extreme hot.
7	12	Mr. Rawson advenit.
1	13	Mr. Rawson preached for me.
2	14	Visited at Esq. Green's. Finished summer rye harvest, about —shocks. Also stacked our flax.
3	15	Continued very hot weather.
4	16	There has been 5 or 6 extreme hot days.
5	17	Matro. junxi. John Straw and Mary Emerson, both of Concord.
6	18	A very plentiful rain.
7	19	Post bro't news of a great mob in London.
1	20	Preached. Weather changed from extreme hot to very cold for ye season.

* Rev. Joseph Woodman the minister of Sanbornton from 1771 to 1806.

† Rev. Jacob Rice minister of Henniker from 1769 to 1782.

‡ Rev. Elijah Fletcher, minister of Hopkinton from 1773 to 1786.

‖ Afterwards Mrs. Major Daniel Livermore.

W.	M.	
2	21	Began to reap my Syberian wheat.
3	22	Finished reaping and carting ye Syberian wheat, viz: 32 shocks.
4	23	Extreme hot.
5	24	Continued ye same.
6	25	The air was cooled by a pleasant breeze.
7	26	Helped Dr. Goss cart his hay.
1	27	Preached. Admitted Nathan Kinsman and wife to full communion.
2	28	Our Amoscoggin meeting was adjourned to ye 8 of Sept. next.
3	29	Son Timothy sat out for Exeter.
4	30	Finished haying. Ye weather changed to cold for ye season There has been a long spell of very hot weather.
5	31	Rained a little ——— N. B 22d inst. Sent £200 by ye Post to Henry Gardner, Esq. for taxes for Waterford. 21 Sept. Post bro't me Mr. Gardner's letter yt he had received ye £200. which letter son Timothy has in keeping.

Account of marriages in August.

17 D. John Straw and Mary Emerson both of Concord.

September has 30 days.

6	1	Rained somewhat.
7	2	Continued rainy weather.
1	3	A pretty rainy day. Preached. Administered ye sacrament.
2	4	Visited at Daughter Rolfe's.
3	5	Began picking peas.
4	6	Heard ye news of ye reënforcement of ye French fleet.
5	7	Matrº. junxit Moses Hacket and Keziah Ladd, both of Goffestown.
6	8	Messrs. Sterns* —— Merril dined here.
7	9	Post brought little news. Spread our flax.
1	10	Preached.
2	11	Visited with Daughter Thompson at Dr. Goss's.
3	12	Nothing remarkable.
4	13	Married Nathan Holt and Sarah Thompson, both of Bow.
5	14	Our Ammoscoggin ——— sat out.
6	15	Pleasant weather.
7	16	The post brought no extraordinary news.
1	17	Mr. Fessenden preached for me.
2	18	Went up to Chandler's mill Contoocook.
3	19	Visited at Mr. Harris's.

* Rev. Josiah Stearns, minister of Epping, from 1758 to 1788.

W.	M.	
4	20	Married William Walker and Eunice Stevens, both of Concord. Made one barrel of cider. Philip Abbot spread his flax.
5	21	Nothing remarkable.
6	22	——— ———. Mr. Fletcher advenit.
7	23	Nothing remarkable.
1	24	Preached and propounded ye sacrament.
2	25	Pleasant weather.
3	26	Philip spread his flax. Mr. Welch advt.
4	27	A pleasant day.
5	28	Went out to Bow and married John Bayley of Dunbarton and Margaret Hall of Bow.
6	29	Philip Abbott ——— our flax.
7	30	A pleasant day ends ye month.

Account of marriages in September.

7 D. Moses Hacket and Keziah Ladd, both of Goffes Town.

13 D. Nathan Holt and Sarah Thompson, both of Bow.

.0 D. Willm. Walker and Eunice Stevens, both of Concord.

28 D. John Bayley of Dunbarton and Margaret Hall of Bow.

October has 31 days.

1	1	Preached. Administered ye sacrament. Baptized Ebenezer —of John Farnum, and Naomi —of Ephraim Farnum, Junior.
2	2	Went to Flander's mill with a team.
3	3	Tarried at home.
4	4	Tucker gathered the corn upon Cogswell's* lot.
5	5	Took up our flax.
6	6	Finished picking apples.
7	7	Prince† plowed at Hale's point for winter rye.
1	8	Preached all day.
2	9	Nothing extraordinary.
3	10	Visited Daughter Goss.
4	11	Sowed 4 bushels winter rye at Hale's Point.‡

* The second lot in the Waternummon's field.

† Prince was a negro slave of Mr. Walker's bought July 10, 1751, as appears by following bill of sale, viz:

"Wobura, July 10, 1751.

For value received I have this day sold to Mr. Timothy Walker a negro boy, named Prince, which I have owned for some time past.

RUTH HAYWARD."

‡ Hale's Point, as may be seen by consulting the map of the Concord interval, found in the records of the proprietors, and also in Bouton's History of Concord, page 125, was in 1789 on the west side of the Merrimack river. It is now upon the east side having been cut off by a freshet in January, 1828.

W.	M.	
5	12	Married Bruce Walker and Mehitabel Courier, both of Concord.
6	13	Rained moderately.
7	14	Visited Mr. Hunt at Mr. Harris's.
1	15	Preached. Baptized Betty—of Nath'l Currier.
2	16	Rained, and as we hear, snow up country.
3	17	Went on with Indian Harvest.
4	18	Began making cider. Made 6 barrels and ½.
5	19	Made 3 barrels water cider.
6	20	The town was assembled to raise men to resist ye enemy at Cowos.
7	21	Finished making cider, having made 13 barrels cider and upwards of 5 of water cider.
1	22	Preached. Baptized Hetty—of Majr. Jonathan Hale.
2	23	Visited at Daughter Thompson's.
3	24	Finished gathering corn.
4	25	Finished husking.
5	26	Visited at Mr. Harris's.
6	27	Visited at Daughter Goss's. A remarkable eclipse of the sun about noon.
7	28	Mr. Fletcher advenit in his way to Canterbury.
1	29	Ye most plentiful rain we have had for a long time. Preached all day.
2	30	Went to Flanders' mill and to ye clothier.
3	31	Went again to Flanders' mill.

Account of Marriages in October.

12 D. Bruce Walker and Mehitabel Courier, both of Concord.

November has 30 days.

4	1	A cold snow storm. Snow fell about two inches.
5	2	Cleared up cold for ye season.
6	3	Continued cold.
7	4	The post brought no remarkable news.
1	5	Preached. Baptized John Bucklee—of Peter Green, Esq.
2	6	Continued cold.
3	7	Married Alexander Simpson of Wenham and Molly Rogers of Bow.
4	8	Returned home from Bow.
5	9	Married Jonathan Runnells and Dorothy Dimon, both of Concord.
6	10	Continued cold.
7	11	Post bro't considerable news both from ye Southward and from Europe.
1	12	Preached A. M. P. M. Mr. Sweat preached.
2	13	A light snow yt part covered ye ground.
3	14	Cleared up moderate.
4	15	Continued pleasant weather.
5	16	Do.
6	17	Do.
7	18	A. M. Sat out for Hopkinton. Ye weather misty. P. M. Rained moderate.
1	19	Preached at Hopkinton. Mr. Fletcher preached for me. A. M. P. M. Mr. Ward.* The most plentiful rain we have had for a long time. In ye evening went to Capt. Page's.
2	20	A pleasant day. Returned home.
3	21	Do. The frost near out of ye ground.
4	22	Fell a snow about 6 inches deep.
5	23	Cleared up moderate. Visited at Mr. Harris's.
6	24	Moderate weather.
7	25	A considerable rain.
1	26	Preached all day.
2	27	Married Tappan Evans of Warner and Abigail Merrill of Concord.
3	28	The post arrived, bro't the good news of the arrival of ye French fleet off Georgia.
4	29	A summer-like day. Dug 10 bushels of parsnips. Had dug 8 before.
5	30	Cloudy, dull weather ends ye month.

Account of marriages in November.

7	D.	Alexander Simpson of Wenham and Molly Rogers of Bow.
9	D.	Jonathan Runnells and Dorothy Dimond, both of Concord.
27	D.	Tappan Evans of Warner and Abigail Merrill of Concord.

December has 31 days.

6	1	A severe cold day begins ye month.
7	2	Continues very cold. Weather much ye same.
1	3	Preached all day.
2	4	Visited down in town.
3	5	Weather very cold.
4	6	Nothing remarkable.
5	7	A continental annual Thanksgiving.
6	8	Worked upon my bridge.
7	9	Signs of foul weather.
1	10	A soaking rain. Preached all day.
2	11	Nothing remarkable.
3	12	Visited at Daughter Judith Rolfe's.

* Rev. Nathan Ward, minister of Plymouth from 1765 to 1798.

W.	M.	
4	13	Visited at Daughter Thompson's and Major Hale's.
5	14	Married Timothy Hall of Concord and Anna Foster of Bow.
6	15	The post called here in his way to Boston.
7	16	Mr. Allen with one hand called here.
1	17	Preached. Baptized Hubbard Carter—of Daniel Gale.
2	18	Wrote a petition to have our incorporation mended.
3	19	A rainy day. Visited at Capt. Kinsman's.
4	20	A cold day.
5	21	Visited at Mr. Harris's.
6	22	Very cold weather.
7	23	A moderate snow.
1	24	Continued snowing a little.
2	25	Snow fell about one foot deep.
3	26	Cleared up cold. Snow drifted.
4	27	Continued cold and windy.
5	28	West shod our oxen.
6	29	The first day of ye teams hauling wood out ye woods.
7	30	Continued cold but not windy.
1	31	Weather moderate. Preached all day.

Account of marriages in December.

14 D. Timo. Hall of Concord and Anna Foster of Bow.

SLAVERY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY ISAAC W. HAMMOND.

As some of the matter in the following article may be new to many of the readers of the present day, I have, at the request of one of our historians, prepared it for publication.

It is well known to all that slavery existed in New Hampshire, to a limited extent, in the last century; the number of persons held in bondage, however, was small, and nearly two thirds in Rockingham county. I find no record of its having been abolished by state law, and conclude that it died out gradually in obedience to public sentiment.. By the census returns of 1767, the number of "Negros and slaves for life" was 633; in 1773, 681. The number then gradually decreased to 479 in 1775, and to 158 in 1790; of the latter, 98 were in Rockingham county.

In 1779 an attempt was made to abolish the institution; a petition was drawn up in Portsmouth, dated Nov. 12, 1779, to which was appended the names of 20 slaves asking for the enactment of a law giving them their freedom. The petition is written in a plain, fair hand; but, although I have become familiar with the writing of many of the public men of those times, by my labors among the old papers in the state house during the past two years, I am unable to say whose it is, much to my regret. Thinking the document of interest, I will give it entire, as follows:

"STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

To the Honorable, the Council and House of Representatives of said state, now sitting at Exeter in and for said state:

The petition of the subscribers, natives of Africa, now forcibly detained in slavery in said state most humbly *sheweth*, That the *God* of nature gave them life and freedom, upon the terms of the most perfect equality with other men; That freedom is an inherent right of the human species, not to be surrendered, but by consent, for the sake of social life; That private or public tyranny and slavery are alike detestable to minds conscious of the equal dignity of human nature; That in power and authority of individuals, derived solely from a principle of coertion, against the will of individuals, and to dispose of their persons and properties, consists the completest idea of private and political slavery; That all men being ameniable to the Deity for the ill-improvement of the blessings of

His Providence, they hold themselves in duty bound strenuously to exert every faculty of their minds to obtain that blessing of freedom, which they are justly entitled to from that donation of the beneficent Creator; That through ignorance and brutish violence of their native countrymen, and by the sinister designs of others (who ought to have taught them better), and by the avarice of both, they, while but children, and incapable of self-defence, whose infancy might have prompted protection, were seized, imprisoned, and transported from their native country, where (though ignorance and inchristianity prevailed) they were born free, to a country, where (though knowledge, Christianity and freedom are their boast) they are compelled and their posterity to drag on their lives in miserable servitude: Thus, often is the parent's cheek wet for the loss of a child, torn by the cruel hand of violence from her aching bosom; Thus, often and in vain is the infant's sigh for the nurturing care of its bereaved parent, and thus do the ties of nature and blood become victims to cherish the vanity and luxury of a fellow mortal. Can this be right? Forbid it gracious Heaven.

Permit again your humble slaves to lay before this honorable assembly some of those grievances which they daily experience and feel. Though fortune hath dealt out our portion with rugged hand, yet hath she smiled in the disposal of our persons to those who claim us as their property; of them we do not complain, but from what authority they assume the power to dispose of our lives, freedom and property, we would wish to know. Is it from the sacred volume of Christianity? There we believe it is not to be found; but here hath the cruel hand of slavery made us incompetent judges, hence knowledge is hid from our minds. Is it from the volumes of the laws? Of these also slaves cannot be judges, but those we are told are founded on reason and justice; it cannot be found there. Is it from the volumes of nature? No, here we can read with others, of this knowledge, slavery cannot wholly deprive us; here we know that we ought to be free agents; here we feel the dignity of human nature; here we feel the passions and desires of men, though checked by the rod of slavery; here we feel a just equality; here we know that the God of nature made us free. Is their authority assumed from custom? If so let that custom be abolished, which is not founded in nature, reason nor religion. should the humanity and benevolence of this honorable assembly restore us that state of liberty of which we have been so long deprived, we conceive that those who are our present masters will not be sufferers by our liberation, as we have most of us spent our whole strength and the prime of our lives in their service; and as freedom inspires a noble confidence and gives the mind an emulation to vie in the noblest efforts of enterprise, and as justice and humanity are the result of your deliberations, we fondly hope that the eye of pity and the heart of justice may commiserate our situation, and put us upon the equality of freemen, and give us an opportunity of evincing to the world our love of freedom by exerting ourselves in her cause, in opposing the efforts of tyranny and oppression over the country in which we ourselves have been so long injuriously enslaved.

Therefore, Your humble slaves most devoutly pray for the sake of injured liberty, for the sake of justice, humanity and the rights of mankind, for the honor of religion and by all that is dear, that your honors would graciously interpose in our behalf, and enact such laws and regulations, as you in in your wisdom think proper, whereby we may regain our liberty and be ranked in the class of free agents, and that the name of slave may not more be heard in a land gloriously contending for the sweets of freedom. And your humble slaves as in duty bound will ever pray.

Portsmouth Nov. 12, 1779.

Nero Brewster, Pharaoh Rogers, Romeo Rindge, Seneca Hall, Cato Newmarch, Peter Warner, Cesar Ger-

rish, Pharaoh Shores, Zebulon Gardner, Winsor Moffatt, Quam Sherburne, Garrett Cotton, Samuel Wentworth, Kittridge Tuckerman, Will Clarkson, Peter Frost, Jack Odiorne, Prince Whipple, Cipio Hubbard."

This petition was before the House of Representatives, April 25, 1780, and a hearing appointed to come off at their next session, of which the petitioners were to give notice by publication in the New Hampshire Gazette. John Langdon was at that time speaker of the House. The council concurred. The matter came up in the House again on Friday, June 9th, following, and was disposed of as will be seen by the following extract from the Journal.

"Agreable to order of the day the petition of Nero Brewster and others, negro slaves, praying to be set free from slavery, being read, considered and argued by counsel for petitioners before this House, it appears to this House that at this time the House is not ripe for a determination in this matter; Therefore, ordered that the further consideration and determination of the matter be postponed to a more convenient opportunity."

And that, so far as I can ascertain, was the end of it.

MIRANDA TULLOCK.

Miranda Tullock, daughter of Ahira and Elizabeth Pillsbury Barney, was born in Grafton, New Hampshire, December 18, 1835.

Three brothers by the name of Barney came to this country from Wales, England; one settled in Rhode Island, one in the state of New York, the other died, shortly after this arrival. Aaron Barney, the great, great grandfather of the subject of this sketch, removed from Rhode Island and located at Grafton, N. H. He, with five other persons, bought the entire township of Grafton, and subsequently purchased for himself three thousand acres of land situate on the south side of the town. His eldest son, Jarez, was Mrs. Tullock's great grandfather. Jarez's eldest son, Jacob, was her grandfather. He was the first child born in Grafton. Jacob's eldest son, Ahira, was her father. The descendants of Aaron Barney are numerous, several of whom reside in Grafton county, and are worthy and substantial citizens.

Miss Barney received a liberal education, studying at the Fisherville, Andover and Canaan, N. H., academies, and finishing with an accomplished French teacher, Madame Ledoux, at Saint Marie, Canada East. She was occasionally engaged in teaching in New Hampshire from 1850 to 1856. March 12, 1857 she was married to Charles R. Swain of Belmont, N. H., who died January 13, 1862. Their only child, Lena Belle, died at Pittsfield, N. H., March 24, 1861, aged 7 months, 24 days.

Being deeply interested in our country's cause, in its hour of great need, Mrs. Swain volunteered her services to the New Hampshire Soldiers' Aid Association, and left for Washington, D. C., in March, 1863, and labored earnestly to alleviate suffering among the sick and wounded until July, 1865, when the completion of the war brought her work to a close. Her time was chiefly employed in the hospitals at Washington and Alexandria, frequently visiting those more remote, and spending much time with the wretchedly debilitated and pitiable exchanged prisoners, who, upon their release from Southern prisons, were landed at Annapolis, Maryland. It

was frequently her mission to minister kind offices to the dying, to listen to their last messages, and whisper words of consolation, as their hearts yearned for home and kindred, but never did she hear a regret that their lives had been given that the nation might live. The last fifteen months were diligently and judiciously improved in the office of the New Hampshire state agency at Washington, of which she had charge. Becoming thoroughly familiar with the complication of army regulations, she rendered invaluable aid in assisting soldiers in obtaining their pay, bounties and transportation, in communicating with their friends, in sending home the bodies of our dead heroes, in forwarding hospital supplies, in regularly reporting to the state authorities the condition of each soldier belonging to New Hampshire regiments in her department, in searching out New Hampshire soldiers, and in forwarding letters to them from anxious friends. To-day she was by the bedside of a dying patriot, administering to his relief and speaking words of comfort and hope; to-morrow, aiding with skilful hands at a painful surgical operation, because the sufferer wanted her present; the day after, on the battlefield after a severe engagement, among the foremost in relieving the suffering and consoling the dying, often denying herself both food and rest, while assiduously employed in her divine mission. In these and all other good works, beneficial to the soldier, she bravely, unceasingly, humanely and unselfishly devoted all her energies of mind and body, during many long months. In 1864, she was offered an appointment by the Connecticut state agent who had been cognizant of her admirable management while in the service of her native state, which offer was declined. Her modesty has prevented her record from appearing among the "Women of the War," she having invariably declined to furnish the necessary material and is particularly averse to any public use of her name; but unbeknown to her a friend makes this contribution to the rare merit of one of the the true, patriotic and devoted women of an eventful period of our nation's history.

All honor to the noble women of the war! It is befitting that their deeds be represented. They cannot all be known to fame, but there are living soldiers in whose breasts this record will awaken a responsive chord; while from their heavenly home many departed ones call them blessed.

January 10, 1866, Mrs. Swain was married at the house of Hon. Matthew G. Emery at Washington, D. C., to Hon. Thomas L. Tullock of Portsmouth, N. H., now residing at Washington.

Possessing remarkable fortitude and nerve, blended with great delicacy and tenderness, her sympathetic nature leads her to the relief of suffering humanity, and she is now actively connected with several societies in many works of charity and benevolence, particularly, "The Washington Training School for Nurses," of which she was one of the incorporators; and as a trustee, and one of its vice-presidents, she devotes much time to the laudable work. The object of the society is to educate skilled nurses for hospitals, and care of the sick at their own homes, which is obtained by means of lectures by eminent physicians, by oral instruction in the rudiments of medicine and hygiene, and by hospital attendance. As a member of the "Provident Aid Society," established for the relief of the poor, as president of the "Ladies' Association" of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, as a member of "The Women's Foreign Missionary Society," and in other works of charity and mercy she is continually evincing those estimable traits which have thus always characterized her.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

X.

Frances, pale from fright, disengaged herself from my embrace and advanced a few steps. As for me I stood as if struck by lightning. The person who had uttered this impudent speech, and who doubtless had been watching us for sometime, was an old peasant woman who made me think of the witches of Macbeth. Her black eyes, her bare arms, bony and red like a lobster, her wrinkled and tanned countenance, her blue striped handkerchief tied around her white hat, the stick on which she leaned, all recalled the type of the fairy Carabasse who with a stroke of her wand changes the terestrial paradise into a lodging in hell. She came boldly forward towards Frances.

"Now, Miss, I see plainly what keeps you back and why it is that for weeks you have not been to see the child once."

"My grandfather has been sick, Mother Jool."

"Good; sickness of the rich, no great evil in that; but the young man here he is not sick, he, he? I assure you the whole village is talking about it."

"About what, Mother Jool?" said Frances haughtily.

"About your neglecting the child."

"Listen, Mother Jool, neither you nor the village have anything to do with my affairs."

"Hum; the month is past, in a week the second comes, and when Tuneke is tired, it is not good for the brat."

"To-morrow you shall have your money; but I declare to you that if for its being a week late the child is maltreated by you or your daughter he shall not remain with you. To-morrow or day after to-morrow I will go and see for myself, count on that."

"Ah! you will take the brat away from us? Try it once! we shall see who will be the stronger. That is what it is to give oneself trouble for great folks."

"You have not done yourself any wrong, Mother Jool, you have simply wanted to bear part of the misfortune of your daughter."

"I came to tell you that he needs shoes and stockings, else he will run about with bare feet in his wooden shoes, like a little peasant."

"I will see to it, Mother Jool; but now go your way, that is the path that leads to your village."

"You are very much in a hurry to have me go?"

"We are here on the Werve land, do you hear? go away or else—"

"Lord of my life! how anxious you are to see me go, and because—well, well, I am off. I really believe that this fine coxcomb would lay his hands on me"—and she went grumbling away by the path pointed out to her.

Frances turned towards me,—"Well! Leopold," she said to me, "you are served as you wanted to be; there is the power which is opposed to my happiness."

"I understand," said I, depressed by the discovery which I believed I had made, and wretched beyond all expression, "I understand, Frances, you are too loyal to unite a man to your life, charged with such a heavy burden; but why not sooner have confided to me this terrible secret? I would have done the impossible to save you."

"But Leopold, what are you thinking of?" she said to me blushing with emotion. "you surely do not accuse me?—you understand, do you not that my honor is not at fault there, even when I endure the deplorable consequences of my fault."

"I hear, Frances; but — excuse me—I do not very well understand you, was it not about a child which you must take care of?"

"Certainly, and that is not the least burden. I have the mother also on my hands."

"Pardon me, Frances," I cried overjoyed.

"But now it is I who do not understand you," she continued with an adorable naivete. "Is it then a light burden for me, in the situation you know, to bring up a child and to provide for the wants of an insane mother?"

Great God, if she had divined the conclusion which I had drawn from the words and manners of the old witch!

"It is the fatal result of my headstrong rashness with poor Harry Blount," she continued. "You know how and by whose fault he died. He was carried almost dying into the hut in which this Mother Jool and her daughter lived. In my despair I repeatted without cessation: 'I have killed him.' I then learned another thing. Blount was secretly the lover of Jool's daughter; he had promised to marry her and she was soon to be a mother. The unfortunate girl was out of her head with grief. Harry could only say to me these few words: 'Have pity on my poor girl.' I solemnly promised him that I would take care of her and I have kept my word. The mother was and always is a miserable woman; she had herself thrown her daughter into the arms of Blount, whom she considered as a brilliant match. She wished to force him to marry her. Frustrated in her hope, she spread abroad my cries of grief, and succeeded so well with her infernal tongue that I was seriously accused of having assasinated Blount. It even went so far that we were obliged to ask a magistrate of our acquaintance to take some measures to put an end to these calumnies. All that did not discharge my obligations towards the daughter. She had scarcely given birth to her child when the symptoms of her insanity appeared. The child could not be left with her. Mother Jool had another daughter married to a peasant in the village of O—,and who had just lost her child. I promised to pay monthly for the nursing of the child; I had already furnished the clothes; then I must see to the poor insane woman. In truth, had it not been for my meeting with Aunt Roselear, I should never have been able to meet so many expenses. Therefore Mother Jool went to live with her children, on the pretext of taking care of the infant, but in reality so that she could the more easily work upon me. She always finds some means of getting money out of me. The child was weaned a long time ago, and ought not to remain in their hands. I am always threatening to take it away from them; but, I confess, I recoil, until the present time, from all the comments which this change will provoke. His mother and he take the larger part of my income. My grandfather blames me and would like to have me devote my modest possession to an entirely different use. Leopold, how would you like me to drag a man whom I love into such a whirlpool?"

"The man worthy to possess you, Frances, would not allow himself to be dragged, he would aid you to escape from it."

"Impossible; I shall never abandon Harry Blount's child."

"Nor should I advise you to. Be sure, I know how to put an end to Mother Jool. You must place the child at your farmers, who are good people. To-morrow I am going with you to O—."

"To throw yourself into this wasp's nest."

"I am not in the least afraid."

"What a pity that this woman watched us all this time."

"When she sees us together to-morrow, she will understand that it is useless to watch us."

"But she will fill the country with wicked speeches in regard to us."

"Well; she will say that we are in love. Is it not true, Frances?" said I, gently taking her hand, which she left in mine.

"You come back to that, even after you know all!" she murmured, "but you don't reckon, Leopold, on all the burden which will weigh you down; Rolfe, whom we cannot send away, my grandfather with his needs—and his misery. Ah! yes, you are going to return to the Hague to make your peace with the minister. Don't do that for me, you have yourself said that it would be cowardly."

"Calm yourself, Frances; I may pardon my uncle, but I shall never speculate on any reconciliation with him. But why all these difficulties? Do you not understand, Frances, that I love you, that during all these past days I have repressed my sentiments with an energy that I did not believe myself capable of, that now I have told you all, and that I shall say good bye to you forever, or else receive from you the assurance that you accept me for your husband? I wish it, Frances, I wish it with a firmness of will that laughs at all your objections."

"Leopold," she began, "do not speak to me so. No one has ever spoken to me as you do. No one has ever loved me like you. You make me wild. And yet I ought to resist you. I do not wish to be an obstacle to your happiness, even when it costs me my own quiet." I took both her hands. "You persist? It may be—that I could still be happy."

"Enough, Frances, you are mine; I will never leave you; you are mine for life."

"For life," she repeated after me, turning so pale that I was afraid she was going to faint away. "Leopold, yes, I am yours, I have confidence in you, I love you as I never—never have loved," she said in a low tone.

"At length," I exclaimed, and I sealed our oaths with a long kiss.

It is needless to say that we arrived too late for the second breakfast; it is true that we were not hungry. We came back slowly, almost silently, and we even slacked our steps as we drew near the castle. Frances, especially, seemed to have a repugnance to entering. "I would like," said she, to sit a little while with you under this old oak, it seems to me that I am going to find all my misfortunes again, I do not like to separate myself so soon from my happiness—O, Leopold, I would like to flee away with you, so that no one could put himself between us."

"We shall flee away, my beloved, but first we must go through with certain formalities which will confer on us the right to go everywhere boldly."

"And then all those important people, with sugared smiles, will come to present their congratulations, when behind our backs they will make fun of him who dares to marry Major Frank."

"Oh, that is a supposition which deserves a punishment." And she was obliged to pay a forfeit in the form of a second kiss.

"I do not understand how people can treat lightly so serious a thing as marriage. Does not the woman especially make an immeasurable sacrifice? Does she not sacrifice her name, her will, her person? Indeed, before I knew you, I used to consider such a sacrifice as impossible."

"And now?" said I, kneeling before her on the moss, in order to see better her beautiful eyes, which shone with happiness and tenderness.

"Now, I no longer have such objections," she replied, with a sweet smile; "but I beg you, Leopold, do not remain any longer in this posture before me. By so doing you commit a lie in action, for I foresee that thence forward it is you who will be lord and master. But let us go, my friend, they must be alarmed at the castle, for they do not know what can have become of us."

We reëntered the castle, and to our great surprise found Rolfe and the general impatient to see us, but in very good humor. My great-uncle was turning over some papers and did not leave us time to announce to him, as was our intention, the grand decision which Frances and I had just made. "Frances," he cried out showing her a letter "why

are you so long coming back when I have such good news to tell you."

"That is just what I have, also, grandfather; but what makes you so pleased? you are not by any means made the heir of aunt Roselaer?"

"It almost comes to the same thing, my child. Know that Aunt Roselaer's heir asks you to marry him, that he is obliged to do so by the will, and that his demand cannot cost your heart anything."

I smiled, though I considered Overberg and van Beckman too much in haste to inform the old baron of the true state of things. I had counted on giving Frances an agreeable surprise, myself. Frances left my arms and said in a firm voice to the general, "I am sorry, grandfather, to disappoint you; this gentleman comes too late, and I was just going to ask you to approve of the engagement I have just entered into with my cousin, Leopold de Zonshoven."

"But so much the better, dear child, so much the better, for the heir of Miss Roselaer, your chosen husband and your cousin de Zonshoven are one and the same person."

Frances drew herself up with an offended air, and looked me in the face.—"It is not true, is it, Leopold? It is not true? Say it is not true."

"I should lie, Frances," I answered, "the result is simply that you have given your hand to a man whom you have regarded as a poor young man, and who, like a prince in a fairy story, is transformed into a millionaire. Can this surprise be disagreeable to you?"

Her eyes snapped, and in a tone in which anger, mingled with an expression of poignant grief, she reproached me for having put on a mask to deceive her good faith. "What! You succeed in inspiring me with esteem by giving proof of your proud dignity, elevated sentiments, and you pretend that I am happy to learn that it is all nothing but a comedy! And it is a gentleman who acts in that manner towards me. You are deceived, Mr. de Zonshoven. I had given my heart to a young man without fortune, whose uprightness and nobility of heart I loved, in whom I believed as in myself and more than in myself; but the intriguer who swallows up my aunt's fortune, and who to make sure of it, disguises himself in order to surprise the affections of a woman whom he has been ordered to marry, this hypocrite, this false sage, I refuse him, and I can only give him—my contempt."

At first, I had wished to undeceive her, to lay before her eyes the reality; this last word aroused me from my calm. "Take care, Frances, I know that you are violent and that you often regret the words which escape you in your paroxysms; but do not throw such insults in the face of him whom you have just accepted for your husband, which no one has ever addressed to him, and which he will not receive with impunity from any person whatsoever.

"Would any one say that I owe you any excuses, you who have deceived me, who have lied to me, who have introduced yourself here as a spy, who have pursued your base design to the very moment when you thought that I could no longer refuse you? Once more, sir, you are deceived in my character. I never pardon an abuse of confidence."

"I have not abused your confidence, Miss," I replied in a calmer voice, "I only wished to learn to know you, I wished to gain you affections before risking the avowal of my sentiments, that is all."

"You have been false, I tell you. I do not any longer believe in your love. You came here to make what is called a good trade, to gain your million. It is true I have loved you, but such as you were, not such as I see you now. I do not leave the disposal of my hand to any one, dead or living, and as to you, I refuse you—do you hear? I refuse you." With these terrible words, she fell on a chair, pale as death.

I was, myself, obliged to lean on the back of a chair. My legs seemed to

fail me. The good Rolfe retired to the other end of the room with tears in his eyes. The general, with anguish depicted on his face, trembled on the seat he could not leave. "Frances, Frances," said he, "do not let yourself be carried away so. Remember that the castle is mortgaged to the last stone, that the last six months' interest is not paid, that if we sell it we cannot get the third part of the sum for which it is mortgaged, that we owe all to the generosity of Mr. de Zonshoven. He is kind enough to offer to take Werve, with all its incumbrances, and to give me, in addition, an annuity which will guarantee the tranquility of my last days. But you must be his wife, or this fine plan vanishes in smoke. Do not then offend a man who wishes to do us so much good and who loves you as I have discovered all these late days. And we have not simply to deal with him. There is a will, an executor, a prosecutor,—what must I say to Mr. Overburg?"

"Write, grandfather," said Frances, rising with great effort, "that Frances Mordaunt does not marry by testimentary disposition, that she will not sell herself for a million, nor for any other sum, and that she formally rejects the offers of Mr. de Zonshoven."

"And I," I replied, believing that Frances, when she had become calmer and better informed, would certainly do me justice, but that it belonged to a character like hers not to yield for a moment to force, "I, who have your word, and do not give it up I beg the general to write to Mr. Overberg that Miss Mordaunt has promised her hand and that the transfer of castle Werve can be executed."

"If I consent to it," added Frances, still pale and motionless.

"Pardon me, Miss," I said to her, "your grandfather alone has the power of disposing of this real estate, and as long as he lives, his will, by which he has devised it to you, has no force. Write as I ask, general, you know too well what will be the consequences of any other decision."

"He wishes you to write lies," replied Frances, "he sticks to his million that is clear."

"Frances," said beseechingly the unhappy general, "if you knew as I do—you are offending a man of extraordinary generosity, who can throw us all into the abyss, who only wishes to rescue us, if only you will consent to take the hand he holds out. Remember that he can force us to sell the castle, if we do not let him have it by friendly agreement."

"That is possible. It may be that he is able securely to acquire the power of driving us away from Werve as beggars, but he cannot force me to marry him."

"We shall see," I answered, proudly.

"You dare to speak to me of force, to me," she exclaimed, furious and advancing towards me, "you, Leopold!" she added, in a tone of real sorrow.

"Yes, Frances," said I, resolved to pursue my advantage, "you will submit to a force, that of your conscience, which will tell you that you owe me satisfaction. I am going away. Try to reflect with more calmness. You have attacked my honor and wounded my heart. Do not let the blood flow too long for fear that it may become incurable."

I cast on her a last look of affectionate reproach. She seemed again insensible to all. I shook the hand of the old baron, who wept like a child, and left the room. Rolfe followed and begged me not to leave the castle just yet. "She is like that," he said to me, "in an hour from now she will regret what she has said, I am sure. The storm is too violent to last."

But my mind was made up. I went to my room and packed up, slowly, I must say, and always listening to hear if any one was coming to knock at my door, as before. No one came.

I was unhappy beyond expression. What! The same woman, at whose feet I had been kneeling an hour before, and whose hands I had kissed with intoxication, had sprung upon me like a fury and had repulsed me with con-

tempt! On reflecting on it, I must confess that I really ought to have proceeded more frankly with her. For a moment I had the notion of surrendering to her all my right to Aunt Sophia's fortune; but that would only have served to bring trouble on us all. I promised myself, once at Z——, to send her a full narrative of the affair and my aunt's letter, which from delicacy I had kept to myself. I would add to it some words of explanation, and I did not doubt, that, having returned to a calmer disposition, she would finally do me justice.

That was exactly what I did. But as these documents made a package too heavy for the mail, I entrusted them to a servant of the hotel, to give to the messenger who went every day to the castle. I flattered myself with a speedy and happy change. I passed the whole of the following day in a feverish excitement of waiting, and when night came without a message, when after a sleepless night I saw the day roll away without any sign that my return to Werve was desired, I abandoned myself to the most complete discouragement. I had only one idea left, to do hastily at Z—— what I ought, so that all the legal formalities should be completed, and to return as soon as possible to the Hague. I concealed from Overberg my rupture with Frances. I told him pressing business called me home without delay. I signed all the papers he offered to me, and took leave of him, promising to return as soon as possible. In truth, I do not feel well, I am anxious to be at home, to engage in my favorite occupations, I know not what weight oppresses me.

IT RAINS.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

A sound of drops, that rush and crowd,
  A tinkling on the pane,
A dancing hubbub in the pools—
  Oh, ho, the autumn rain!

The earth gives out a low, glad sound,
  The sad winds pipe in vain,
They cannot bring a dismal thought
  So pleasant is the rain!

The sky is gray, the land is brown,
  Each dead leaf is a stain—
But you and I have magic arts
  That brighten all the rain!

No one can come! No one can go!
  Oh, sing your gayest strain!
A whole, round day of happiness,
  Well guarded by the rain!

MARY TEVIOTDALE; OR ATHYN'S HEIR.

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH SHORE.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Wrapt in pearly sheen, the ocean
Slumber'd in a gentle motion,
No angry wave with foamy crest
Roll'd o'er the sea's fair, placid breast;
And from the earth the light of day,
'Mid streaks of gold had passed away,
While falling leaves, by Autumn's breath,
Danced lightly to the dirge of death;
And lovely flowerets bowed and fell,
As bleak November scoured the dell;
Yet still, amid the fading scene,
The raptur'd soul might treasures glean,
And themes for thought profusely cull—
A moonlit eve, how beautiful!

But there, amid the grandeur, stood
A form whom sky, nor field, nor flood,
Could ever charm, tho' bright and fair—
Sad victim of insane despair.

Full twenty summers o'er her flew
Ere yet the death of Hope she knew,
And then the deadly spoiler came,
Smooth garnish'd with a lover's name;
He "loved sweet Mary for *her* sake."
So falsely feigned the heartless rake,
And she, the artless girl, believed
With woman's faith, and was deceived;
He whispered tales of changeless love,
And she would trustingly approve;
Her youthful heart enshrined the thought
His love was true, nor doubted aught.
How oft the cup of nectar'd bliss
Hath less of gall and bitterness!
For soon this ruthless lordling left—
Of all its bloom and beauty reft—
That fair, sweet flower to pine and die,
Accursed by his inconstancy.

But he was of a titled kind,
And she, the child of lowly bind,
Her father's only child, whose bread
And loved and dear tho' humble shed,
Were held in feud of him whose name
Had sunk their hopes in hopeless shame.
Her mother's image! Years agone,
So like, and now to woman grown!
Whose looks that father's heart would stir
To sad remembrance oft, of her
Who lived not long to share his lot.
Death took not all—his lowly cot
Held yet one treasure which his heart
Could cheer. 'Twere worse than death to part
With this. But words can ne'er express
The agonizing bitterness—
The weight of woe—the dark despair
That father felt, when all his care,
His watchings, fears and hopes were spurn'd
By wealth and lust; and home was turn'd
To hell, and life's last drop to gall.
Oh God! And could *his* Mary fall?

But wealth has power, despite of ruth,
To bear down justice, right and truth;
And thus the "noble" spoiler felt,
As injured virtue 'fore him knelt.
He scorn'd the prayer of her whose fate
His damning deed made desolate.
And off he went with pomp and train,
To fight the bloody wars of Spain.

'Twas by the rocky shore I found her,
With tatters of a mantle round her,
All lonely, self-communing there—
Now gazing on the moonlit air,
And then, as starting from a sleep,
Low laughing to the mighty deep.
Proud Reason, murder'd on her throne,
Expired, as with a parting groan
She bade her loved domains adieu,
Thus captured by a hellish crew—
Black Phrenzy, fell Despair and Death,
With all that mental ruin hath!
Anon a burst of horrid mirth
Upon her pallid lips had birth—
Again, the tones so shrill and clear
Came chanting forth her sorrows drear;
The ringlets once that graced her brow
Now hung as badges of her woe,
And oh! the sight was sad to see,
Such wreck of sweet humanity!

Yet still, at times a gleam would come
Across the deep, demented gloom,
And then her bare and snowy breast
Would find a brief but fleeting rest,
And calmness on her head would sit,
As might some passing bird alit
Upon a tempest-shatter'd bough,
Sing o'er the strife that raged below,
Until its blithe and cheerful strain
Was drowned by howling storms again.
And thus would peaceful moments dart,
Like lightning on her darkened heart;
And then a sigh would breathe a tale
Far sadder than the loudest wail,

And on her brain, in awful haste,
Would rush the present—float the past—
And tears would dim her wildered eyes,
Long brewed in mental agony;
But still, the fitful season o'er,
Her madness triumphed as before.
And those who loved her—all forgot—
Might mourn, but Mary knew it not.
It was a lesson to the heart,
Which, but with life, from mine will part,
To see, by guilt, a blooming maid
Thus changed into a human shade;
For I have seen her in her glee,
Midst gambols on the grassy lea,
And I have joined the merry throng,
Have heard the music of her tongue.
Ah! those were childhood's sunny hours.
They fled, and faded like the flowers,
And now that sweet and gleesome thing
Like blasted rose, drooped withering.

Quick, starting at each sound she heard,
Shy, timid as a mountain bird,
She sprang from rock to rock, and flew
Like restless phantom from my view,
With such a scream and such a look
As human brain should seldom brook.
Yes, I have seen the polish'd eye
Grow clearer towards eternity,
And I have heard the ebbing breath
Hard gurgling at the gripe of death,
But seldom sight or sound so drear
Hath ever fallen on eye or ear.

In grief I asked the crags around,
And echo caught the mournful sound:
"Oh, tell me, why are earth and sky
The witnesses of misery?"
"And why"—but hark, that doleful strain!
And list again, and yet again!
The frantic tones, how clear they flow,
A song of changing mirth and woe,
As from thy porch, "Forbidden Cave,"
Around whose gloom the waters lave,
Is wafted on the pulsing air
The music of unchained despair!
'Twas thus the hapless songstress sung,
In her own plaintive natal tongue:

SONG.

Blinkna* sae blythe, yon fair, fause† moon,
Woona‡ the earth wi' guile—
Words may be fair and sweetly in tune,
But oh, it was cruel to smile—
Herrit‖ in heart, I wander the while—
Hearts are aye true in yon bonnie isle,
An' I'll gae, I'll gae, where sorrow and wae
Ne'er blighted the roses that bloom on its soil.

Winna* you whisht you waukrif† wind,
Canna‡ you close your e'e?
Rin you frae east to west to find,
A hame an' a rest like me?
Douff‖ an' dowie§ the sough o' the sea—
Hah, hah, hah! but the faim has glee,
An' I'll sleep, I'll sleep, in the caves sae deep,
An' the spirits that dive will be true to me!

Oh! have ye heard the linnet sing,
Its welcome to the op'ning spring?
And have ye heard the lark at morn,
Or lilting mavis on the thorn?
Didst ever list the chaffinch high,
Breathe out its matins to the sky?
Or, have you heard the widowed dove
Mourn, all alone, its broken love?
And then could these, in one vast song,
Flow forth from some seraphic tongue,
Not in that mingled song would flow
So much of sweetness and of woe,
As thus was borne along the sea
Attuned to maddest melody.

The witching sounds we wish to stay
Will always swiftest haste away;
And so the song of Mary's grief
Was fitful, wild, and strange and brief;
The echo which its burden bore,
Went down to sleep by Seaton's shore,
And o'er the scene, as silence grew,
Came clouds of dark, portentous hue,
And heaven and earth, in concert drear,
Proclaim'd a pelting storm was near;
While dimly seen, the "Gaylord's Rock"
In scorn of wave and tempest's shock,
Upreared, majestic far on high,
Its craggy summit to the sky;
And on its misty crown, a form
Stood throned amid the coming storm;
And from her tear-veiled eyeballs shone
A light unearthly—not their own—
Just as some meteor star at even
Shoots through the sable vault of heaven,
And then in ether's pathless sea
Is lost in dark immensity—
So plunging, with a stifled yell,
Adown the rugged crags she fell,
While ocean oped her heaving breast,
And took the wretched one to rest;
And in her fall a spirit went—
Unstained, and pure, and innocent—
Back to the fount of untried life,
Before it knew earth's ceaseless strife.

But where is he, the soldier brave,
Who rush'd to glory or the grave,
With sword and shield and name all bright,
For Isabella's crown to fight?
How fares he now, the pampered scourge,

* Shine not; † false, deceitful; ‡ woo not; ‖ pillaged, robbed.

* Will not; † wakeful, restless; ‡ cannot; ‖ hollow; § sad, sorrowful.

The youthful knight, the proud Sir George?
How now the crest, and how the shield,
He bore into that "tented field?"
The helm and buckler, tarnish'd now,
Could illy ward a craven's brow;
For dastard hearts can only stain
The glory worth alone may gain.
He met the foe, 'tis true, and lay
A wounded soldier mid the fray;
Our tale nor tells, how gory-thick
The wounds which made him battle-sick;
His life was spared for other ends,
And home he hied him to his friends.

They lighted up old Athyn's hall
To hold a happy festival,
And welcome to his land again
The warrior from the fields of Spain;
More cheer, that night, that mansion held,
Than often graced a feast of eld;
And goodly guests, the young and fair,
Were met to greet proud Athyn's heir.

Again 'twas autumn, but no moon
Shed forth her silver light; and soon
The bell on Aberbrothock's* tower
Struck nine, the solemn vesper hour;
And with that hour the hero came;
But who can tell if pride or shame
Dwelt most within that heartless heart?
The ghosts of other days might start
Before him, as he trod once more
Abrinca's† streets, well-known of yore,
Whose wynds and closes, dark and low,
From "Danger Point‡" to "Rodlen Row‖"
He oft had scoured at dead of night,
Amid the boist'rous brawl or fight—
The shameless scenes by whiskey brewed,
Where simple Watch was eith§ subdued—
We cannot tell—we care not now—
But gloom was on his haggard brow,
As from his steed he stepped him down,
And called for horse to ride from town.

His mother's mansion distant lay,
Three lengthen'd miles of lonesome way;
But he must join the festive game,
The night though dark, he sore and lame;
He mounted, and his horse spurr'd,
While dangled by his side, his sword;

The road he took, none better knew,
And nimbly on his courser flew.

The ways to reach that ancient hall
Were more than one—he knew them all,
And took the path along the shore,
He oft, in glee, had gone before,
And through each winding swiftly pass'd,
Unchanged, as when he saw them last;
But, near the "Gaylord Rock,"* his course
Seemed strange and new; his trusty horse
Stood still, then pawed and pranced—
Retreated now, and then advanced—
His nostrils wide were stretched with fear,
Nor knew Sir George which way to steer;
But, plunging spurs, he forward prest,
And reached the cliff's o'erhanging breast,
Nor rein, nor words his steed would own,
And horse and rider both went down!
The rocks were frowning, jagg'd and steep,
The gulf below was dark and deep,
Nor e'er was seen the luckless corpse
Of fated rider, or of horse;
Perchance they drifted far from land,
Or sank in gulch on Seaton's strand—
No more to rise to sun or air—
A meal for sharks that flounder there;
And God alone can only tell,
Which way he went—to heaven or hell!

But, near the spot where Mary's grave
Of rest was made, th' avenging wave
Engulf'd the wretch who stole her peace,
And gave her restless ghost release,
That hover'd, every night, they said,
About that gulf, in white arrayed;
And o'er her lone and darksome bed,
The rustic tear is often shed;
For lowly hinds have blood as pure
As he who spurns them from his door,
And loves as strong, and hearts as warm,
As they who wear a titled charm;
They mourn for her—for black Sir George,
They bless the beating of the surge
That wore that frowning cliff away,
And caused the spoiler's steps to stray,
And still, through Athyn's wide domains,
Young maidens chant her wilding strains,
And round the lowly cottage fire
Will children press to hear the sire
With moisten'd eye, rehearse the tale
Of "Bonnie Mary Teviotdale."

* The ancient name of the modern city of Arbroath on the coast of Fufarshire, Scotland, and the birthblace of the writer of this poem; † a Latinized form of the name of said city; ‡ a point near its ancient harbor; ‖ a row of red sandstone houses forming part of what is now "High Street;" § eith, easily.

* A projecting precipice, near the subterranean chasm well-known by the name of the "Gaylor Pot," sometimes misspelled Gaylet.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—No. 3.

A CONVERSATION WITH MR. WEBSTER IN REFERENCE TO HIS EARLY LEGAL PRACTICE, AND SOME OF HIS CASES.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

At one of our familiar interviews with Mr. Webster, in 1851, we requested him to give us an account of some of the early legal controversies in which he had been engaged. He recited his defence of old Mr. Hodgdon of Northfield, who had been accused by one of his neighbors (whom we will call C—) of taking, clandestinely, Mr. N. Heath's saddle, and concealing it behind his (Hodgdon's) chimney, in his own dwelling house.

C— entertained a grudge against Hodgdon in consequence of his treatment of his cow, and he endeavored to take revenge by taking Mr. Heath's saddle without the owner's knowledge, and placing it secretly behind Hodgdon's chimney. Heath, of course, missing his saddle, was soon anxiously inquiring for the lost property, and C— was very ready to render his aid to find it, and without much delay he introduced Heath into the back room of Hodgdon's house, and there pointed out the lost saddle, located behind the chimney. Here, then, was such consternation and surprise as the brethren of Joseph had, when the silver cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Thus far, Hodgdon's character had proved honest and unsullied and without the imputation of crime. At this critical emergency, no one was so active in instigating *legal proceedings* against Hodgdon as his neighbor C—. He was arraigned before a justice of the peace upon the charge of stealing Heath's saddle. Mr. Webster was employed in the defence and the trial came on. C— was the chief witness in support of the criminal charge.

"On my side of the case," says Mr. Webster, "was the uniform good character of Hodgdon, and the other fact, that he was the true owner of a good saddle, there also was the open hostility of his accuser C—. Fortunately, too, we had the admission, or suggestion of C— made to a reputable witness previous to the discovery of the saddle, that it would probably be found in Hodgdon's house. More than all, we made him appear to the justice, and before the large audience assembled at the trial, as a lying, guilty, prevaricating, tripping, witness, who had the boldness and hardihood to commit a crime and charge it unjustly upon his innocent neighbor. We succeeded in procuring the acquittal of my client, and fixing the stigma of the offence upon the true offender, who had plotted the destruction of his neighbor."

"The result in this case," said Mr. Webster, "gave to us great satisfaction, because we had assisted successfully in shielding the innocent from a gross and manifest injustice and conspiracy, and thus at the time discharged a high professional duty."

Then next, Mr. Webster recurred to his efforts in defence of Josiah Burnham. Mr. Webster had been admitted to the bar in Hillsborough county in the spring of 1805. He had taken up his residence in Boscawen, then in that county. His practice extended to Rockingham, Strafford and Grafton counties. In May, 1806, Josiah Burnham was tried by the jury in Grafton county for the crime of murder. He was charged with the killing with malice, &c., Capt. Joseph Starkweather and Russell Freeman, Esq., while confined with them in the same cell of the jail in Haverhill. They were both un-

fortunate debtors, committed to jail on account of their inability to pay just debts to their creditors. Freeman had been a respectable citizen and magistrate, holding various offices in the town of Hanover. Starkweather was also then a worthy resident in Haverhill. They were both murdered in cold blood, guilty of no other fault except simply rallying Burnham on account of his criminal connection with the woman for which offence he had been confined to jail.

Mr. Webster, and Sprague of Haverhill, had been assigned by the court as the counsel of Burnham. William Smith, Esq., the grandfather of Durants of Boston, was then jailer at Haverhill. He and some other members of his family were the principal witnesses against Burnham.

Mr. Webster remarked that: "Burnham had no witnesses. He could not bring past good character to his aid, nor could we urge the plea of insanity in his behalf. At this stage of the case, Mr. Sprague, the senior counsel, declined to argue in defence of Burnham, and proposed to submit his cause to the tender mercies of the court. I interfered with this proposition, and claimed the privilege to present my views of the case."

We inquired of Mr. Webster what answer he could make to the overwhelming power of evidence produced by the state?

He answered, "I made my first, and the only solitary argument of my whole life against capital punishment, and the proper time for a lawyer to urge this defence is, when he is young, and has no matters of fact or law upon which he can found a better defence."*

Mr. Webster gave us an account of one of his Grafton county cases, where a good old Scotch lady gave a happy definition to the word entice. Her definition is not often found in dictionaries. Previous to 1818, all process for the collection of debts run against the bodies of debtors, or in other words debtors were liable to imprisonment for the non-payment of their debts. Mr. Wells of Plymouth was a deputy sheriff, and held one or more executions against one Symonds of Alexandria. Symonds was the son-in-law of Mrs. McMurphy of Alexandria, and occupied her little farm. Symonds had the misfortune to be poor in pocket, and relied upon his daily labor for the support of himself and family. Sheriffs were apt to select haying time for the collections of their executions against the laboring poor. Accordingly, Symonds found Mr. Sheriff Wells very near him one day as he was pitching hay upon his cart in his field. At first, was the polite request by Wells to Symonds to pay an execution then in hand.

The answer came, "I cannot pay, I have no money."

Next, the notice came from Wells, that he must arrest the body. At this crisis, Mrs. McMurphy became a spectator.

We will now suppose Symonds to be on trial in court, being indicted for resisting Mr. Wells, as an officer of the law, and Mr. Webster to be employed to defend Mr. Symonds, and Mrs. McMurphy on the stand, telling her story in behalf of the government, under special instruction to tell all things just as they happened.

She proceeded: "I saw Mr. Wells go towards Mr. Symonds, when he was

* Burnham was found guilty by the jury, was sentenced to be hung on August 12, 1806. On that day the sentence was carried into execution, in presence of an assembly of 10,000 people, on what is known as Powder House Hill, near Haverhill Corner. Rev. David Sutherland of Bath, was his spiritual adviser, and preached a discourse on that occasion, he standing on a platform erected near Burnham's gibbet. Mr. Sutherland addressed him as follows:

"Unhappy, fellow creature! you are an old man. You are now exhibited as a spectacle of horror to this immense concourse of your fellow men. Already are you pinioned. The fatal cord is wreathed about your neck. The terrific gibbet is erected over your head, and your grave is open beneath your feet. A few minutes more and you will be in eternity."

We make this extract from Mr. Sutherland's *argumentum ad hominem* to show how things were done 74 years ago.

Burnham was 63 years of age on the day of his execution. He had resided in Warren for some years. Was a blacksmith by trade. He had manufactured the weapon used in killing his victims from the point of a scythe. It was about four inches in length, enclosed in a wooden sheath, worn in the waistband of his pantaloons, and was finally deposited in the museum at Dartmouth College, there to be seen and abhorred by all that hate murder.

pitching hay as fast as he could, for we were afraid of a shower, and Mr. Symonds did not say anything to Mr. Wells, nor did he strike him, but he held the pitchfork out towards him, and enticed him like in that way, an i all the time they were there near by. I did not see Symonds do nothing more than to entice Mr. Wells with the pitchfork."

This extraordinary enticement of the deputy sheriff, by means of the pitchfork, put the court, jury, bail, and spectators in quite good humor, and gave a happy turn to the case in favor of the respondent Symonds. Mr. Webster knew well how to employ the power of ridicule to his own, as well as to the advantage of his client. The incidents of this trial gave him a fine opportunity to illustrate its force.

Mr. Webster removed from Boscawen to Portsmouth, in the autumn of 1807.

"Soon after I commenced practice in Portsmouth," he remarked, "I was waited on by an acquaintance of my father, who resided in a neighboring county. He stated his case in the following language: 'I hired a farm of W— for the term of five years, and took a lease of it, under the agreement that I should have it at the end of the term at the price of $1000. I improved it well, made it productive, and now the lease having expired, I have been able to raise the stipulated price, and have offered it to W— and he has refused to take the money, and demands twice the sum. W— has brought the action of ejectment against me. I have only the $1000. I cannot pay any more.'

I engaged to assist him. The case came on trial. The plaintiff's attorney stated his case. He admitted that he had leased the farm to the defendant, but that there was not a word in the lease about the sale to him, nor was there one word said about the sale at any price, as he should prove by a witness."

Mr. Webster remarked, that he left the court-house at dinner time as he thought with a feeble prospect of making a successful defence.

"My client had surrendered his lease, which he said contained the written stipulation, as aforesaid. Plaintiffs denied that it contained any such provision, and that the lease was lost, and could not be found. It was a case at law. The parties could not testify. I was afraid I could not make a good defense, by showing that a contract for a sale to my client had existed. While at dinner I sat beside a newly commissioned military officer. A brother lawyer was joking him about his lack of military knowledge. He remarked to the officer: 'You should write down your orders, and get old W— (the plaintiff in the case on trial) to beat them into your sconce, as I saw him this morning with a paper in his hand, teaching young M— in the entry of the court house.' This remark made a strong impression upon my mind. After dinner the case was reopened and young M— was put upon the stand. He claimed, that he was present at the time the lease was made, and told his story quite fluently, repudiating all knowledge of any agreement to sell. When he had concluded, the opposite counsel, with a triumphant glance, turned to me and asked if I was satisfied. 'Not quite,' I replied. I had noticed a piece of paper protruding from M's pocket, and hastily approaching him, seized it before he had the least idea of my intention. My first inquiry was, 'Who wrote this paper?'

'The plaintiff.'

'Did he tell you to swear to this story?'

'He did.'

'Did he promise to reward you, if you would tell this story?'

'He said I would be well paid.'

'Is your story true?'

'I don't know.'

'Was you present when the parties made this lease?'

'I was not.'

'Did you ever hear them talk about it, when together?'

'I did not.'

The witness hung his head in shame, and retired from the stand. The evi-

dence on our side was slight, and was submitted to the jury. The defendant had brought his $1000 into court. The verdict of the jury was for the defendant. The plaintiff took his money and went home. The attempt to suborn his witness created great public indignation against the plaintiff, and soon afterwards he felt obliged to emigrate to the West."

Mr. Webster remarked that many years afterwards, at a festive dinner given to him by the brethren of the bar in this state: "I was requested to solve the question, how I knew what was in the paper, which I took out of M—'s pocket. I told the bar, that on that occasion I had tried a bold and hazardous experiment, founded upon the information acquired at the dinner-table, and advised the brethren to be very cautious how they tried similar experiments in court."

Mr. Webster's rule of practice was to treat witnesses when called upon to testify before him with uniform kindness. The exception to the rule would reasonably apply to cases where a dishonest witness is used by a party to effect a fraudulent purpose.

Mr. Webster remarked to us, that soon after he removed to Boston he was employed by a client, who had a case pending, and to be tried at Taunton, in Bristol county, where a considerable amount of money was involved. His client had told him that he understood a witness was to be introduced to testify that his client, the plaintiff in the case, had admitted, a certain time prior to the commencement of the suit, in his presence, that the debt in controversy had been paid. Now if he stated any such fact, his client remarked, it would be entirely false.

The case soon came on to trial, the aforesaid witness appeared in court, and was pointed out to Mr. Webster. The plaintiff presented his case to the jury. It was a promisory note secured by mortgage. While the opposing counsel was stating his defense to the jury, Mr. Webster left the bar and placed himself directly in front of the witness, fixing his large, black, penetrating eyes, with all their magnetic power in full force, upon him. The witness recoiled and undertook to escape from this uncommon, unasked, burning gaze. He undertook to remove from his seat; then he held down his head and dodged about, in the meantime inquiring within himself, why am I marked out for this strange visitation? The witness could not withstand this intent gaze. A sudden tremor came over him, he became agitated. At this critical period of his existence he was called to the stand. He told his story, that he had seen the parties together many months before the commencement of this suit, when the plaintiff admitted he had no demand against the defendant. This was the whole import of his evidence. He was then transferred to the other side for examination. Mr. Webster then inquired where he lived.

"In New York city."

"Did you know the plaintiff?"

"I did not; I had never seen him before the time referred to in my testimony, and then I did not learn his name; met the parties accidentally in the street, as I was passing by; heard what I have testified to, and nothing more; then knew neither party; was not requested to remember what I heard; my attention had not been called to this matter until this term; had not been in Taunton since, until last week; told defendant last week what I knew for the first time; met him at the court house, and heard him talking about the case, then I happened to remember what I had heard three years before; I don't know what demands the plaintiff ever had against the defendant, only know he said they were paid; would not be certain that I had ever seen the plaintiff, only the defendant had told me last week that they were together, as I had before stated; defendant then told me this story, as I now remember it; defendant wanted me to remember what demands had been settled, but I could not now state what they were; thought I could have remembered more if Mr. Webster had not looked at me so sharply; it had nonplussed me badly."

Mr. Crowninshield, former partner of Mr. Choate, had given me the particulars of this trial, and in our interview with Mr. Webster, he had briefly confirmed his statement. Mr. Webster quoted this defense as one that had been manufactured by the defendant, and that it was only sustained by one false witness who told a story entirely improbable, and unworthy of belief.

Mr. Webster remarked that "One or two of my last questions tended strongly to betray the true character of the witness. I asked him who his neighbors were in the city of New York. He said he could not tell the names of any one. I asked him how many years he had resided there. His answer was fifteen years."

The verdict in this case was for the plaintiff.

LONDONDERRY.

What wealth of associations is connected with the name! The Scotch Covenanters, stern, brave men, who made a garden of the north of Ireland, who so stubbornly and successfully defended their devoted city from the assault of the Catholic army, who helped so manfully to maintain the monarch and the cause that later would oppress them as aliens, surrounded by enemies at home, burdened by obnoxious laws enforced by their allies of the established church, sought in the wilderness of America, liberty and and that religious freedom which the Puritans, a century earlier, had successfully gained. A young man, Holmes by name, son of a Presbyterian minister, brought a good account of the promised land; and encouraged by his representations four congregations, led by their respective clergymen, commenced the exodus, which, in a few years, rendered possible the American Revolution. Governor Shute, of Massachusetts, was above the narrow prejudices of his contemporaries in the colony, and welcomed this band of hardy settlers, resolute warriors, scholars and skilled artisans, and generously granted them a large section of land, completely without his jurisdiction. April 11, 1719, the congregation, under the spiritual guidance of Rev. James MacGregor, arrived at Horse Hill and commenced the settlement of the township of Londonderry, a tract, as originally granted, twelve miles square. It cornered on the present Massachusetts state line, and was bounded on the south by Pelham, on the west by Litchfield, on the north by Chester, and on the east by Hampstead. It included the present towns of Londonderry, Derry, and Windham, and tracts now embraced within the towns of Salem, Hudson, and the city of Manchester. Among the early settlers were Wilson, Anderson, Morrison, Mitchell, Barnett, McKean, Taylor, Nichols, Humphrey, Gilmore, Stewart, Allison, Weir, MacGregor, Nesmith, Clark, Cochran, Thompson, McNeal, Campbell, Parker, McDuffee, Proctor, Thornton, Kidder, Goffe, Graves, Lindsey, Blair, Rogers, Thom, Simonds, Perce, Spaulden, Prentice, Aiken, Wallace, Choate, Todd, Bell, Holmes, Patterson, Fisher, Pinkerton, MacAlester, Livermore, Dinsmoor, and others, whose descendants have removed the odium attached to the name of Scotch-Irish, and have written their names on the imperishable pages of history.

These settlers receiving their original grant from Massachusetts had it confirmed to them by the authorities

of New Hampshire, purchased the right claimed under the Wheelwright deed and evidently entered into a compact with the Indians, for they were never disturbed in their possessions, although a frontier town. During the first summer they united in cultivating a field in common, amicably dividing the produce in the autumn. Although not rich, they brought with them considerable property from the old country, and very soon were surrounded with many of the comforts and even luxuries of civilization. They introduced into New England the culture of the potato, and engaged extensively in the manufacture of linen cloth. A two-story house was built for their minister and a commodious church for public worship. Schools were established in different parts of the town and much attention given to the education of the young. It is a characteristic fact that ninety-five out of one hundred of the original proprietors left their autographs in a fairly legible hand on various petitions.

The progress made by the town of Londonderry was remarkable. Their wealth and population increased rapidly. In 1775, it contained 2590 inhabitants, ranking next to Portsmouth in importance. By 1820 Gilmanton and Sanbornton had outstripped it, and it held the fourth position among the New Hampshire towns. In 1823, John Farmer and Jacob Moore, in their Gazetteer of New Hampshire, gave a full description of the town. In 1851, a history of Londonderry, written by Edward L. Parker, was published. In 1857, Edwin A. Charlton, in "New Hampshire as it is," compiled a description. June 10, 1869, the town celebrated the 150 anniversary of its settlement by appropriate exercises. The assembly was addressed by Hon. George W. Patterson of New York, by Hon. Charles H. Bell, by Hon. Horace Greeley, by Hon. James W. Patterson, by Samuel H. Taylor, LL. D., by Hon. E. H. Derby, by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., by Hon. A. F. Stevens, and by Rev. C. M. Dinsmore. The proceedings were afterwards edited and published by Robert C. Mack. In 1875, A. J. Fogg in his Statistical Gazeteer of New Hampshire gives an account of the town. Among the records of the town one reads of the heroic deeds of Barr, Todd and Goffe in the old Indian wars; of Rogers, Reid and Stark in the war of the Revolution; and of McNeil and Miller in the war of 1812. The honorable record of the old town during the Rebellion remains to be written.

Among this accumulation of historical matter, of biographical facts, and description of educational institution, manufactures and places, there is one snbject which remains to be considered, for it has grown to be a fact within the last half dozen years. I refer to the village of

DERRY DEPOT.

This village is pleasantly situated on an elevated plane, through the middle of which runs the Manchester and Lawrence railroad at right angles to the principal street, known as the Nashua road. The depot, around which as a nucieus has been gathered this thriving village, is a commodious structure presided over by Hon. James Priest. Mr. Priest is a native of Weare, N. H., born April 8, 1813 and has held his present position since 1856, serving his district as state senator in 1874 and 1875.

After an absence of a few years one can hardly recognize the village, so remarkable has been its growth. Durthe past four years some forty new buildings have been erected, all of a substantial character; and streets have been laid out at right angles and parallel to Nashua road.

There is a church edifice in the village and a fine new school-house erected at an expense of $2,600—tokens of progress in the right direction.

THE DERRY NATIONAL BANK was established in 1864; John W. Noyes, (son-in-law of the late Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., of Concord), is president and John P. Newell cashier. It has a capital of $60,000 and a surplus of $8,100. The average deposits are $13,000.

The trade of the village is carried on by wide-awake merchants. CARLOS L. CUTLER occupies a new store erected by himself and deals in stoves, tinware, glassware, woodenware and kitchen furniture, and manufactures tin and sheet-iron articles.

GEORGE S. ROLLINS occupies a store in Smith's block and deals in flour, grain, groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, and crockery. He is a native of Deerfield, has been in business in Lowell many years; is well known throughout the state as a commercial traveller; has been settled at the "Depot" in trade for some three years past; and is building a residence in the village. He comes of the same family as Hon. E. A. Rollins of Philadelphia, Hon. E. H. Rollins of Concord, and John R. Rollins of Lawrence.

The firm of L. HOBERT and WILLIAM S. PILLSBURY are dealers in dry goods, boots and shoes, grain, groceries and general country produce, and have a large and well furnished store. L. Hobert Pillsbury is postmaster. For some years he was clerk of the U. S. court at Memphis, Tennessee.

The blacksmith of the village is TAPPAN R. ROBIE who makes a specialty of horseshoeing. He has been a resident of the village for 26 years. In 1877 and 1878 he represented the town in the state legislature.

JAMES F. COBURN, manufacturer of fish packages, employs from 15 to 25 hands, working the material from the stumps, and shipping daily to Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, 100 half barrels.

WARREN P. HORN and BROTHERS do a large lumber business, having the use of forty-horse power from the water privilege at their mill. They have put in a sixty-horse power steam engine.

CLEMENT, COLBURN AND COMPANY.

The institution of Derry Depot is the factory of Clement, Colburn and company for the the manufacture of boots and shoes. This establishment employs the skilled labor of over 400 American workmen and workwomen (in the ratio of three to two), allowing generous pay and affording an opportunity to lay up a competency and become bondholders. The rapid growth of the village is chiefly due to the Shop. A car load of operatives come in the morning and leave at night by rail; eventually they will build up the village.

In the owner of the mill and the agent of the above company we recognize Col. William S. Pillsbury of Gov. Prescott's staff. As the present prosperity of the "Depot" in a great measure is due to Col. Pillsbury, to his enterpirse and business sagacity, our readers may like to know his antecedents.

Col. Pillsbury is the son of Rev. Stephen Pillsbury, of the Baptist church, who was for different periods settled at Londonderry, Dunbarton, Hebron and Sutton, and is a cousin of John Pillsbury, governor of Minnesota, and Hon. George A. Pillsbury, exmayor of Concord. He was born in Sutton, March 15, 1833; married April 15, 1856, Martha S., daughter of Peter Crowell of Londonderry. They have four children living. At the age of 21 Col. Pillsbury struck out for himself in the shoe business, going into business for himself for one year before the war. He served his country for two years in the army, holding the rank of first-lieutenant of the N. H. Heavy Artillery; his town, for two years, as a representative to the legisture, during the Whitcher-Landaff-Easton embroglio; his county, for three years, as county commissioner; and his state two years, in the arduous yet honorable situation of member of the governor's staff. As county commissioner he made the first report for Rockingham county, calling attention to the evil of tramps in the community, and recommending stringent legislation. As a member of the house he introduced the first law designed to abate the nuisance, and which worked well until a stronger one was enacted. Col. Pillsbury owns a fine farm of some 200 acres in Londonderry. After his return from the army in 1865 he commenced business. In 1870 he pur-

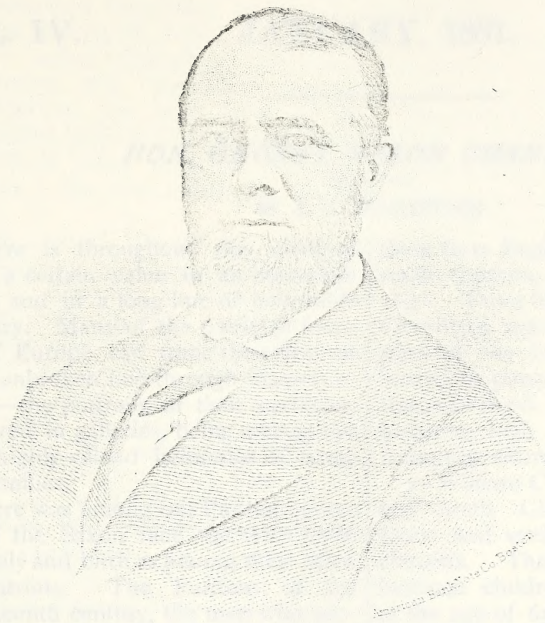
chased his present works and soon after entered into the present arrangement with Messrs Clement, Colburn and company.

The factory is shaped some like the letter H. Its extent may be known from the fact that there is an acre and a quarter of floor room, or over 50,000 square feet. The office is in the brick building formerly used as a bank and later as a school-house and at present attached to the factory. We will tarry in the bright, pleasant office and take a few notes of the extent of the business. The goods manufactured here find a sale in Brazil, Yucatan, Peru and Chili, in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, supplanting the English trade in their own colonies, in Denmark, Norway and Russia, in all the West India Islands, and in every state and territory in the United States. The western trade demands the lowest instep, the Spanish trade the highest. Part of the Spanish trade demands heels two and a quarter inches high. For the foreign trade there are needed 250 different styles; their whole trade demands 450 to 500 different styles of the various sizes. For soles, South American and Western hides are used. The goat and kid stock comes from the celebrated manufactory at Wilmington, Delaware. Fancy stock, such as gold and silver plated kid, costing as high as 80 cents per foot, is imported from France. The pay-roll is over $12,000 per month. Three thousand pairs of shoes are the present monthly product, with a capacity or more. The building is heated by team, and the force applied from a forty-horse power engine—much of the leather waste being used for fuel.

This foreign trade of the house was kept a profound secret until the trade was well established. Two salesmen are wandering over the world getting orders for the Derry shoes; two others are journeying through the United States, to keep orders ahead of the work. The American manufacturer aims to supply just the demand of a foreign market, however absurd it may appear he fills his contract, and having established a trade, fears no rival or competitor.

The factory has four stories, including the basement. The manufacture of boots and shoes in a factory is becoming an important industry in New Hampshire The small shops along the highway are deserted, and power, machinery and capital are intelligently directed to economize labor and perfect results. There is not an idle hand in or about Col. Pillsbury's factory; cheerful activity is everywhere. Hundreds of sewing machines are in motion, driven by steam, stitching the delicate child's slipper or the ponderous brogan. In minutes now is accomplished the work of hours, of old.

The village is situate near the geographical centre of the old township of Londonderry, in the town of Derry, near the town-line of Londonderry. It is on a plain, surrounded by a fertile, rolling country, rich agriculturally, and capable of still further development. The village is fast outgrowing the neighboring centres, and bids fair to become a very important manufacturing place.



G. Byron Chandler

—THE—

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HON. GEORGE BYRON CHANDLER.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

There is throughout the civilized world a certain value in an honorable name, and in a long line of honorable ancestry. Many of the patrician families of Europe can trace their descent in an unbroken line through many centuries—the portraits of their ancestors, treasured in galleries, being among the most highly valued heirlooms of many old families.

There was among our Puritan ancestry of the Saxon race the same pride of family and birth as among their titled compatriots. The Puritans of the seventeenth century, the men who successfully resisted the encroachments of a tyrant, who under Cromwell never knew defeat, who made the name of an Englishman a title of honor and respect throughout the world, who wrested this country of ours from savagery, and laid the foundations of a great state, were a brave, resolute, energetic, zealous and honorable race of men. When they left their native land for these shores, they left tradition behind. They strove to found in the new world families which would perpetuate the spirit of liberty and piety which actuated their founders. None succeeded in this better than William Chandler, the ancestor of the subject of this sketch.

1. William Chandler, born in 1597, and Annis, his wife, settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1637, bringing with them from England a family of several small children. He died January 19, 1641. From him have descended the Chandlers, scattered throughout every state of the Union, engaged in every honorable pursuit, gracing every profession, esteemed by their fellow-citizens, honoring high offices—representative American citizens.

2. William Chandler, son of William and Annis Chandler, married Mary Dane and settled in Andover, Massachusetts. They were the parents of fourteen children. He died in 1698, at the age of 65.

3. William Chandler, son of William and Mary (Dane) Chandler, was born January 31, 1661; married Sarah Buckminster, December 28, 1682; lived in Andover; and died October 27, 1727.

4. Zachariah Chandler, son of William and Sarah (Buckminster) Chandler, was born May 1, 1695; married Margaret Bishop, January 8, 1716; settled in West Roxbury; was one of the original proprietors of Bedford, then Narragansett No. 5; and left a large estate in that town to his descendants.

5. Zachariah Chandler, only son and youngest child of Zachariah and Margaret (Bishop) Chandler, was born May 28, 1751. During most of his minority he resided with his relatives in Roxbury. At a suitable age he came to reside on, and take care of,

his patrimonial estate in Bedford. Before he was twenty-one he married Sarah Patten. He died April 20, 1830.

6. Thomas Chandler, the oldest son of Zachariah and Sarah (Patten) Chandler, was born August 10, 1772. In 1793, he married Susannah McAffee, and settled in Bedford. He was a Member of Congress from New Hampshire from 1829 to 1833. He died January 28, 1866.

7. Adam Chandler, only son of Thomas and Susannah (McAffee) Chandler, was born June 7, 1805; married Sally McAllaster, and lived in Bedford many years on his father's farm. He now resides in Manchester.

8. GEORGE BYRON CHANDLER, the second son of Adam and Sally (McAllaster) Chandler, was born in Bedford, November 18, 1832. Here it may be well to note that the Chandler family have always been noted for their strong good sense, and purity of character. To this family belonged John Chandler, who represented Massachusetts in Congress, from 1805 to 1808, and was the first United States Senator elected from Maine, after that state was admitted to the Union. He was born in Epping, N. H., in 1760, and died in Augusta, Maine, September 25, 1841. Joseph R. Chandler, born in Massachusetts, who represented Pennsylvania in Congress, from 1849 to 1855, and was appointed by President Buchanan, in 1858, minister to Naples; and Zachariah Chandler, the veteran senator from Michigan, were of the same family. Zachariah Chandler, son of Samuel and Margaret (Orr) Chandler, grandson of Zachariah (5) and Sarah (Patten) Chandler, was born in Bedford, December 10, 1813, removing, in 1833, to Detroit. In 1851, he was elected mayor of Detroit, and in 1857, United States Senator, which office he held for eighteen years, consecutively, to the honor of his party and of the nation.

GEORGE BYRON CHANDLER was born at the family homestead in Bedford and was brought up in his father's hospitable home, surrounded by all the comforts of an old-fashioned farm house, the cultivated society of that fine old town, and the devoted care of fond parents. At home were instilled those principles of generosity, integrity and virtue which have always distinguished Mr. Chandler's life. He was favored also in having two congenial brothers, Henry Chandler and John McAllaster Chandler, who, even in their boyish sports, learned the lesson that in union is strength. His early youth was that of a happy, free-from-care farmer's boy, when with every breath was drawn in that invigorating air which builds up strong frames and robust constitutions. At the age of fifteen he left the home nest, and ventured into the world, strong in character to meet and overcome the many obstacles in life's pathway, fortified by the best of trainings to resist the temptations which beset youth on every hand.

Three terms at Gilmanton Academy, under the instruction of Charles Tenney, one year at the Normal School at Reed's Ferry, one fall term at Washington, under the tutelage of Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, and one fall term at Hopkinton, under the same distinguished instructor, gave Mr. Chandler the rudiments of a good English education, which careful and discriminating reading through life has nurtured until to-day he may well claim to rank with the liberally educated men of his age. In fact, a college education was offered to him by his generous father, but the active business of life had more charms. One means of culture he received that is of no small consequence in the formative period of a young man's life; he taught school four consecutive winters before he was twenty-one.

Thus, studying in the fall, teaching in the winter, and working during the summer on his father's farm, he arrived at his majority with a strong constitution, a good education, and an unblemished character. During his youth his favorite study was mathematics, and as the boy is father of the man, figuring has been the specialty of his life.

With a freedom gift from his father of

an empty wallet, which the young man then and there inwardly vowed to fill to repletion, Mr. Chandler bade good bye to the paternal roof on the 9th day of March, 1854, and wended his way to Manchester, in search of a fortune. He readly found employment as book-keeper with the firm of Kidder and Duncklee, where his close attention to, and aptitude for business, attracted the attention of Hon. Moody Currier, one of the most prominent financiers of New Hampshire, and led to important results. Through Mr. Currier's influence Mr. Chandler was induced to give up trade, and March 1, 1855, he entered upon his career as a banker, accepting the situation of book-keeper in the Amoskeag Bank. September 1, 1856, he was appointed teller of the bank, which office he held until the organization of the Amoskeag National Bank, in November, 1864, when he was chosen cashier — an office of great trust and responsibility—which he still continues to occupy. In 1867, Mr. Chandler was elected cashier of the Amoskeag Savings Bank, thus having the burden of two great financial institutions thrust upon him. The growth and prosperity of these establishments are in no small measure due to the confidence inspired by Mr. Chandler's management. The Savings Bank has a deposit to the amount of $2,200,000, and a surplus of 300,000, if bonds were sold at their market value. Through all the bad times, and now, it pays a dividend of five per cent — a fact unprecedented in New Hampshire banking institutions, I think. The National Bank ranks with the first in surplus and solidity. In 1874, Mr. Chandler resigned his active connection with the Amoskeag Savings Bank, helped to organize the People's Savings Bank, and accepted the office of treasurer, which he continues to hold. This bank is deservedly popular, and is entrusted with the maximum deposit allowed by its charter, viz.: $500,000, on which it has always paid five per cent interest. For the last twenty five years, banking has been the profession of Mr. Chandler's life, and he is rapidly rising to the top. In 1867 he was elected a director of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, which position he held until chosen treasurer in 1872, the duties of which office he continues to exercise.

In spite of the unfortunate fate of so many insurance companies in New Hampshire, to Mr. Chandler's astute mind it was evident that it required only careful management to make an insurance company a safe, sound, and remunerative concern, profitable alike to stock- and policy-holders. With this idea he was a strong surporter and advocate of the New Hampshire Insurance Company, which was organized in 1870, and is now one of the flourishing institutions of the state. As treasurer, Mr. Chandler has given to the company the benefit of his varied financial experience and sound judgment. The growth of this company is remarkable and unprecedented. It started in 1870 with a capital of $100,000, and received during the first year premiums to the amount of about $40,000. In 1880, owing to careful management for the past ten years, its assets amounted to $585,334, with a surplus of $171,246. The net premiums received in 1880, amounted to $248,220.

As a citizen and neighbor Mr. Chandler is highly esteemed by all. A character of strict integrity, gained by a quarter of a century of fair dealing, has led to many private trusts and responsibilities. As the guardian of minors, the trustee of estates, the executor of wills, the financial adviser of widows and children, his services have long been eagerly sought. Blessed as Mr. Chandler's life has been with success in all of his undertakings, he has ever had a proper commiseration for those less fortunate than himself — for those upon whom fortune has never smiled. His sympathy and his money have always been freely bestowed where needed and deserved. The imposter would not stand the scrutiny of his penetrating gaze. In all the noble charities of Manchester, his name will be found among the most generous givers; his private charities are whispered, not known.

Withal, Mr. Chandler is thorough-

ly a New Hampshire man, proud of his native state, deeply interested in her material prosperity, hopeful of her future. With the eye of faith he sees her deserted farms reoccupied by descendants of the old proprietors, every water-power throughout the state utilized to move the wheels of industry and improved to their fullest value, her homogeneous population drawn still closer together by business and social ties, her far famed scenery still more widely known and more widely popular, and her fair valleys and hills known and loved by the owners of the soil and duly appreciated by a multitude of summer tourists. These ideas led him to be the founder of the New Hampshire club, whose monthly meetings draw the business men of the state together for their mutual pleasure and improvement.

In early life, Mr. Chandler was joined in marriage to Flora A., daughter of the late Hon. D. J. Daniels, once mayor of Manchester who died suddenly in May, 1868, leaving an infant, who survived her mother only two months.

In 1870, he married Fanny Rice, only daughter of Col. B. F. Martin. Their children are Benjamin Martin Chandler about nine years of age, and Byron Chandler, born in 1879. They have to mourn the loss of one child, Alexander Rice Chandler, who died in infancy.

Mr. Chandler is a democrat in politics, adhering to the political principles of his father and grandfather. In 1874, he accepted the nomination of his party and was elected state senator. In the presidential election of 1880, he was the candidate of his party for elector, but failed of an election. He is well satisfied, and well he may be, with the pursuits of private life, which, outside of his engrossing cares at the bank, is of the most domestic character. When free from business, his time is devoted to his home and family. His house is fitted up to meet the requirements of a cultivated taste, and is indeed a home.

The future must look bright to Mr. Chandler; in the prime of manhood, blessed with worldly goods, enjoying the respect, confidence, and regard of his fellow citizens, entrusted with the most important duties, confident in himself, he apparently has in his own hands the making of the brightest destiny.

HYMN.

BY K. J. K.

"Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him." Psalm XCI: 14.

Jesus, this sinful heart of mine
Is prone to set its love,
Upon the things of sense and time
And not on things above.

On Thee, on Thee, O Savior Christ!
Could I but fix my eye,
For a high purpose for my life,
I should no longer sigh.

Oh, glimpses of Thy loveliness
In pity give to me,
So that my restless heart be filled
With naught but thoughts of Thee.

And then shall I delivered be
From each besetting sin,
And holy peace and sweet content,
Shall reign my breast within.

And then, wherever I may go,
Whatever I may be,
My every thought, and word, and deed,
Shall be as unto Thee.

Jesus, I crave this blessedness,
Not for my sake alone,
But that in me, Thy humble child,
Thy sacred will be done.

REMOVAL OF JUDGES.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

Inquiry is frequently made as to the disposition or fate of our judges, who are unable to discharge the duties of their stations by reason of permanent bodily *infirmities*, or confirmed mental *insanity*.

As to the judges appointed under state authority, our constitution confers the power upon the executive to remove the judge in such cases, when both houses of the legislature in their discretion shall, by their joint address, first determine that the public good requires the act to be done.

We illustrate the practice first under our own state constitution.

In 1812, William Plumer was governor; Arthur Livermore was chief justice of the supreme court; Clifton Claggett was associate justice; Judge Evans, who lies buried on the old Hopkinton road, near Concord line, was associate justice.

In the biography of Gov. Plumer by his son, page 396, we have the views of Gov. Plumer in relation to the case of Judge Evans, stated in the following extract:

"Livermore, the chief justice, though a strong man, felt the need of abler associates. Evans, who was not a lawyer, had been prevented by ill-health from sitting on the bench more than one day for the last eighteen months. On applying in person for an order for his quarter's salary, the governor adverted delicately to the condition of the court, when Evans said, that he had some thoughts of resigning, but that he was poor as well as sick, and wanted the emoluments of his office for his support. To remove a sick man, says the governor in his journal, oppressed with poverty, is a hardship to him; to continue him in office is a greater hardship to the state. The legislature must decide. They had decided, in June, not to request his removal, and without such request, the governor could not act in the case." The governor placed the responsibility where it belonged. Here was a case of non-action.

We give a different one:—In the fall and winter of 1836, Hon. Boswell Stevens, of Pembroke, held the office of judge of probate for Merrimack county. He was an able lawyer, and a popular and upright judge. During the session of the legislature of that year he was struck with a paralysis, entirely disabling him from ability to discharge the duties of his office. His case came before the legislature at their fall session. The evidence of able physicians was received, that there was no reasonable prospect of his recovery. Accordingly, both branches of the legislature united in an address to the governor, requesting his removal from office. The place of the judge was soon occupied by his successor. Judge Stevens died in January of the next year. The remedy in this case was apparently severe. But we now propose to compare it with an earlier case of removal from office, by the Congress of the United States. We refer to Hon. John Pickering of Portsmouth, who was removed from the office of judge of the district court for New Hampshire, in the year A. D. 1804, and died in Portsmouth, April 11, A. D., 1805. He was born in Newington, in 1738, graduated at Harvard College in 1761; soon became eminent in the profession of the law in Portsmouth; was an active partisan in defence of the rights and liberty of America; as early as 1773, was on a committee to prevent the importation of tea; in 1775, '76, and several other succeeding years, was an influential member of the legislature from Portsmouth; was a member of the convention and assisted in framing

our state constitution; was chief justice of our supreme court for five years, commencing with 1790; was previously attorney-general for one year; served as governor most of one year, after John Langdon was chosen senator; was one of the electors of president for 1788 and 1792, and had the privilege of voting for Washington and sustaining his administration; was appointed by his fellow-citizens to address Washington in 1789, when Washington visited Portsmouth. His address and Washington's answer may now be found in *Brewster's Rambles About Portsmouth*. About the end of the year 1795, upon his resignation of the office of judge of our state court, he was appointed by Washington to the office of district judge of New Hampshire. It was suggested that the health of Judge Pickering at this time was not firm, and this change of office was made because the duties required of the incumbent of the district court were less laborious than the requisitions of the state bench. And we have the authority of Gov. Plumer for the assertion, that the hypochondria of 1794, of Judge Pickering, as it was then called, had in 1803 been developed into such a condition, bodily and mental, as to render him incompetent to the proper discharge of his official duties. It was not doubted his mental powers were deranged. Then the question arose, how to get rid of the judge from the bench. On the 4th of February, 1803, President Jefferson sent his message to the House of Representatives, enclosing a letter and affidavits exhibiting a complaint against Judge Pickering. The message and papers were referred to a committee consisting of Nicholson of Maryland, James A. Bayard of Delaware, John Randolph of Virginia, Tenney of New Hampshire, and Elmendorf of New York, with instructions to report thereon. On the eighteenth of February, Mr. Nicholson made his report, recommending the adoption of the following resolution: Resolved, That John Pickering, judge of the New Hampshire district court, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors

This report came up for consideration on the second day of March, 1803, a day or two before the close of the session of that Congress. Goddard of Connecticut moved its postponement to the next session. This motion was sustained by the mover, Mitchell of New York, Dana of Connecticut, and Mott of Pennsylvania It was rejected by the House, and the resolution was adopted. Messrs Nicholson and Randolph were appointed managers, by the House, to conduct proceedings before the Senate. The House resolution was transferred to the Senate, and was there postponed to the next session. At the session of 1804 the trial came on. Gov. Plumer was then one of the senators from this state. He states that both of the New Hampshire senators were examined as witnesses as to the character of Judge Pickering, and testified to the high moral worth of the judge, so long as he retained the use of his reason. Here then was exhibited, before one of the highest tribunals of our land, the extraordinary attempt to interpret mental insanity in its meaning and consequences, as tantamount to crime and misdemeanor—an unwarrantable attempt to confound all distinction of law and justice which, when carried into practice, would pervert the constitutional provision of impeachment for crime into an unconstitutional mode of removal from office without crime. Senator Samuel White of Delaware on this occasion used the following strong denunciatory language: He said, "the accused is in default not in consequence of contempt of court, but under the awful visitation of God, and as he is mentally deranged, our proceedings scarcely deserve the name of a mock trial." Nicholson, senator from Virginia, here called out, "Order! Order! Order! I will not permit our proceedings to be called by the name of a mock trial."

Mr. White said to the president, "I am in order, sir, I repeat it, it is a mock trial. I have no wish

to give offense, but if that gentleman is offended, I am ready to give him satisfaction at any time and place." The president gave no rebuke to the parties. No meeting followed their words. Gov. Plumer informs us, that the impeachment met with strenuous opposition in the Senate. The measure was carried at last by the vote of seventeen to seven nays—several senators refusing to vote. The whole Senate then consisted of thirty-two; only twenty-four voted for the resolution; two-thirds were required to impeach. Judge Pickering was not present, nor was he represented by counsel. It occurs to us his removal may have been justly demanded because his disease was shown to have been incurable, and his office probably required an incumbent able to work. Yet, admitting the public necessity of his removal, we cannot come to the conclusion that the constitution of the United States, or its wise framers, ever contemplated, that in order to effect the removal of a judge, admitted to be insane, the sole remedy must exist in the open and serious charge or allegation of committing some crime or misdemeanor, when it is obvious to every one, that his mental status is of that character as to render him not responsible for the commission of any offense. The provision for removal by impeachment was evidently designed to apply to cases of actual guilt, fully sustained by ample proof. In this case the severe charge is alleged, but the proof of guilt is wanting. Hence, the trial deserved Senator White's denunciation. If the public good demanded Judge Pickering's removal from office, why not resort to such a remedy, rather than to the harsh, unjust remedy of imputing crime where none has been committed. We are glad to know that all our New Hampshire delegation in Congress, and such men as Huger, Griswold, John C. Smith, James A. Bayard of Delaware, and many other able men in both branches were found in opposition to this wicked proceeding.

MINES AND MINING AT SURRY MOUNTAIN.

BY L. P. DODGE, M. E.

The divide, known as Surry Mountain, rises a short distance north of the city of Keene, and gradually ascending, reaches its greatest altitude, 1,500 feet, at a point nearly opposite the village of Surry, eight miles from the outcrop of its foot-hills at Keene. The general bearing of the divide is north, with a marked deflection to the northwest, about one mile from the north limit of its boundary. At this point the Ashuelot river swings to the south, from the east, and in its passage through the range has made a canyon, the descent from the mountain top to the river bed being in places almost perpendicular. The view from White Rock, the highest peak, is one of exceeding beauty, combining the rugged sublimity of the Sierras with the softened beauty of fair fields, dotted with New England homes; while in the east Monadnock and Wachuset, and in the north Crawford and Mt. Washington, rear their majestic heads, and send a greeting to the giant guardian of Ashuelot's lovely vale. The mountain forms an integral part of the great mineral belt, ranging from New Brunswick, S. S. W., through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, a part of western Massachusetts and eastern New York, sinking at the Hudson river, and reappearing in southern Pennsylvania and western Maryland,

Virginia and North Carolina. In New Brunswick the depoits are largely antimonial, while in New England the antimony is displaced by argentiferous galena, occasionally gold, and in a few instances, copper. Among the latter the Ely Mine, at Vershire, Vermont, with the single exception of the Calumet and Hecla, is the most profitable American copper mine now worked, yielding an annual profit of some $400,000. The upheaval in the formation of the veins disseminated the mineral on this belt, and hence we find copper at the Ely, at Vershire, gold at the Essex, at Lisborn, and argentiferous galena at the Sullivan mine; while by some peculiar law of the great convulsion, the elements of these localities seemed to have converged at Surry Mountain, forming a great mother vein, in which—and in its associate feeders—we find almost in juxtaposition, gold, silver, copper and galena, the gold associated with pyrites of iron, and occasionally occuring as free gold, the silver in the form of black sulphurets and argentiferous galena, flecked in spots with gray copper—or hydrate of silver—and the copper as carbonates, sulphurets and native, many specimens of the copper being very beautiful, occuring as leaves, fern shaped, and minute wires interwoven with crystalline quartz. The copper discoveries thus far are quite similar to the vein matter found at the same depth in the celebrated *Santa Rita* mine in New Mexico, which, even with its extravagant management, rates of transportation and costly labor, added to the interruption of operations incident to the forays of Indians, has proven very remunerative. Touching the mineral deposits of Surry Mountain there is a singular unanimity of opinion, among experienced miners, as to the similarity of appearance in the outcrop to that of the mining country south of the Arkansas river, on the eastern slope of the Rockies, and on beyond, through New-Mexico and south eastern Arizona, coupled with surprise at finding such deposits in what they had supposed to be, *per se*, an agricultural district. Although the existence of these ore veins has been an established fact for nearly an hundred years, the difficulties attendant upon the establishment of proper reduction works, and the general lack of information as to the methods of working now in successful operation, has heretofore prevented the utilization of this great source of wealth. And again, the original settlers came here as farmers or traders, and with the conservatism characteristic of the average New Englander they were cautious in putting their hard-earned dollars into an enterprise where the issue seemed fraught with so much doubt. Yet, even with these obstacles before them, some crude efforts were made to extract the lead, the only mineral they were familiar with, and these efforts were generally quite successful and yielded no slight addition to the scanty incomes of half a century since. The Indians then located in this vicinity were aware of the existence of lead in the mountain, and the missiles that supplied the needs of the red man, and sent some of them to their happy hunting grounds, were taken from veins, as yet lying undiscovered in the forests of this grand old range. A tradition comes down to the present day of workings by a party of Spaniards, who made a cutting and took out ore some ninety years ago. The *adit*, or open cut, being now traceable, although an attempt was made to conceal the discovery, as was their practice in the early days in New and Old Mexico. The first practical workings of modern times were commenced by the Granite State Gold and Silver Mining Company, in November, 1879, although considerable prospecting had been done prior to the date named, and mineral taken out, assaying $190 per ton. The parties engaged in the work, however, were lacking in the financial ability, experience and persistence requisite for the management of an enterprise of this character, and nothing was accomplished in the developement of their discoveries, until sometime in the summer of 1879, when the matter was presented to the attention of Mr. M Milleson, a mining engineer of Nevada'

Mr. Milleson, sharing in the general opinion of mining engineers of the Pacific coast at that time, was decidedly sceptical as to the existence of ore-bodies in paying quantities among the New England hills, and consented to examine the property, more for the satisfaction of others, than from any confidence in the correctness of their opinions as to its value. The casual view of the property, which he anticipated would convince him of its lack of merit, was lengthened day by day, and week by week, until nearly two months were spent in a most exhaustive investigation of the different localities then opened up, until at last he was fully satisfied of its great value; and an arrangement was effected by which the property was transfered to the company mentioned. The first workings were on the western slope of the mountain in a quartz deposit, similar in character to the veins of Mount Davidson, where are located the great bonanza mines, and cuttings made in several of the veins with a view of developing the best location for the works; and in every instance the most encouraging evidences were manifest of the existence of large bodies of gold and silver bearing quartz on the mountain. The manager was pursuing his investigations, and prospecting personally in other locations, which his experience convinced him would result in even more favorable discoveries; and his efforts were at last rewarded by the location of the now celebrated Carpenter vein. It was decided to concentrate all their force at this point, and leave the working of the other properties for a subsequent date. A shaft was sunk by manual labor to a depth of twenty feet, showing a fine body of argentiferous galena, associated with gray copper, copper-carbonates and native copper, while in the quartz adjoining this vein were found masses of gold-bearing sulphurets, the entire product being admirably adapted to the cheap process of reduction known as concentration. Contracts were made with the Burleigh Rock Drill Company for an entire plant of developing machinery. The buildings commenced on the first of October, 1880, and on the sixth day of November following, the scream of the mill whistle sent "the wild echoes flying" o'er hill and dale, and the pioneer mining works of Surry Mountain were in operation. Prior to this, the company had constructed a first-class wagon road from the valley to the mill door, upon which their heavy machinery, lumber and supplies were transported, with as little difficulty as upon any of the average country roads, an item of no slight importance, when compared with some of the writer's experiences in trails of the Rockies. The plant at present in operation consists of a 40 horse-power boiler, a No. 2 Worthington-pump, a No. 1 Burleigh air-compressor, two No. 1 Burleigh rock drills, fitted for working on columns, a double acting hoisting engine, with 400 feet steel wire cable. The hoister is located some eighty feet from the boiler and compressor, and connected by pipes, carefully boxed and insulated, carried over and supported by wire cables, thus avoiding the obstruction of trestles. The buildings, all new, are a boarding house, manager's house and office, a mill, 50 by 20, the rear end of which is fitted on the ground floor with sleeping accommodations for workmen, and on the upper floor, a room for the foreman overlooking the entire mill, a shaft-house, ore-house, engine-house, and blacksmith shop, furnished with all the appliances requisite for the manufacture of the somewhat complicated drills used in drilling by power, a magazine, in which is stored nearly a ton of rend-rock, together with battery, exploders, conducting wire, et cetera, and a stable with accommodations for five horses. The company own about two thousand feet on the Carpenter vein, with all its dips, spurs and angles, an abundance of most excellent timber for building and fuel, and an unfailing spring of pure water, connected by pipes with the mill, the reservoir having a capacity of some 40,000 gallons. It is the intention of the company to erect, next spring, concentration works

adjoining the mill to reduce the ore to concentrates, in which condition it is sold to the great smelting and reduction works of this country and England. The process of ore concentration is purely mechanical, being only dependant upon the relative specific gravities of the different minerals to be separated. The cost for labor as compared with that of smelting or refining, is but slight, ordinary laborers being easily taught the necessary manipulations. The cost of the plant requisite for concentrating thirty tons daily is only about $5000; while a smelting plant of equal capacity would cost nearly five times as much. The expense of concentrating being less than one dollar per ton, as against twenty-five for fine reduction, the company will be able to realize from their product and arrive at the happy era of dividend paying in an expeditious and inexpensive manner. The president of the company, A. H. Soden, is an eminent and successful merchant of Boston, whose name is a synonym for incorruptible integrity, and whose extensive experience in mercantile affairs has taught him the importance of painstaking research before identifying himself with so important an enterprise. The large interest he has in the company is the best evidence of his confidence in its merit. H. L. White, the treasurer, with an equally high character for probity, has brought to the financial management of the company affairs, an executive ability second to none. No debts are allowed to accrue in any of the departments; and while everything requisite for successful operation is cheerfully furnished, yet a jealous, watchful care is manifested by them to avoid prodigality, as well as parsimony, fully realizing that they are but costodians of funds intrusted to them by the public, upon which returns are to be made in the shortest possible time. The intricate details of the secretary's department are happily confided to J. F. Hill, a late merchant of Winchendon, whose ability renders him a most valuable member of the executive board. Among the board of directors are, we note, the names of Dr. I. W. Russell, mayor-elect of Keene, and Hon. G. K. Harvey of Surry, all of which is indicative of the esteem in which the property is held among men of character and wealth. The mine is a most valuable mineral body, the construction and operating department, and the financial and executive management challenge criticism, and in its success stands another proud monument of enterprise in the old Granite State.

HISTORY OF ANTRIM.

This town history, written by Rev. W. R. Cochrane, and printed at the establishment of Col. John B. Clark, is a timely addition to local New Hampshire history. It is faithfully compiled and contains evidence of much careful study and elaborate research. It is well written, and the town of Antrim should be proud of having its story told by a writer so eloquent. The chapter on the Scotch-Irish and their descendants is of especial value. The genealogies are exhaustive, and the book is illustrated very fully by steel-engravings, portraits and heliotype views. It costs $3.00, and contains over 700 pages. The work is published by the town, and is sold by the selectmen.

CHESTER.

BY BENJAMIN CHASE.

The records of Chester commence with the proceedings of a meeting of the "Society for settling the Chestnut Country, held at said country, the fifteenth of October, 1719." The society had probably existed some time, and was composed principally of Hampton and Portsmouth men. Afterward duplicate records were kept at Hampton. The number of the society was restricted to ninety. They had preferred a petition to the Governor and Council, and in March, 1720, it was withdrawn, and another presented. They also voted to keep three men on the ground, and a possession fence was built. They also laid out lots before obtaining any grant. This meeting was probably at Walnut hill, near the south east corner of the township. There was also another company of Massachusetts men, headed by John Calf, who were endeavoring to procure a grant. John Calf was a clothier at the Falls, in Newbury, and was a grantee under the charter of Chester, and moved, and carried on the trade there. They also tried to have possession. There is a deed on the records to Samuel Ingalls of "Cheshire," blacksmith, dated Oct. 23, 1717. He appears afterward, indeed, to be of Haverhill, but he had a constructive residence in Chester, and a constructive possession of the territory. There seems, by the House and Council records, to have been other parties endeavoring to obtain a grant. There is a deed on Rockingham records, dated May, 1722, wherein Stephen Dudley, of Freetown (Raymond), in consideration of affection, conveys to Francis James of Gloucester, his right to 400 acres in Freetown to be taken out of that tract bought of Peter Penuit, and Abigail his squaw, by deed, dated Jan. 17, 1718. This was probably a move for color of title, and possession for some of the parties. There was a compromise made by admitting certain persons of the Massachusetts party, and also of Exeter, and a grant was obtained Jan. 4, 1720; but the charter of the town was dated May 8, 1722. The governor, and lieutenant-governor, had each a farm 500 acres, and a home lot, by a vote of the society; and the charter provided that the first settled minister should have a right, also one for a parsonage, and one for a school. The boundaries commenced at the south-east corner, at the supposed intersection of Haverhill and Kingstown lines. In 1674, Haverhill lines were run from Holt's Rocks (a little east of the Rock bridge), north-west; one from Merrimack river due north, until it cut the first line.

At this spot was "erected a great pillar of stones," which two old men, more than sixty years ago, told me they had seen in Chester South Woods. When the province line was settled in 1741, Daniel McDuffee and Hugh McDuffee, who lived near Kimball's corner in Derry, were cut off from Haverhill.

When the town was laid out into lots, there were 117 grantees; and each member of the council had a right. The home lots of 20 acres, from the corner by Kingstown, and the old Haverhill line, to the head of Chester street, and a ten rod way crossing at right angles where the Centre now is, on which the first meeting house was built, were laid out in 1719, before any grant was made. In 1724, an additional lot of 50 acres was laid out to each grantee. The beavers had built dams on the stream, which killed the growth, and when the beavers were killed, and the dams went down, the grass came in, and in 1728

a meadow lot was laid out to each right. There is a stream, which heads near the Congregational church in Auburn, extending into Londonderry, with meadows, which was called the "Long-meadow;" and what is now Auburn, was the "Long Meadows." In 1728, the first part of the second division of 100 acres, called the "Old Hundreds," which is the present town of Raymond; in 1736 the second part of the second division of 100 acres; in 1739 the third division of 80 acres, all in Candia; in 1745 the fourth division of 60 acres; and in 1752 the fifth division of 40 acres, all in Hooksett, were laid out. Maps of these divisions were made at the time, and have been preserved by copying, and all deeds gave the number and division of the lot so that we can locate every settler whose deed is on record. The first settler was Samuel Ingalls, born in Andover, 1683, and moved to Haverhill, and had 6 children before coming to Chester; and his daughter Mehetable, born 1723, was the first child born in Chester. She married Samuel Moore, who afterwards lived at Candia corner. She died 1818. There is a tradition that he came to Chester, in 1720. In March, 1722, Samuel Ingalls of Winfield, otherwise Cheshire, sold a right reserving the home lot, number 64, "on which I live." He built the first farmhouse about 1732; held the office of moderator, selectman and town clerk. In 1731, Samuel Ingalls is styled captain on the record, and Ebenezer Dearborn, lieutenant, and Jacob Sargent, ensign, which was the first military organization. January, 1720, he and three others had land and a privilege granted to build a saw-mill, and in 1730 John Aiken had a grant of land to build a grist-mill.

Londonderry was granted to settlers, already on the ground, but there were but six of the original grantees of Chester who ever lived here, except the Rev. Moses Hale, the first minister who settled on the minister's lot. The first settlement was at Walnut Hill, near the south-east corner, but settlers soon came in from different parts and settled in different places. The charter provided that every proprietor should build a house and settle a family in three years, and break up and plant three acres in four years, and a meeting-house should be built in four years, provided that there should be no Indian war in that time. The settlers, who were grantees, were Samuel Ingalls; William Healey of Hampton Falls; Dea. Ebenezer Dearborn of Hampton, who had five sons; Nathan Webster of Bradford, who had three sons; John Calf who lived in Chester; and Thomas Smith of Hampton.

The sons of grantees were John and Samuel Robinson, of Ichabod of Hampton Falls; Ephraim, Thomas, and John Haselton, sons of Richard of Bradford; Anthony and Francis Towle, sons of Caleb of Hampton, and Elisha, a grandson, settled in Raymond; and John Shackford, son of Samuel of Portsmouth; and Samuel Emerson, son of Jonathan of Haverhill. His name first appears on the records in 1731, when he was elected town clerk, and was reëlected every year until 1787, when he died. His son John succeeded him until 1817. He was a land-surveyor, and laid out the second part of the second division in 1736, and all subsequent divisions. He did all the surveying and wrote most of the deeds. He was a man of such judgment and integrity, and the people had such confidence in him that nearly all the minor controversies were referred to him without any legal formalities, and his decision was beyond appeal or review. His son, Nathaniel, was a prominent man in Candia. Among the early settlers were Enoch and Benaiah Colby; and Paul and Sylvanus Smith of Hampton; Ensign Jacob Sargent from Amesbury; Sampson Underhill from Salisbury; Cornet John Lane from Rye; Henry, Jonathan and Nathaniel Hall from Bradford; Thomas, Moses, Daniel, and Caleb Richardson; also, Benjamin Hill, who was the first representative elected, but not received; and Abel Morse, who was the first representative received, from Newbury: who were Congregationalists. Then of the Scotch-

Irish, who were Presbyterians; the grandfather, James Wilson, who died 1739, aged 100; the son, James, and his four sons, William, James, Robert and Hugh. They came from Ireland to Stratham, thence to Chester in 1728; Alexander Craige, William White, William Crawford, John Talford, William and Robert Graham, John Aiken and James Shirley. In 1728, the meeting-house was located at "Centre where four principal roads met," near the minister's lot. The dimensions were fifty by thirty-five feet, and each proprietor was to pay forty shillings. The house was not finished until several years afterwards, and in 1737 land was granted to Peter and Thomas Cochran, the builders. This house stood until 1773, when a new and noble house was erected, and since has been modernized.

In 1729, Mr. John Tuck, of Hampton, was called to be the minister with a salary of £120, which he declined. January 15, 1829, Rev. Moses Hale was called to be the minister with a salary of £120. He was ordained October 20, 1731. He was born at Newbury, 1702; graduated, Harvard, 1722. He built a house on the minister's lot, and purchased Gov. Wentworth's home lot, which was sold to his successor, Rev. Ebenezer Flagg. Mr. Hale soon became deranged, and was dismissed in 1735 and moved to Haverhill. June, 1735, Rev. Timothy White was called, but declined. June 23, 1736, Rev. Ebenezer Flagg was called, with a salary of 120 pounds, silver at 20 shillings per ounce. He was ordained September, 1736. He was born at Woburn, October 18, 1704; graduated, Harvard, 1725; died November 14, 1796; and was succeeded by Rev. Nathan Bradstreet, 1792.

The Presbyterians joined in building the meeting-house and paying Mr. Hale; but before he left they had hired the Rev. John Wilson, and afterwards built a meeting-house about a mile south of the other; and they protested against hiring or settling any other minister. They appealed to the governor and counsel by a document, in an excellent handwriting, and language, and noble sentiments; and the result was, an act was passed, 1740, incorporating two parishes. I have one of Mr. Wilson's manuscript sermons dated 1734. There was a small meeting house built at the Longmeadows, and about one third of the preaching was there. In 1793, the two were taken down and a new one built at the Longmeadows. Mr. Wilson died February 1, 1779, succeeded in stated supplies by a Mr. Clark, Mr. Amran, and others, and Mr. Colby, installed 1863.

I have before mentioned the first grant for a saw-mill to Samuel Ingalls and others, and a grist-mill to John Aiken. About 1734, John Calf moved to Chester, and in 1735, had a grant of land and privilege to build a fulling mill on the stream running into the pond, above the present mill-pond. There probably was none to the north of it, for a long time, and an extensive business was done. His son, Robert, succeeded him and built a saw-mill there. Samuel Shirley had built a corn-mill on the present site, and Calf's dam being cut away, he and his son-in-law, Joseph Blanchard, purchased Shirley's in 1777, and the privilege has been used for a grist-mill, saw-mill, clothing mill, and for other manufactures.

In 1739, land and privilege was granted to John McMurphy to build a grist-mill on Massabesic river, below the pond, reserving the right to build iron-works, should ore be found. The first inventory on record was, in 1741, returned to the secretary's office to make a proportion of province rates, on which are 150 names, 124 houses, 97 horses, 78 oxen. In 1767, there were males unmarried, from 16 to 60, 116, married 168, over 60, 24; females unmarried 295, married 153; slaves 9; widows 34; total 916. In 1744, a writ for the election of a representative was sent to Chester by the governor, and Benjamin Hill was elected, but was sent back, because the writ was not issued by the assembly. In 1748, Captain Abel Morse was re-received.

The committee of the society voted that when the next proprietor forfeited his lot, it should be appropriated to a school; January, 1721. In 1737, £30 were raised for a school; the master to be removed to different parts of the town. In 1740, it was voted that a school should be maintained through the year, partly by masters and partly by dames. In 1744, the town was divided and school-houses built probably then. It was voted in 1750, that Charming Fare (Candia) and Freetown (Raymond) should have their share of the school money. The town was required by law, having 100 families, to have a grammar school. The selectmen were once indicted for not having such a school.

It will be seen that Chester was a very large town, and now constitutes several towns. At the annual meeting, March, 1751, it was voted that "a tract at the south-west corner of the town, four miles long and five miles and three quarters wide, may be adjoined to a part of Londonderry, and the lands about Amoskeag may be set off as a separate parish." The land between Chester and the river called Harrytown had never been incorporated into any town.

Chester old line was about a mile from the city hall of Manchester. This was incorporated into a township, called Derryfield, September 3, 1751. The name was altered to Manchester, 1810.

At the annual meeting, March, 1762, "voted that a tract about four miles and a half long, and four miles wide, may be incorporated into a parish;" incorporated December 17, 1763; named Candia. At a meeting, January 22, 1763, it was voted "that the north parish or Freetown, shall be set of as a town or parish;" incorporated by the name of Raymond, May 9, 1764.

The inhabitants of that part of Chester, commonly called "Chester Woods," extending to Allenstown, suffering inconveniencies, the farthest having to travel seventeen miles to town meeting, preferred petition to be set off, and at the annual meeting March, 1822, the town passed a vote in favor, and July 2, this, with a part of Dunbarton, was incorporated by the name of Hooksett.

In 1845 the town was divided, and the west part, which had been called the Longmeadows, containing about two fifths of the territory, and inhabitants, was incorporated by the name of Auburn.

A CORRECTION.

The *Laconia Democrat* cites a New Hampshire member of the National Democratic Convention of 1852, which nominated Franklin Pierce, as authority for the statement that the New Hampshire delegation was not consulted by the Convention as to the nominee; that no balloting took place as described on page 96 of the current volume of this magazine; and that New Hampshire was represented at that convention by five delegates—one delegate failing to put in an appearance. The story has been so long uncontradicted, that it has been accepted as true. We design the GRANITE MONTHLY to be authority on historical topics, and hope reasonable care will be exercised by our contributors in substantiating their statements.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

XI.

Z——June —, 186—.

My dear friend: I have again left the Hague. I have been ill, seriously ill. I was attacked by a nervous fever, which for several days deprived me of all knowledge of the exterior world. My good landlady faithfully nursed me, and from her I learned in what condition I had been for nine days. At length I am better, and am going to travel, where, I do not yet know.

When I was capable of examining the papers, which had accumulated on my table during my days of confinement, I found the card of my uncle, the minister, who came in person to inquire for me. The worthy uncle had heard that I had become a millionaire. I also found a bundle of letters from Overberg and Van Beck, which I had not the courage to read; one, however, which had on the envelope the word *important*, was an exception. It announced the death of my great-uncle, Von Zwenken, and invited me to be present at the funeral. It was three weeks since this letter came! What had become of Frances?

Doubtless she continued to be disaffected toward me. She knew nothing of my sickness, since she invited me to her grandfather's funeral. What could she think of my silence? What trouble must she have had from the lawyers! I was wishing to ask my doctor for leave to depart immediately for Z—, when I heard some one coming up the stairs towards my room, putting my landlady aside, that staid guardian of my quiet, and I saw enter my room, without any ceremony—you could not guess who in a thousand times—Rolfe himself, the captain whom I had ended by loving almost as much as I detested him in the beginning.

"My general is dead," said he, with tears in his eyes; "he died in my arms; Frances was not there."

"Still, she is not ill?" I interrupted roughly.

"Not at all, she is wonderfully well; but besides—she has sent me away."

"What do mean?"

"Oh! it is not at all from badness. It is because she does not intend to remain at the castle. She is temporarily at the farmer's, and is not willing to tell where she intends to go."

"But tell me then what has happened?"

"Oh, yes; the general did not dare to write against her will to Mr. Overberg in the manner you wished. He left the matter in doubt. As no letter was received from you, these ink-slingers lost patience, and Mr. Overberg, driven on, as I think, by that other chap at Utrecht, wrote a letter to Miss Mordaunt to ask if she was engaged to you—yes or no. You can guess her reply, curt and dry, but without a word of blame to you. I know that she greatly reproached herself; that happened from the very day you left."

"After receiving my package?"

"She has received nothing from you."

"That is very surprising."

"No, not at all surprising. Everything went to the devil with us after you left. But I see some sherry here; can I help myself?"

"Certainly, Captain."

"Yes, when you left, she fell in a dead faint. That had never happened to her in all her life. I was almost ashamed for her. But she loved you so much, as she confessed to me, crying, when she had regained her consciousness; and when we thought that she was resting in her room, she ran secretly to the farm, had Tancred saddled, and set off at a

fearful speed. We dined without her, but we had but very little appetite. It was much worse in the evening, when the farmer's son came to tell us that Tancred had come back alone, covered with foam and saddleless."

"An accident," I exclaimed, beside myself.

"Oh! nothing but a sprained foot, and we found her under the old oak on the moss, near the castle. She had dragged herself along to there, and was resting a little. She begged us to let her die, and charged us not to tell you."

"She loves me still!" said I, transported.

"That is only too true. We learned that she had started in full galop towards the city; then, that, as she drew near, she wished to change her direction, and returned by the woods of the castle; but it seems that she must have over-ridden Tancred, or else that she had crossed the reins. It is certain that he began to cut capers; he reared and threw his rider. We carried our young lady to the sofa in the saloon; the surgeon declared that there was nothing dangerous, but that she must at least remain quiet for some days."

"And you did not write me anything about it?"

"Hem! you were gone—indeed I wanted to write to you and she also, and she did send you a letter."

"Which I have not received."

"No, for the farmer's son was to give it to you yourself at Z—; but when he reached there he was told that you had gone. He brought back the letter, which she tore up, saying, 'I did not deserve anything better.'"

"Oh! if I had been able to foresee that," said I to myself. "But, my dear captain, I was suffering cruelly. I was ill, more so than I believed; but still, how does it happen that what I sent was not delivered to her?"

"What would you have? Everything was topsy-turvy. The General always had the letters and packages brought to him, and he scolded so when he saw them coming in those last days that Fritz did not dare to give them to him. Miss Frances was hardly better, when those cursed business men began to send documents to the General. She was obliged to meet this brood entirely alone, for my poor General was the victim of a second attack. These people were the cause of his death."

The Captain forgot to add, what I afterwards learned, that he himself had hastened the baron's death by giving him old cognac, on the pretext of giving him strength.

"When he had closed his eyes," he continued, "the notary of Arnheim, who had the custody of the General's will, and Mr. Overberg, advised Frances to make an amicable arrangement with you; but she would not listen to them. You understand; it is in your name that they carried on their legal proceedings against the general."

"And while I was confined to my bed, ignorant of the whole matter!"

"These pharisees knew that very well, but they had your written authority, and Frances said: 'That is the force he threatens me with! And he imagines that I shall yield! Never!' We could see that she was pale, but firm, when all those grimalkins came to the castle to take the inventory. After that, it was my turn. 'My noble Rolfe,' she said to me, that is the way she knows how to take me, 'My good Rolfe, tell me frankly, have you not sacrificed the greater part of your inheritance to my grand-father?' 'But no, but no, Maj—Miss, we have together consumed a small sum, which we drew as a prize in a lottery. The general wanted to try and see if with his part he could not do still better, but as for me, I preferred to use mine in giving us both a good time.' 'Then you have not inherited?' 'Pardon me, I have inherited a nice little farm in North Brabant, and to which I have always had the idea of retiring some day. I could live there very genteelly; I have also my pension in addition. Living is cheap in that country, and in want of a castle, Miss would find a very good room there.' 'Thanks, many thanks, my good captain. It is enough for me to know that you can

live without anxiety; we must part, my noble Rolfe.' 'And where are you going?' 'That I cannot tell you, but you cannot follow me.' In this way we separated. In passing through the Hague, I learned that you were ill; and that made me think that you were ignorant of everything."

"Do you know what you must do, Rolfe? Go back in an hour to Werve. I shall give you a letter which will stop all legal proceedings. To-morrow, or the day after, I will join you. Take care to find my package."

"Without doubt it is at Mr. Overberg's, with all the papers found at the General's."

"Let me know where Frances is now living, make her return to Werve, but do not tell her that she will see me there."

At that moment my landlady brought me a telegram from Overberg in these words: "Your immediate presence indispensable; no arrangements possible; F. M. has left the castle."

I hesitated no longer. Without waiting for the doctor's permission, I hastily made my preparations. I was so stimulated by all this news that I had recovered all my strength.

At my hotel at Z, I was greatly surprised to find a letter from Rudolf, who was still travelling with his company in the provinces of Guelders, and Overyssel. "If you want to prevent Frances," he said, "from committing the greatest folly of her life, be sure and come and meet me to-morrow at the hotel of Halfway, between Z and L.' I confidently promised myself not to fail of being at the rendezvous. The same evening I went to Overberg's house, and he confirmed what I already knew, and explained to me what was still obscure. It was really Van Beck who had wished matters to be pushed to extremes, and I had no difficulty in securing all needed delay. He told me, moreover, one thing of which I was ignorant. Another notary had sent a copy of a codicil drawn by Aunt Sophia's orders, the very evening of the night she died, and by which Miss Roselaer left to her grand-niece, Frances Mordaunt, an annual income of three thousand florins, in the event that her marriage with Mr. de Zonshoven did not take place, and I was directed to pay this to her on condition of her not marrying, except with my approval. How foreseeing Aunt Sophia always was! I directed Overburg to communicate the fact to Frances. She would find the letter announcing it at the castle. She would also find there my package, which I very soon recognized among the General's papers. Overburg recognizing my handwriting, had wished to send it back to her, but Frances had already left Werve. I repeated my directions and left so to reach the place at the hour indicated.

"The gentleman and lady are above," said the inn-keeper.

I hastened to go up stairs, and discovered Rudolf and Frances almost concealed behind the balustrade of a platform which was used for the orchestra in the large hall. Frances stood with her back towards me. I wished to let them know of my presence, but words failed me. I approached trembling. Rudolf was saying to Frances:

"Nonsense, my dear! You do not know the life you wish to lead. Liberty, independence? you say; but it is slavery, the whip included. Do you think that among us the lash is only used on the horses? Do you believe that women are gallantly treated, because in the presence of the public they are aided in mounting their horses? Mrs. Stonehorse herself is not spared by her gracious husband. And you would come with us, sensitive and proud as you are!"

"What can be done?" answered Frances. "I know how to govern a horse, but I could not be a governess of children any more than I could earn my living by embroidering or sewing. I do not wish to kill myself, I have duties which compel me to live, and this is the only resource left to me."

"But, foolish that you are, why don't you reconcile yourself with your cousin de Zonshoven? You would recover all at one stroke, your castle, a fine for-

tune, and a man who loves you, I will answer for it."

"Yes, and a man of rare loyalty," she replied hoarsely.

"Bah, pardon his pecadillo. It was for your good that he has lied the least bit to you. He also has something to pardon in you, you have confessed that to me. Tell him you regret what you said, and you will embrace and all will be over."

"Impossible, I tell you it is too late."

"Why too late, Frances? I exclaimed, not being able to sustain myself any longer.

"Leopold!" she said, growing pale and covering her face with her hands.

"Frances," I began slowly, "you have always been my betrothed. Do you know that I have just risen from a sick-bed, and that I am not at all responsible for the sorrows that have been inflicted on you these last days? And have you nothing to reproach yourself for, in not wishing to hear any explanation? All may yet be repaired, Frances; do not take away from me this last hope."

"Be repaired, after you have threatened me with force, and have executed your threat! How would you like to have me marry you to-day, me, who was so happy to accept you for my husband in perfect liberty, in complete esteem for your character, and who must now accept you by necessity?"

"If you thus understand our relative positions, Frances, you are right. I can no longer be anything but hateful to you, and—I release you from your promise."

"Thanks, but I had already taken steps so as not to need your generosity. I shall wander over the world. I have taken a step which separates me from all my past. I have made an agreement with Mr. Stonehorse, who is coming here, and to whom Rudolf is going to introduce me."

"Oh! if you are waiting for Mr. Stonehorse this morning, you will wait a long time," Rudolf said coolly. "Do you think me fool enough, Frances, to lend my hand to such a whim?"

"Then you have not given my letter to your manager?"

"I have done better, I warned cousin Leopold that you were going to commit an irreparable folly."

"Ah! is this the way you treat me? Well I shall not trouble myself about any one, I am going myself to find Mr. Stonehorse. I am free and —"

"You will do nothing," I said to her authoritatively, seeing her arise to go away. "The General is dead, Rudolf is civilly dead, so that I am your nearest relative before the law, and I will not allow you in the flower of your age to throw yourself into one of those abysses from which there is no escape."

"But once more, what can I do?" said she with despair, but still with some accent of submission.

"Simply return to Werve where you will find a friend who has made all the preparations to receive you."

"A friend?" she asked astonished.

"Yes, Rolfe, who remains there until he has new orders. And do not fear being troubled by my presence. I am going away for a long journey."

This declaration seemed to make a great impression on her, and she said to me in a tone which betrayed something else than anger or ill-will; "Truly are you going to travel, Leopold? Well, I—I will remain at Werve. Adieu!"

She fled hastily, shutting the door behind her. We soon heard her horse pawing the ground as he was led up to the door. "Ought I not to follow her to the castle?" said Rudolf.

"No, this distrust would offend her."

"But she is so rash on horseback! She has very recently been the victim of an accident."

"True, I did not think of that. In heaven's name, follow her; but if you should be recognized?"

"No fear of that. I am too well disguised; just as you see me. I have been back more than once to Werve during my father's last illness. I was able to take his hand and he gave me this ring with his coat of arms on it. As a matter of prudence I do not wear it on my finger, but fastened to a cord over my heart—and Frances herself permitted me to be there, she even

sought me in the time of her trouble. When the fair at L— is over, we shall leave this country and I shall never step foot on it again," he added, as he was mounting his horse, and as he clasped my hand for the last time.

We were not at the end of our surprises. On my return to Z—, I found Overburg waiting for me at the hotel. He had just received from England a package addressed to Frances, which Fritz was not willing to take, but which he did not know how to forward to the person for whom it was designed. I assured him that Miss Mordaunt had returned to the castle, and I myself forwarded the package by a special messenger. I was anxious to know what it contained, and I was despairing of finding any proper means of satisfying my curiosity, when, early the following morning, I saw old Fritz arrive with a note from his mistress which he was directed to give to no one but me. I tore open the envelope with a trembling hand and read:

"My cousin, it is absolutely necessary that I should see you before you go away. You have assured me that you will never refuse your kind aid to a woman who claims the privileges of her sex. May I hope that you will not refuse to come once more to Werve to have a last interview with me? Instead of writing to you, I should have preferred to come and find you myself; but I am afraid of scandalizing you. Let me know by Fritz the day and hour. F. M."

My reply was to start immediately with the faithful servant. Wavering between a thousand fears and a thousand hopes, I felt as if the whole world was turning around me when I crossed the old bridge which led through the garden to the principal entrance. Rolfe was waiting for us on the steps and led me, without saying a word, into the large saloon.

Frances was seated on the sofa I knew so well, absorbed in thought, paler than the day before, but wonderfully beautiful in her mourning dress. She rose promptly and came toward me.

"Thank you, Leopold, for coming so soon; I knew that you would come, I counted on your generosity."

"And— am I still contemptible in your eyes, Frances? You have received my package and read Aunt Sophia's letter?"

"I have received all and read all. I did not need so much to see that I was to blame. Now I am willing to confess before all that I have done you a wrong. Do you pardon me without any reservation?"

"Do you need to ask, Frances? But on your side you will never suspect me again, will you?"

She remained silent for a moment, and then answered in a low voice: "No, never, never again!"

I wanted to press her to my breast, but there was still some constraint, some embarrassment about her which restrained me.

"Sit down, Leopold," she said. "Now that we are reconciled, I want to ask your advice, as my nearest relative." At the same time she unfolded before me the package she had received from England.

"Lord William is dead," she continued: "please read this letter to me, which was found appended to his will."

I had great difficulty, in my trouble, in understanding what I read; nevertheless, I managed to make it out. This letter was a short and serious farewell, and expressed only sentiments of paternal love. Nevertheless, between the lines I read, that he was obliged to struggle with himself to restore calmness to his heart. Evidently, Lord William had carried away a painful impression. He closed with ardent wishes for the happiness of his young friend, expressing his hope that she would some day find a husband worthy of her, and begging her to receive as a wedding gift the legacy which he had left in his will—"in order," he said, "that no material consideration may force her to make any other choice than that of her heart." The name of Lord William's family was a name illustrious in science and in politics.

A letter from his nephew, heir of his

title and of his immense fortune, followed, in which Frances was assured of the disposition of the latter to scrupulously carry out the will of the deceased. Frances found herself endowed with an annual income for her life of five thousand pounds sterling.

"Ought I to accept, Leopold?" she asked me.

"In my opinion, you cannot refuse, Frances, you have always passionately wished for independence, and it is a friendly hand which offers it to you."

"You are right, Leopold, I accept. Now my pride is no longer obliged to struggle with my heart. If I choose a husband, I cannot any longer be suspected of having yielded to necessity or cupidity. And shall I by this be rich enough to buy back Werve?"

"Werve belongs to one who will not part with it at any price. If you lay any stress on becoming the Baroness Werve, you must make another resolution."

"Leopold," she said, rising, "you say that independence has always been my most ardent wish. That is possible, but now I understand that my greatest happiness will be to depend on the man I love. Leopold, Aunt Roselear has left me an annuity, which I do not accept, that is understood; but her intentions towards me were kind, and I wish to follow the advice of my old relative. She has directed me not to marry without your consent. Well!"

Then, with an indefinable mixture of grace, confusion and malice, she kneeled before me and said: "Leopold, I would like to marry my cousin de Zonshoven; have you any objections?"

Good heavens! Objections! With what happiness I raised her up and opened my arms to her, into which she threw herself with tears. I also wept, we loved each other so much and we had suffered so much for each other!

What can I tell you more? We went to see, one after the other, those dear places which played so important a part in our recollections. We made all sorts of plans for the future. We wrote to Van Beck a fine letter in solemn phrases, to let him know that there was nothing more for him to do, but to present their little accounts. Frances's mourning served as a pretext for our being married quietly. One of my friends, a clergyman of a little city near by, gave us the wedding benediction. Little Harry Blount is now entrusted to our farmers, his mother is almost entirely cured and will soon join him. We are going on a journey together, which I had planned for myself alone. Frances and I have both learned a great deal during these weeks of rude experience, and we are fully determined not to destroy the treasure of happiness which we have conquered. During our absence, Werve will be restored. Rolfe is appointed *ad interim* commandant of the fortress and will answer for us. I will keep you informed of our impressions of travel. LEOPOLD DE ZONSHOVEN.

As these impressions of travel could have only a moderate interest for our readers, we content ourselves with the following extract from a letter dated at Geneva, and added by Frances to one of her husband's letters to his friend at Batavia.

I never ought to pardon Leopold for having told a friend all the grand deeds of "Major Frank," without sparing the smallest detail. Still, I see that in his delicate position he needed to pour out his heart, especially into that of a friend beyond the sea. That is why I have given him plenary absolution. But don't, I beg you, insert his confidences in the *Java Bodel*. It is not that Frances de Zonshoven now takes under her protection the undisciplined person called Major Frank. Oh! no. She would much prefer that he had never existed, but there are family secrets, which I commend to your discretion.

Do not wait to complete your years of service in the Indies, before you visit Werve. The glass has been all set, and there is room enough to receive a friend even if he should come with a whole family.

FRANCES DE ZONSHOVEN.

THE END.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

BY REV. S. C. BARTLETT, D. D. LL. D,

Dartmouth College had, in its earlier years, a somewhat remarkable and even romantic history. Its founder, Eleazer Wheelock, was no ordinary man. He was an eminent preacher, a man of broad plans, of high enthusiasm, of indefatigable toil, and of great executive ability. Every one of these qualities was put to the severest test in his arduous enterprise. His original conception of an Indian school exhibited well the wisdom of his judgment, which anticipated the results of the latest experience. For his plan was to train Indian youth of both sexes, so separated from all their savage environments as to mould them fully into the habits of Christian civilization, and send them back to their own country, in company with English young men also educated by him as missionaries, that their united efforts might raise the savage tribes "to the same habits of life." There has been little advance upon the wisdom of the plan.

When the Indian school expanded into a college, and caused its transfer to another locality, the labor and care thrown upon him were enormous; an extended and incessant correspondence at home and abroad, the necessity of devising ways and means for every separate part of the enterprise, material and literary, an exhausting attention to all the minutiæ of business, the struggle of a settlement in an unbroken forest, remote from supplies, and at times the oppression of debt.

From Lebanon, Connecticut, in August, 1770, he pushed his way to Hanover, to make ready. In a short time he was followed by a part of his family, who with difficulty made their way over the wretched roads in "a coach," the gift of a London friend, and by two pupils who came on foot. This company entered a dense pine forest, containing "two or three log huts," and no house on that side of the river within two miles. They felled six acres of forest, and the fallen trees "in all directions covered the ground to about the height of five feet." One of those trees, says Dr. David McClure, who avers that he measured it, reached the almost incredible length of "two hundred and seventy feet, from the butt to the top;" and "the sun was invisible by reason of the trees, till it had risen many degrees above the horizon." Many of the company at first "slept on the ground with boughs of trees for beds, sheltered by a few boards raised over them on poles." Here at once began the labor of clearing the ground, of erecting buildings, of digging wells (the first attempt unsuccessful), and even of erecting a saw-mill and a grist-mill. These mills failed to serve any valuable purpose, and "he was obliged to send a great distance into Massachusetts and Connecticut for necessary provisions." The process was often attended with unavoidable delays, "the supplies were scanty, and they submitted to coarse fare." Dr. Wheelock sometimes conducted morning and evening prayers in the open air. He was cheered in the first hard winter by a religious revival. The snow that lay "four feet deep" did not chill out the warmth of poetic fire. We have an interesting record of that early time in a considerable poem written by Levi Frisbie, then a senior in college, preparing for the missionary work. The following is an extract:

"For now the king of day, at distance far,
In southern signs drove his refulgent car,
On northern climates beamed a shorter day,
And shot obliquely his diminished ray.
Grim winter, frowning from the glistening bear,
Unbarred his magazines of nitrous air,
And, clad in icy mail, of rigid form,
Menac'd dark, dismal days of dreadful storm.
Forlorn thus youthful Dartmouth trembling stood,
Surrounded with inhospitable wood;
No silken furs on her soft limbs to spread,
No dome to screen her fair, defenceless head,
On every side she cast her wishful eyes,
Then humbly raised them to the pitying skies.
Thence grace divine beheld her tender care,
And bowed her ear propitious to the prayer.
Soon changed the scene; the prospect shone more fair;
Joy lights all faces with a cheerful air;
The buildings rise, the work appears alive,
Pale fear expires, and languid hopes revive,
Grim winter's surly blasts forbear to blow,
And heaven locked up her magazines of snow."

The poem, which could not have been written later than the September following this "grim winter," concludes thus:

"Thus Dartmouth, happy in her sylvan seat,
Drinks the pure pleasures of her fair retreat.
Her songs of praise in notes melodious rise
Like clouds of incense to the listening skies;
Her God protects her with paternal care
From ills destructive, and each fatal snare;
And may He still protect, and she adore
Till heaven, and earth, and time, shall be no more."

The èclat attending Dr. Wheelock's Indian school, both at home and in England, where George III had been a donor of two hundred pounds, created a very considerable competition concerning its location, when removed from Connecticut. Among the competing places were Albany, New York; Pittsfield and Stockbridge, Massachusetts; Hebron and Norwich, Connecticut, and many others. Hanover was chosen for several reasons, among which appear to have been the feasibility of securing large tracts of land; its proximity to the Indian tribes; the desirableness of furnishing ministers to the new settlement in the Connecticut valley, to which Hanover was regarded as somewhat "central," and "most convenient for transportation up and down the river." Perhaps quite as influential as any other reason was the powerful aid and influence of John Wentworth, royal governor of New Hampshire. The first commencement was attended by the governor. At the second commencement, also, he was accompanied (or expected to be) by the Speaker and several members of the assembly, his secretary, the high sheriff of Hillsboro' county, the collector of Salem, Rev. Dr. Langdon, and various other prominent persons.

The war of the revolution made havoc not only with Wheelock's plans for the Indian tribes, but with the financial condition of the college. By a wise foresight, when the charter was procured from the king, it had been made the charter, not of an Indian

school alone, but of a college; and as a college, it has done its great work. Its founder died, worn out with cares and labors, within nine years of its establishment, but he had made it a power in the land. For the first thirty years more than three quarters of its students came from outside New Hampshire. They were from the whole valley of the Connecticut, from Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, New York. Not less than nine or ten younger colleges have since been established within the region from which Dartmouth then drew its students.

It would take a small volume rather than a magazine article to trace out the various sources of interest connected with the college from its romantic origin to the present time, or to do justice to its remarkable work.

According to the Quinquennial Catalogue just issued, the whole number of graduates of the college (without reckoning the associated schools) is 4275, of whom 2140 are living.

These men have come from all parts of the country and have done their work in nearly all parts of the world, and in every form of useful activity. While some nine hundred of them as ministers have preached the gospel at home, a goodly number, among them Goodell, Poor, and Temple have carried it abroad, to Africa, China, Japan, Turkey, India, Syria, Persia, the islands of the ocean, and the Indians of North America. They have aided in translating the Bible into the Armeno-Turkish, the Hawaiian and the Japanese languages. Six of them have been members of the Cabinet of the United States, six have represented the government at foreign courts, and a goodly number have been foreign consuls. Two of them have sat on the supreme bench of the United States—one as chief justice—and many others (26) have been its district judges and district attorneys. The college has graduated forty-seven judges of state supreme courts (including twenty chief-justices), more than sixty judges of superior, county, and common pleas courts, besides a great number of probate and police judges, one major-general of the United States army, a superintendent of West Point, thirteen brigadier generals, thirteen colonels, thirteen lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, two adjutants, thirty-three captains, and numerous other commissioned officers (lieutenants, surgeons, chaplains) of U. S. Volunteers. Thirty-two have been presidents, and a hundred and eighty professors, of colleges and professional schools; twenty-three have been governors of states and territories, at least sixty-five representatives and sixteen senators in Congress, thirty-one speakers of state legislatures, and eighteen presidents of state senates.

The graduates of the college have been greatly distinguished in the legal profession, and perhaps even more so in educational work. The late Dr. T. H. Taylor declared that in the latter respect the record of Dartmouth was, in proportion to her numbers, superior to that of any other college in the country. Her teachers and superintendents have been dispersed through the land, and one of her graduates is now at the head of the Bureau of Education, while the two oldest and best fitting-schools of New England (Andover and Exeter) are in charge of Dartmouth men.

The indebtedness of New Hampshire to its one ancient College has never been half told nor understood. About 1900 *natives of the state* have graduated at the college, besides a great number who pursued part of the course of study. Far the greater part of them have been young men of moderate and even straitened circumstances, and probably a majority have been farmer's sons. They have come from 195 towns, which contain thirteen fourteenths of the population of the state, and have been trained for spheres of usefulness, often very eminent. Meanwhile the college has furnished teachers for the academies and high schools and for the district schools through every corner of the state for a hundred years. A great multitude of young persons, who never saw the

inside of the college, have been taught, as was Horace Greeley and Zachariah Chandler, by Dartmouth students. Who has not felt their stimulating influence in the school, and the pulpit, at the bar, and on the bench, in the medical profession, and through the press? We can trace more than two hundred and twenty of them as New Hampshire pastors (without reckoning many evangelists) of all the several Protestant denominations, and over three hundred and thirty teachers of academies and high schools.

Probably more than four thousand winter schools have been taught by them. During fifty years past the college has furnished the state eighteen judges of the supreme court, and eleven of the court of common pleas, and nine governors. The governor-elect and five of the seven present judges of the supreme court are of the number.

But the men of distinction are not, after all, the chief glory of the institution. The highest work of the college consists in its having trained a great host of men of nobly balanced characters and clear-cut intellects for quiet, steady, powerful usefulness in every department of life and labor—in this state, in the country, in the world. But it should never be forgotten that its chief benefits, direct and indirect, have been conferred upon the rural population of New Hampshire. It has taken a great company of farmer's sons, like the Chases and the Websters, and other poor boys, and while raising them to power and eminence, has meanwhile sent them forth into the academies and district schools in every portion of the state to teach the boys that could not go to college, and give them, too, the teaching of the ablest men the country has produced. For more than a century Dartmouth College has thus been the Normal School of New Hampshire; and no region in the world, probably, can point to a more remarkable set of schoolmasters than she has thus furnished to the population. Would it not be a wise and proper thing for the state to acknowledge and reciprocate?

In this hurried sketch there has not been room to say anything of the brilliant history of the Dartmouth Medical School, with its 1389 graduates, who have not only filled the state with the beneficent fruits of their careful training, but have honored their noble profession everywhere; of the excellent record of the Chandler Scientific School, founded for "instruction in the practical and useful arts of life," with its requisites, its aim and its sphere all so carefully defined by the will of its founder, to do a most useful work, as to hold it unalterably to its specific function; of the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, admirably devised by perhaps the ablest superintendent that West Point has had, of which the graduates, though few in number hitherto, are making an enviable mark; nor of the Agricultural College adjacent, with its excellent course of purely English education. They are all doing their work well.

REMINISCENCES.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

Some doubtless wonder that we find
In scenes so rustic, unrefined,
A theme on which to hang a rhyme,
But they forget the sweet spring-time,
When youth was grasping every joy
That nature offers to the boy—
The secrets of each rock and tree,
In tangled wood or pasture free—
In pools where sunny waters sleep,
Or rapids, where they sparkling leap,
And haunts, and holes, and roosts of game,
That to our traps and meshes came,
And sure we'll find, no color fades,
Though seen through lenses of decades,
Far in the mind where fairy halls
Have all these pictures on the walls.

Then up the steep and sunny road,
Where sturdy yeoman plies the goad,
As heavy laden from the mill
The laboring team moves up the hill,
We wander on, the same old way
On which as boys we used to play.

Ah me ! the bank so high of yore,
Has caved and flattened more and more ;
The swallow's holes must ere remain
The tenants of the air or brain ;
With what delight we thrust our hands
Into the sunny, yielding sands—
Wherein we found delightful seat—
And piled them on our russet feet,
Or filled our hats and bore away,
To build redoubts across the way ;
While angry swallows in the air
Regard our movements in despair,
Unmindful of the legend old
By rural dames so often told,
"That bloody milk the pail would fill,
If wicked lads the swallows kill,"
Forsooth, they led a charmed life,
In midst of all our ruthless strife,
And when the kine came home at night,
We felt assured their milk was right.

That winged monster, scythe in hand,
That in our primer* used to stand,
Significant to one and all,
That "Time cuts down both great and small,"
Has wander'd from that ancient page,
That so impressed our tender age,
With Adam's fall—and Eve, and apple—
A problem hard e'en then to grapple;
We see his footsteps all around
On what to us seems hallowed ground,
In orchard, pasture, grove and dell,
On grassy bank and brook and fell;
With conscious power and steady hand
He fills his hour-glass from our sand,
And sits astride the roof-tree gray
Serenely viewing the decay
And change—while shadows fall
On broken gate and ruin'd wall.

* * * * * * * *

The restless "Sugar" in its rocky bed
Fills all the air of night with plaints and woes,
Like inconsiderate childhood captive led
From sports and pastimes to the night's repose.

While on the hamlet old, the night comes down,
And hush'd is anvil, lathe, and clack of mill,
And birds are silent in the "thickets brown,"
And swallows in the sandbank on the hill.

Would that the gloom that deepens all around,
Might shadow forth forms long among the dead,
That cross'd that threshold erst, and gather'd round
The cheerful hearth-stone, whence they all have fled.

How would we linger near each friendly ghost,
Till chanticleer should hail the break of day,
Signal to vanish from this mortal coast
To Islands of the Blessed far away.

* The New England Primer.

AN OLD ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN, LL. D.

The earliest histories of Britain were all fabulous and mendacious. The mythology of the island taxes the credulity of readers more than that of Greece; and strange to say, these lying legends were believed down to the fifteenth century; by some antiquaries, till the seventeenth century. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who died A. D., 1154, translated and transmitted this incredible history from an earlier celtic author. His Historia Britonum purports to be a translation of an old celtic chronicle, brought over from Brittany, in France, by Walter, the archdeacon of Oxford, in nine books. It relates to the legendary story of the old British kings, from Brutus, the great grandson of Æneas to the death of Cadwallader, A. D., 688. Æneas is supposed to have settled in Italy near the close of the twelfth century, B. C. The year 1184, B. C., is commonly adopted as the date of the fall of Troy. Homer's Iliad has furnished heroes for the conquest and settlement of nearly half the civilized world. England had a descendant of Æneas for its first king, and a regular line of his successors is chronicled for fifteen hundred years. Not one of them ever had a being. They are all the creations of some old celtic bard, who died "and made no sign." The literature that clusters about these imaginary kings, would make a respectable library. Brutus, or Brute as he is commonly called, was the subject of story and of song, as well as history, through all the dark ages. A translation of this old celtic manuscript was made, from the Latin version of Geoffrey of Monmouth, by Aaron Thompson of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1718. The editor, at that late date, deems an apology necessary for his belief in these fabulous narratives. He says in the preface: "I am not unsensible that I expose myself to the censure of some persons, by publishing this translation of a book which they think had better been suppressed and buried in oblivion, as being at present generally exploded, for a groundless and fabulous story, such as our modern historians think not worthy of relating, or, at least, mention with contempt. * * * *

"I had indeed, before I perused the work, read the principal authors both for and against this history, the effect of which, upon my own judgment, as to the swaying it to the one side more than the other, was but very small; and I must confess that I find the most learned antiquaries, the most modest in their opinions concerning it; and that it seems to me to be a piece of great rashness, to judge peremptorily upon a matter, whereof, at this great distance of time, there are no competent witnesses on either side."

So learned men reasoned in the eighteenth century. The inventions of the old bard so fascinated them that they could not denounce him as a liar. The translator, also, supports his theory of the authenticity of the work by considerations like these: 1. The work, when first turned into Latin from the Celtic, was received with universal approbation by learned men.

2. It met with but with one opponent down to the seventeenth century. It was quoted by King Edward I in a controversy before Pope Boniface, eighth.

3. We see in the history, traces of venerable antiquity.

4. The history of Brute and the descent of the Britons from the Trojan war allowed and quoted by subsequent historians to the fifteenth century.

5. Leland, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, and a host of other scholars supported the story of Brute.

The Celtic manuscript, from which Geoffrey translated, is said to be still in

existence. It appears, therefore, that Geoffrey did not intend to deceive, but to give a new version of an old story. We know nothing of "the tales of Troy divine," except what Homer gives, who lived three hundred years after the Trojan war. Ten years are now sufficient to plant mistakes in the simplest narrative of facts. One hundred years, much more, three hundred sows authentic history with falsehoods. The question is often asked who commanded the American troops on Bunker Hill? Prescott, Stark and Putnam all have their advocates. If we ask who furnished the men? Most critics, like Sir Thomas Brown, when asked what song the sirens sang, "would hazzard a wide conjecture." When we remember that many erudite men deny the existence of Troy and make Homer himself a myth, the tale that the Trojans settled the remote island of Britain, then the "Ultima Thule" of the world, has not the shadow of a foundation to stand upon. Julius Caesar, who invaded the island 55 B. C., that very Caesar in whose honor Virgil wrote the Æneid, to trace that hero to a divine origin, had no knowledge of his relationship to the Celts, whom he ruthlessly slaughtered. The Romans, in their subsequent conquests, do not allude to it. Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, never mentions it, yet the line of kings is as definitely recorded for fifteen hundred years, as those of the Plantagenets in English history. King Leir or Lear was one of those kings. He lived about the time of Solomon. His history is pathetically told by the old bard, and melts all hearts.

When King Lear finds himself deceived and degraded by his two eldest daughters, he cried out: "O inevasible decrees of the fates, that never swerve from your stated course! Why did you ever advance me to an unstable felicity, since the punishment of lost happiness is greater than the sense of present misery? The remembrance of the time when vast numbers of men obsequiously attended me in the taking of the cities, and wasting the enemy's countries, more deeply pierces my heart than the view of my present calamity, which has exposed me to the derision of those who were formerly prostrate at my feet." Thus through many pages the aged king bewails his misfortunes till his mind broke down and he went mad. An old English ballad repeats the touching story. Two stanzas read thus:

"And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords;
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banished so,
Grew frantic mad; for, in his mind,
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks
With age and honor spread
To hills, and woods, and watery founts
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things
Did seem to sigh and groan."

The whole ballad is as simple, sweet and touching as anything ever said or sung, except Shakespeare's Lear. This is one of the grandest of Shakespeare's tragedies. He took up the tale where the ballad left it. The ballad sung it precisely as Geoffrey of Monmouth translated it from an unknown Celtic poet. Now this simple, artless story, invented in a by-gone age by a forgotton singer, and uttered by a vanished voice, ends in a royal octavo volume of five hundred pages, by Rev. Horace Howard Furness, on King Lear; "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth!"

The story has no reality; the history from which it was taken has no reality, yet the fiction lives on and grows by what it feeds on. The thoughts of men, though fables, outlive their works. Monuments, temples and palaces crumble into dust; but the net-work of fancy which had neither geography nor chronology, becomes immortal. The old Celtic manuscript, which Geoffrey rendered into Latin by the title of Historia Britonum has been recited with the apparent sincerity and honesty of a real history, lives among the best thoughts of the greatest men that ever lived. Dr. Furness, after Shakespeare, closes the long procession.

AN INVITATION.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

"It is said the Penacook Indians used to predict the weather from the movements of the morning fog, which usually passed off in a direction toward the sea, or toward the mountains. If, said they, the fog goes a fishing, we shall have fair weather; but if it goes a hunting, look for a storm."

Come forth from your chamber, come, sister, with me,
The green woods are waving a welcome to thee,
Leave your books, and your labor, and dark pictured walls;
Let us look at the landscapes in Nature's broad halls,
The sky will be fair and the fields will be gay
For the Queen of the Mist goes a fishing to-day.

I looked from my window, at breaking of morn,
And white o'er the valley her curtains were drawn;
But soon from the hill-top the sun sent a ray
And lifted one fold which a breeze bore away,
Then slowly up-rising, all buoyant and white,
Around her she gathered her draperies light.

And over the river, poised on one light toe,
She staid as if thinking which way she would go;
Then, with robes trailing lightly o'er hill-top and tree,
On slow wing she floated out over the sea;
And the storm clouds around us no longer will stay
Since the Queen of the Mist goes a fishing to-day.

Then come from your chamber, come, sister, with me,
While the glad birds are singing from each shrub and tree;
The green fields are smiling—the Summer woods too—
And the great book of nature lies open to view.
Beneath a fair sky we may fearlessly stray
For the Queen of the Mist goes a fishing to-day.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS COGSWELL

Was born in Atkinson, December 21, 1800; graduated at Dartmouth College, class of 1822; studied law, and commenced to practice in Strafford county. In 1842 he removed to Andover, Massachusetts, and engaged in manufacturing. Subsequently he became cashier of a bank, and later, a director of the Boston & Maine railroad. He was elected president of that railroad in 1856, and for twelve years he administered the affairs of the road to the satisfaction of the directors and the stockholders. Mr. Cogswell's interest in New Hampshire was maintained through life. He was a trustee of the Gilmanton and of the Atkinson academies, an overseer of Harvard College, and a warden of Christ Church,

Andover. Mr. Cogswell was a man of great financial ability, sound judgment, unquestioned integrity, and excellent social qualities. He was deeply interested in local history and genealogy. He* died February 11, 1880, leaving four children to mourn his loss.

COL. COLBEE CHAMBERLIN BENTON,

Son of William Benton, formerly of Tolland, Connecticut, was born in Langdon, January 23, 1805. At an early age his parents removed to Lebanon, where the greater part of his long and well-rounded life was passed. At the early age of twenty years, Col. Benton engaged in mercantile business for himself, with a capital of $147.50, the accumulation of his boyhood. Thrift and foresight were attended by prosperity, and in the prime of manhood he retired from active business with a competency, and devoted the remainder of his life to his favorite studies, congenial pursuits, and travel. He was never idle. He took great interest in the organization of the Northern railroad, assisting in the preliminary survey, and urging before the legislature the granting of its charter and right of way. He served his town as selectman two terms, and was always an active advocate of the principles of his own political party, leaving the offices to his party associates. His leisure was devoted to the study of nature; horticulture, botany, mineralogy and geology receiving attention, as shown by the large and valuable collection of botanical and mineral specimens which he has left. Local history and genealogy was also a favorite study with him, and his active pen has left on record many of his researches. He was identified with the militia organizations of the state, receiving his rank, however, from the State of Vermont, during a temporary residence in that commonwealth. Col. Benton was an active, earnest, well-informed, conscientious and modest man. He affiliated with the Unitarian church, in which denomination he was deeply interested. In 1841, he married Susan A. Wright of Norwich, Vermont, who survives him. She was his companion on his journeys and coadjutor in his studies. Their children, four in number, are buried in their family lot. Col. C. C. Benton died very suddenly in Boston, February 22, 1880. His memory will long survive.

MARY HELEN BOODY,

Daughter of Jacob P. Boody, for many years Register of Deeds for Belknap county, was born in Dover, December 11, 1847. Her education was acquired at the public schools of Dover, Alton, and Laconia. At an early age she manifested a decided talent for literature, and in her childhood she was an acceptable contributor to various publications. Her taste for letters was carefully cultivated, and she took high rank as a writer and poetess.

"It is sincerely to be hoped that some friendly hand will gather the stray flowers of poesy which she scattered along the way of life, and bind them in one fair garland. Many of her verses are touchingly tender and sympathetic, while holy trust and spiritual aspira-

*"Mr. Cogswell was a son of Dr. William Cogswell, a surgeon in the war of the Revolution and a distinguished physician. He had six brothers: (1) The Rev. William Cogswell, D. D., many years secretary of the American Educational Society, professor of History in Dartmouth College, president of the Gilmanton Theological Seminary, author of many published sermons, and of numerous antiquarian and religious articles, and one of the editors of the "Genealogical Register;" (2) Rev. Nathaniel, for forty years pastor of one church at Yarmouth, Mass., father of the Hon. J. B. D. Cogswell, late president of the Massachusetts Senate; (3) Joseph Cogswell, who spent his life upon the old homestead at Atkinson, father of Dr William Cogswell of Bradford, Mass., late president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and member of the governor's council, Francis, a very successful teacher in Cambridge, Mass., and Thomas, a dentist in Boston, Mass.; (4) the Hon. Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton, a prominent man in New Hampshire and one of the judges of Belknap county, and father of James W., high sheriff of that county, and Col. Thomas, the well-known lawyer; and (5) Dr. George Cogswell of Bradford, Mass., who retired from his profession some years ago, and has held several offices of honor and emolument under the the state and United States government, father of General William Cogswell of Salem, Mass. The other brother died in childhood. Francis Cogswell had two sisters: (1) Julia, who married Greenleaf Clarke of Atkinson and was the mother of the Hon. William C. Clarke, Dr. Francis Clarke, Dr. Moses Clarke, all dead, Sarah, wife of Dea. Samuel C. Carleton, of Haverhill, Mass., the Hon. Greenleaf Clarke of Atkinson, and John B. Clarke, editor of the Manchester Mirror; and (2) Hannah, who married the late Governor Badger of Gilmanton, and is mother of Colonel Joseph Badger of that town, and Captain William Badger, U. S. A. Dr. George Cogswell is the only survivor of the family. His father died fifty years ago." C.

tion are manifest in almost every line. No richer contribution can be made to the permanent literature of New Hampshire than a volume embracing the poems of Mary Helen Boody." She died at Laconia, April 29, 1880.

REV. JOSEPH FULLONTON

Was born in Raymond, January 30, 1808, and during the most of his life resided in his native town. In his youthful days he had a thirst for learning, and acquired it amidst many obstacles, with a determined purpose. He commenced to preach the gospel about the year 1840. Since 1846 he was clerk of the Rockingham Free Will Baptist Quarterly Meeting, never missing a meeting until his death. Aside from his pastoral duties Mr. Fullonton was a diligent historical student, deeply versed in the history of his town, state, nation, and the world. The result of his labor, in the local department, is the history of Raymond, published in 1875. He contributed several articles to the GRANITE MONTHLY. In his daily life he "walked with God." He was a good man, great hearted, liberal minded, sympathetic, who never failed, when opportunity offered, to do good. Possessed of a kind and cheerful disposition, he carried sunshine and comfort in his path and made friends of all whom he met. He met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of his arm, a shock to his aged system so severe that he could not rally. He died October 27, 1880, deeply lamented by a large number of friends.

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE,

Son of John McDuffee of Rochester, was born at Dover, August 27, 1832, but was carried by his parents, at an early age, to Rochester, where he always resided. At the age of twelve years he entered Gilmanton Academy, where he graduated in 1848; a year later entering Dartmouth College, he graduated in the class of 1853. After his college course, he entered the office of Hon. Daniel M. Christie of Dover, as a law student, where he remained for six months, when he accepted a position in the Norway Plains Savings Bank. Soon after, he was appointed treasurer of that institution, which office he held until his death. In 1857 his constitution received a severe shock from exposure, while lost on Mount Washington, one rainy night; this led to his taking a journey to Europe to recuperate. In 1868 he formed, with his father, the private banking firm of John McDuffee and Company, which was succeeded by the Rochester National Bank, of which he was elected cashier.

Mr. McDuffee was often called by his fellow citizens to offices of trust and responsibility, serving his town as selectman, representative in 1862, member of the Constitutional Convention in 1876, and for many years superintending school committee, being deeply interested in popular education. He was also interested in the preservation of local history, and by his researches and pen preserved from oblivion many interesting facts. His articles, published in local papers, form the basis of a history of Rochester, which should be collected and published. Mr. McDuffee was also an advocate in the cause of temperance, and a friend of literature, his pen and eloquent voice being always in service on the right side. He was identified actively with the Orthodox church, and was known as an intelligent, liberal, charitable, Christian gentleman, of correct judgment and wise counsel. December 4, 1861, he was joined in marriage to Fanny Hayes of Rochester, who survives him. Their children are John Edgar McDuffee, of Dartmouth College, class of 1883, and Willis McDuffee. Franklin McDuffee died November 11, 1880, lamented by the whole community.

HON. EVARTS W. FARR,

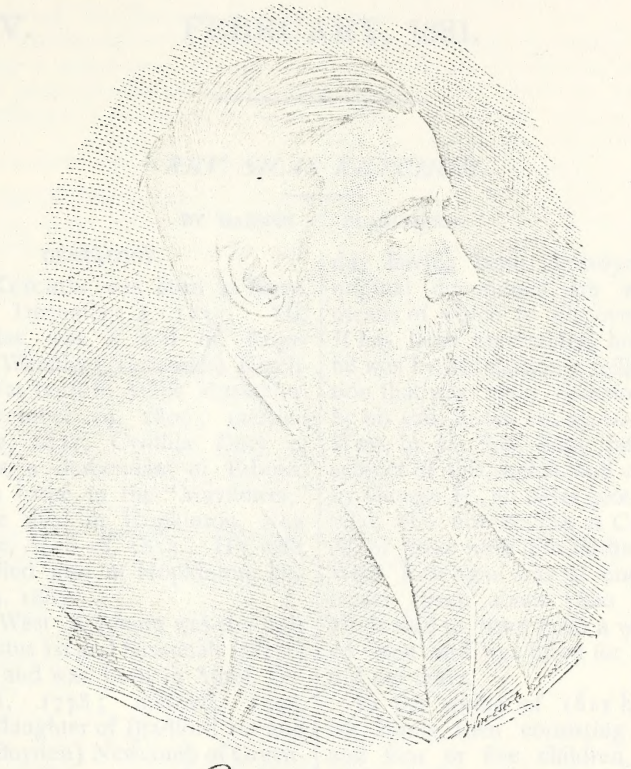
Son of John Farr, was born in Littleton, October 10, 1840; graduated at Thetford (Vermont) Academy, in 1859, and entered Dartmouth College in the class of 1863. At the breaking out of the war he was the first to volunteer

from his native town, April 20, 1861, and was commissioned first lieutenant, Company G, Second Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, June 4, 1861. January 1, 1862, at Harrison's Landing, he was promoted to captain of his company. At Williamsburg, Virginia, May 5, 1862, his right elbow was shattered by a minnie rifle bullet, which necessitated an amputation. September 4, 1862, Captain Farr resigned, and September 9 he was commissioned major of the Eleventh Regiment. He was mustered out at the disbanding of the regiment, June 4, 1865. After the war Major Farr read law, and was admitted to the bar in July, 1867. In 1873 he was appointed solicitor for Grafton county. In 1876 he was "addressed" out of office by the legislature of an opposing political creed, and was the candidate of his party for councilor, receiving his election from the following legislature. From 1870 to 1873, when the office was abolished, he was assessor of internal revenue. In 1878 he was elected a member of the forty-sixth Congress, being reëlected in 1880. In Congress, Major Farr was held in high esteem by his associates. In his district and throughout the state his modest bearing, manly form, suggestive empty sleeve, and eloquent voice, were well known and ever welcome. A patriot, a brave and distinguished soldier, a faithful comrade, a Christian gentleman, he was deservedly popular and beloved. He was a man of medium height, slender, graceful carriage, with an intellectual, handsome face, expressive of sympathy, cordiality and friendship. He died suddenly, November 30, 1880, sincerely lamented by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, and mourned for by a wife, several children, and many relatives.

CHARLES CARROLL LUND,

Son of Joseph S. Lund, was born in Concord, December 9, 1831; attended the public schools of this city, and the Pembroke and Thetford (Vermont) academies; studied civil engineering with General George Stark of Nashua; graduated from Dartmouth College, class of 1855; read law with Hon. Asa Fowler of Concord, and Messrs Sanborn and French of St. Paul, Minnesota; was admitted to the bar in that state in 1857, and commenced to practice there.

In 1864 he returned to Concord, and formed a partnership with Hon. L. D. Stevens, which continued until 1869. In 1870 he was appointed a chief of division in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, his field of work lying in Oregon. On his return to this city, he was appointed assistant engineer in the construction of the Concord water-works, and chief engineer of the Leominster (Massachusetts) water-works. On the death of Mr. Adams, Mr. Lund was appointed chief engineer of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, and built several extensions to that road in a manner so scientific as to establish his reputation as one of the most daring, skilful and successful engineers in New England. Besides his connection with the railroad, Mr. Lund was city engineer of Concord, and had an extensive private practice, reaching beyond the limits of the state. Mr. Lund represented Concord two years in the legislature, and was a trustee of the public library, and of Blossom Hill Cemetery. In Masonry, he was a Knight Templar. In 1861 Mr. Lund was joined in marriage, to Lydia French of Concord. Their children are Fred B. Lund, fifteen years of age, and Joseph Lund, thirteen, scholars in the Concord High School. Suddenly, in the prime of manhood, in the midst of usefulness, Mr. Lund died, December 4, 1880. Mr. Lund was of medium height, powerful frame, industrious, indefatigable. In his family relations he was loving and tender; as a friend he was faithful and true. Possessed of good judgment, his decision was quick and unerring. His death is an irreparable loss to his family and to his profession; and the community, of which he was an active and useful member, will long miss him and hold his memory in honor and esteem.



Silas Ketchum.

—THE—

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REV. SILAS KETCHUM.

BY DARWIN C. BLANCHARD.

GENEALOGY.

SILAS KETCHUM was born in Barre, Vermont, December 4, 1835. His father, Silas, was a son of Roger West and Wealthy (Newcomb) Ketchum, and was born in Athol, Massachusetts, November 29, 1800; married January 2, 1821, Cynthia Doty of Montpelier, a descendant of Edward Doty, who came in the "Mayflower," 1620. He died in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, April 18, 1855. His wife, Cynthia, died also at Hopkinton, December 14, 1867.

Roger West Ketchum was the only child of Justus 1st and Susannah (West) Ketchum, and was born in Athol, December 1, 1778; married, 1798, Wealthy, daughter of Bradford 1st and Wealthy (Boyden) Newcomb of Greenwich, Massachusetts, and died in Craftsbury, Vermont, August, 1862. This Bradford Newcomb was a descendant in the seventh generation from Governor William Bradford.

Justus Ketchum 1st was born (probably) in New Salem (but possibly in Greenwich), Massachusetts, 1758; married Susannah, daughter of that Deacon Isaac West who figured in Shay's Rebellion.

The father of Justus 1st came from Williamstown, Massachusetts, to New Salem, and afterwards lived in Greenwich and Dana; but the records of Williamstown and Greenwich of that day having been destroyed by fire, original documents are wanting by means of which to discover his name. It has been ascertained, however, that he was by occupation a miller; a vocation that was upon occasion followed by his son, Justus 1st, by *his* son, Roger West, by *his* son, Silas, father of the subject of this sketch, and early in life, by George H., an older brother of Rev. Silas, who now resides at Contoocook. All of these were also farmers. Roger West Ketchum was at one period a hatter (from about 1800 to 1810). He is said to have been a well educated man and was fitted for college but did not enter.

In the spring of 1811 he removed his family, then consisting of a wife and four or five children, to Barre. His wife dying in 1839, he spent the remainder of his life with his son Chauncy at Craftsbury. His son, Silas, however, continued to live at Barre till April, 1836, when he removed to Plainfield. In 1842 he returned to Barre, and in 1844 purchased the Samuel Preston farm in Montpelier, afterward East Montpelier, on which he lived till his removal to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, June 4, 1851.

It should be remarked that the foregoing genealogy is made up from manuscripts prepared by the subject of the present sketch, whose extreme care and judgment in such matters are

evidence of its correctness. Between the years 1871 and 1875 he collected most of the materials for a history of the descendants of Edward Doty, his maternal ancestor, which he placed in the hands of Mr. Ethan Allen Doty of New York city, to be completed and published. He had also accumulated many notes for a history of the descendants of Edward Ketchum of Ipswich, 1635; but whether he had succeeded in establishing a connected lineage between his great-grandfather, Justus 1st and this Edward, I am unable to state.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

At the age of fifteen young Ketchum was thrown upon his own resources; he learned the shoemaker's trade, and, by its practice, took a heavy share in the support of his invalid parents till the death of his father in 1855. Of somewhat delicate frame and indifferent health, he had already begun to show signs of that energy for which he was afterwards distinguished, tempered with a sweet gentleness and courteous manners, which commanded respect while they won esteem.

Knowing that "bonanzas" are sometimes hammered out of lap-stones, even though their value be not computable in dollars and cents, he labored with cheerful diligence. A sufficient stock of shoes and slippers being made up—enough to fill a hand-satchel—he trudged about from house to house, selling his wares wherever he could find a purchaser. Honest toil needs no apology, but shoemaking was a necessity, not a choice. The stolen leisure which he could force out of late hours was devoted to what he had more relish for—the hard-earned books, which he obtained one by one with the small sums of money saved by self-denial—the beloved books, which were a perpetual source of delight, of profit, and of inspiration. He read their pages between the stitches at the bench, and studied them in his walks. Hence, when he entered Hopkinton Academy in the spring of 1856, then in charge of William K. Rowell, A. M., he was probably better acquainted with classical English literature than any other pupil in that institution. However limited may have been his previous school opportunities, he had not waited until the age of twenty ere his education was begun. The student work which lay immediately before him at this time, consisted of the higher studies required in a preparatory course.

He continued to attend Hopkinton Academy till its sessions ceased to be regularly held, when he studied under private instructors. Among these may be named the late Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, that veteran teacher, whose memory is affectionately cherished by hundreds of men and women, who were his pupils at Gilmanton, Washington, Hopkinton, and elsewhere. Before severing his connection with Hopkinton Academy he had served as its assistant teacher, and in the winter of 1858–59 he taught in the High School at Amherst.

In the month of May, 1860, he entered Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, Elihu T. Quimby, A. M., principal. This was his last term at school. His sense of its importance is expressed in a letter dated June 4, 1860. "I like well, and the instruction, which is the principal thing I look at, is of the most thorough kind. I am applying myself with all diligence. Time, to me, is precious, more precious than money; for every day brings me near to the close of my school studies." That close came only a few weeks later.

His plans for the future were indefinite and unsettled. Prior to this date he was fitted to enter college, but his intention to do so had been defeated, when, in the summer of 1859, to other obstacles was added a long and dangerous fever.

He was now nearly twenty-five years of age; but to take up with the handiest occupation which offered, simply as a means to gain a livelihood, did not accord with his nature. He had fought his way thus far, single-handed, and, depressed as he was about the immediate future, no stress of circumstances

could tempt him from that course which, in the end, promised employment suited to his tastes, and opportunities which his energy might develop. It was, probably, the most important crisis of his life.

The result was a determination to enter Bangor Theological Seminary, which he did the following autumn; pursuing the three years course, and graduating at that institution in 1863; during which time it is said that he missed but one lecture or recitation. When we add to this creditable record the fact that he meantime worked at his early trade of shoe-making, as a means of supporting himself and family, and continued the study of many subjects not included in the seminary curriculum. We can appreciate the pains he took, and the struggle he made to lay deep the foundation upon which he was to build, we can understand how, at a later period, ordinary labors seemed trifling to him; and how, while performing the duties of his chosen profession, he achieved reputation as a frequent writer for the press; became well known throughout New England for his extensive and accurate knowledge upon a great variety of subjects, particularly of local history, biography and bibliography; and still found opportunity to serve actively and conspicuously as a member of several benevolent and learned societies.

In the autumn immediately following the close of his seminary course, he was associated with the writer as a teacher in Nelson High School. This was his last term of service in that capacity. To adopt it as a chosen calling I think he never intended. Previously he had taught school, like so many others, to assist himself in acquiring an education. In the last instance it was mainly a labor of love, while he was waiting an engagement as the pastor of some church.

HIS MINISTRY.

Mr. Ketchum commenced preaching at Wardsboro', Vermont, in December, 1863, where he remained until September, 1865; on the 24th of which month he delivered his farewell sermon. Within this period his congregation largely increased, and many became his hearers who had not been attendants at church before; but the difficulty of raising funds for his support, joined to other causes, apt to prevail where unity of purpose is wanting, led to his giving up the charge. He was superintendent of public schools in that town; and it was during his stay there that he joined the fraternity of Free Masons, a step which caused considerable feeling against him in minds not over-informed respecting the character and objects of that order.

On the 13th of October, 1866, he began preaching to the Congregational church at Bristol, New Hampshire, over which he was ordained September 17, 1867, continuing his connection with that church and society until May 2, 1875. He reorganized and graded the public schools of Bristol, and superintended them five years.

He was minister of the Congregational church at Maplewood (Malden), Massachusetts, from July 1, 1875, till October 4, 1876. Through the fall and winter of the last named year (1876–77), he preached at Henniker.

His last pastorate was over the Second Congregational church of Windsor, Connecticut, parish of Poquonock, which began July 15, 1877, his installation occurring May 1, 1879. He was the nominal pastor of this church at the time of his death, and his actual service in its pulpit did not entirely cease until a few weeks previous.

Mr. Ketchum had, probably, little ambition to become an "eminent divine," in the scholastic sense; at least, he esteemed faithfulness above fame, and they who would seek for evidence of his professional reputation will find it most distinctly traceable in the hearts and homes of his parishioners. Here is not wanting abundant proof that his example as well as precept was always on the side of justice, morality and piety; for the promotion of which he toiled with successful diligence.

Like all those who accept the sacred and responsible office of the ministry, he was pledged to preach the gospel, to guide the erring, comfort the afflicted, visit the sick and bury the dead, to endure all things for the Master's sake, to act as a peacemaker, and to perform those manifold and nameless tasks, secular as well as religious, which a minister is considered holden for. Such was his professional life. It is stated in few words; but the faithful discharge of these obligations implies toil, patience, and self sacrifice.

LITERARY LIFE AND LABORS.

It has been said that the success which was achieved by Silas Ketchum is to be attributed, almost wholly, to his own untiring and unaided industry. Doubtless he early possessed a ready observation, quick perception, and a retentive memory; but all these required use and training to become efficient factors of progress. He had talents to improve rather than genius to develop. There was no indication of a peculiar fitness, or even taste for one thing to the exclusion of others. He had reached the age of manhood before he chose his profession.

This much is certain, however, that his love for books and his thirst for knowlege appeared so early that it is hard to discover their dawning. "We are entering into a fairy land, touching only shadows, and chasing the most changeable lights, * * * * yet though realities are but dimly to be traced in this twilight of imagination and tradition," we find that the impulses of the child betokened the habit of the man. He had hardly learned to read ere he began to write. First the diary, kept on odds and ends of illy-assorted paper, wherein to jot the marvelous events of boy-life, with observations on men and things. Later came the note-books, the commonplace books and the sketch books, those fascinating aids to memory, which many boys begin but which few continue. These are preserved, and they show that neatness, care and system were characteristic of the boy as well as the man. In due season, and while still at school, was begun a series of original articles in prose and verse, written from a pure love of writing, without purpose of publication; and, in fact, he was rather averse to their being seen, in spite of their genuine merits. His school "compositions," instead of being compilations of stolen material, or platitudes upon ordinary topics, were labored dissertations, which interested his companions by their sagacity and awed them by their length. These facts illustrate his early practice of utilizing his knowledge, and at the same time, of acquiring a readiness in the use of language.

He made his first regular appearance in print about 1860 or '61. We say regular appearance, because he probably had written an occasional short article for the press before; but, from the date named, he became a frequent contributor to various papers and periodicals published in New England. The *East Boston Ledger*, and the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture* were the first for which he wrote at stated intervals. His connection with the former was short, but his contributions to the other were kept up for several years. These articles were mainly essays; and while they were fitted to win the attention of thoughtful readers, they could have afforded but little satisfaction to mere lovers of newspaper gossip. His acknowledged model, and the one he strove hardest to imitate, was the *Spectator*, and while in after life he wrote upon many subjects that would hardly admit of the elegant but somewhat quaint style of that standard English classic, he was always an admirer of its clear, simple and terse diction; traces of whose influence are observable even in his extensive correspondence, in the haste of writing which a man might, if ever, be pardoned for a slovenly manner.

Contributions to the *New Hampshire Journal of Education* appeared from his hand about this time.

In the interim between the close of his pastoral service at Wardsboro', 1865, and his engagement at Bristol, 1866, he

edited, in conjunction with D. L. Milliken, the Weekly and Semi-Weekly *Record*, and the *Vermont School Journal*, both published at Brattleboro'; being at the same time a contributor to the *Vermont Chronicle*, Windsor. From its commencement, 1867, to 1873, he was contributor and literary reviewer of the *New England Homestead*, Springfield, Mass.; from its commencement, 1868, to 1872, a contributor to the *Household*, Brattleboro'; a regular correspondent of the *Woonsocket Patriot*, 1872–74; and from its commencement, 1874, till 1878, he wrote regularly for the *Cottage Hearth*, Boston. Without attempting a complete list of the periodicals where traces of his busy pen may be found, we will only add to the above the *Congregationalist*, the *Waverly Magazine*, and the GRANITE MONTHLY. In the success of the last named he felt a special interest, both because it is a New Hampshire enterprise, deserving the support of her sons and daughters, wherever located; and because of its praiseworthy attempt to gather up into enduring form the local history, biography, antiquities and traditions of the Granite State, which had long needed such a chronicle.

For the justice and acumen of his book reviews he was highly praised by competent judges; and one of the most prominent publishing houses in the country offered him, several years since, a high salary for his literary services, which he declined.

Mr. Ketchum's published works, which have appeared in book or pamphlet form, including such as were privately printed, are: 1. A Farewell Sermon, preached at Wardsboro', Vermont, September 24, 1865, published by request. Brattleboro', 1866. 2. Historic Masonry, An Address delivered at the Installation of Officers of Union Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., in the Town Hall, Bristol, New Hampshire, February 4, A. L. 5873, by Rev. Silas Ketchum, R. A., Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and Past Master of Union Lodge. Bristol, 5873. 3. The Philomathic Club. An Outline History of its Operations from its Organization, 19th November, 1859, to its Transformation into the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, 19th November, 1873. Also, a Catalogue of Curiosities in its possession at that time. Bristol, 1875. 8vo., pp. 270. 50 copies privately printed. 4. A Eulogy on Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, pronounced in Salem Hall, in Malden, Massachusetts, November 28, 1875. Malden, 1875. 5. Collections of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, No. 2. The Shurtleff Manuscript, No. 153. Being a narrative of certain events which transpired in Canada during the invasion of that Province by the American army in 1775. Written by Mrs. Walker. Printed from the original, with Notes and an Introduction by Rev. Silas Ketchum. Contoocook, 1876. 6. The Original Sources of Historical Knowledge. A plea for their preservation. Windsor, 1879. 7. Collections of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, No. 4. Address at the Annual Meeting, July 15, 1879. By Rev. Silas Ketchum, President. Contoocook, 1879. 8. Paul on Mars' Hill. A Sermon preached to the church in Freeman Place, Boston, August 15, 1875. Ancient Windsor, 1880.

But his greatest literary undertaking, too great, alas! for his failing strength to complete, was a *Dictionary of New Hampshire Biography*, a task for which he was peculiarly qualified, not only on account of his knowledge of the subject, but because of his conscientious exactness in delving after facts, verifying dates, and performing that vast amount of preliminary drudging which compilers of biography are too apt to shirk, and which but few men have the patience to attempt at all.

As early as the spring of 1876 his views upon the subject had assumed definite shape, and were written out in detail. Subsequently, the venerable state historian, the late Dr. Bouton, proposed to him, without any knowledge that he had before entertained the idea, the task of preparing such a work; and declared that the plan

which Mr. Ketchum had conceived was "precisely what he had formed in his own mind." Similar propositions, unfolding a like plan, substantially, were shortly made by Hon. Benjamin F. Prescott, afterward governor of the state, and by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin. Hon. Charles H. Bell and other eminent gentlemen united with these in promising their assistance and support.

Persuaded by such high authority, and encouraged by a prospect of the strongest aid which such a project could command, near the close of 1877 he publicly announced his intention of preparing the work in question. Already overburdened by various duties, and far from the enjoyment of health, with his habitual thoroughness and system he immediately set about collecting his materials. He advertised in various periodicals, issued printed circulars, and opened a correspondence with leading and influential persons throughout the state, or who, being natives thereof, were residents elsewhere. His plans were clearly and precisely stated; he asked the coöperation of all friendly to the enterprise. It was aimed to include the names of "1. The living and the dead of both sexes. 2. Natives of New Hampshire who have acquired distinction either in or out of the state. 3. Those born elsewhere, but who have become citizens of New Hampshire and achieved distinction. 4. Those who, being neither natives nor citizens, have been prominently identified with New Hampshire affairs." Thirty different classes were designated under this general abstract; a review of which shows that the project was broad in its scope and liberal in its definition of "greatness."

A deep interest in the undertaking was early manifested; so, proportionally, did his labors increase. While busy hands were intelligently responding to his call, there were many who misunderstood both his motive and his project. Some looked upon it as a money-making affair; others supposed he was preparing a collection of eulogies instead of compiling a hand-book of reference. Many interpreted too literally his advice to say too much rather than not enough; these perplexed him with long stories about small matters. A large number of inquiries elicited no response; perhaps an equal number of responses created the necessity for further inquiry. Deficiencies, of whaterer kind on the part of his correspondents, were sought to be removed by fresh explanations, set forth in a variety of other circulars, prepared successively as new exigencies demanded. But no ingenuity could devise methods to avoid the necessity of a vast amount of letter-writing. To these researches after original material must be added the examination and collation of books, pamphlets and periodical literature. Previously accepted anachronisms needed correction; innumerable differences of statement required adjustment; and finally, the entire matter which came to his disposal must be digested into concise and comprehensive form.

Such is the bare outline of a single kind of work which taxed his exhausted energies during the last two years of his life. Within that period he collected 3000 biographical sketches: 1000 of which he had, at the time of his death, revised and written up ready for the printer.

His last "will," with prudent forethought, provides for the preservation of the materials already collected, with a view to the completion and publication of the *Dictionary;* but certain exigencies exist, which forbid a free discussion of the subject here.

HIS CONNECTIONS WITH BENEVOLENT AND OTHER SOCIETIES.

Mr. Ketchum was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Temperance Union, and Vice President for Grafton county while he remained in the state. He rendered efficient service in establishing the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, and was a life member of that corporation. He was W. M. of Union Lodge, A. F. & A. M.,

Bristol, 1870–'71; and Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, 1871–'75. He was active for several years in the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, and delivered the annual address at Lebanon, 1870. He delivered also the opening address of the Semi-Centennial of New Hampton Institution, 1873; and the annual address before the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1877.

In 1873 he was elected a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and a corresponding member of the same in 1876. In 1874 he presented this society with 512 volumes of early American school-books, which he had been several years in collecting. He also presented to the Congregational Library in Boston 252 volumes and pamphlets. In 1878 he was elected a member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and of the Prince Society, Boston; and a corresponding member of the New York Historical Society, New York, and of the Society of Antiquity, Worcester. He was a life member of most of the religious and missionary societies of his denomination.

With him originated the idea of converting what had been a literary and social "Club of Seven" into a society whose purposes should be broader and its membership numerically unrestricted. The Philomathic Club, in which he was a leading spirit, became the nucleus of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, of which he was, in this sense, the founder. He wrote a history of the former, which has already been mentioned among his published works; he drafted the constitution of the latter, which was organized in November, 1873, and located in Contoocook; upon its incorporation in 1875 he was one of its charter members. He was its corresponding secretary, 1873–75, and president from 1876 to 1879, when, on account of his complete physical prostration, he declined reëlection.

In 1873 he gave to this society 300 volumes of books, and in 1875 2600 pamphlets, and conditionally, 1000 volumes more—by his last will, however, the society is made the absolute owner of these last as of the others. Its "collections" of natural, literary, scientific and antiquarian curiosities all bear witness to his generosity; while traces of his labor are conspicuous in every department. To relate with complete justice all that he did for the society would be almost equivalent to reciting its history. To say that he was faithful to perform every duty he owed it would be a stingy compliment. He needed no sense of obligation to stimulate his zeal; he gave to it more than he could afford in time, money and strength; while it would be hard to overstate his influence in winning public interest, increasing its roll of membership, and securing the coöperation of persons who were not nominally its active members. The train which bore his dead form to Contoocook, its burial place, carried also a package for the society, in charge of his bereaved wife, whom he especially instructed, a few hours before he died, not to neglect its delivery, and that it must be promptly acknowledged to the donor thereof.

THE END.

While it is hardly to be doubted that the death of Mr. Ketchum was prematurely occasioned by excessive labor, there is at least a shadow of consolation in knowing that this only hastened but did not create a disease which was of long standing, and was, perhaps, constitutional. Traces of its existence were certainly observable twenty years prior to its fatal termination. These need not be here enumerated. Suffice it that they became quite pronounced, though not alarming, in the autumn of 1872, and six years later he first realized the dangerous character of a physical infirmity which his fortitude and hopefulness had so long regarded without apprehension. In October, 1878, he wrote: "I am dying by inches, I am not deceived, I have no expectation of rallying, though I hope to force my body to serve me a few years longer." In March, 1879,

he said: "There has hardly been a day since last September that I have not had spasms of suffocation, in which I was in danger of dying." From this condition of prostration and suffering he never afterward had more than short and temporary respites. Slowly, but surely, the disease continued to sap his vitality; medical skill could not arrest its course. He was compelled to lessen his labors, long before they were wholly suspended. His last sermon was not preached until March 21, about a month before his death. He purposed to occupy the pulpit at least once more before leaving his parish for an enforced absence of uncertain length, but he was so completely exhausted by his last effort that he did not again attempt to conduct public services.

His departure was, at the request of his people, delayed somewhat beyond the intended date, to afford them an opportunity to unite in celebrating the twentieth wedding anniversary of their beloved pastor and his wife. The 4th of April falling upon Sunday, Saturday evening, April 3d was appointed for the purpose. A severe storm of wind and rain did not prevent a goodly number from assembling at the church, where appropriate exercises were held, followed by an ample collation. Mr. Ketchum was too feeble to take more than a slight part; and it was only with great difficulty that he briefly, but with eloquent fitness, replied to the presentation address which accompanied a gift of over $250. It was a happy event that his last years in the ministry—years of sickness and pain—were spent among a united people, who appreciated his worth, and who were, to the utmost degree, considerate of his declining health.

On the following Tuesday, April 6, he with his family, and accompanied by their friend, Rev. Harlan P. Gage, left Poquonock for Boston, nominally for a temporary absence, to obtain rest and new medical treatment; but he had no doubt it was his final departure. As he was about stepping into the carriage which bore them away, he expressed a wish to look once more upon his books; but he was too weak to return. His library consisted of 2000 volumes and 500 pamphlets. These, together with his manuscripts and all the furnishings of a scholar's workroom, were left as though their owner had gone out only for a day's visit. The journey to Boston was, through various unexpected delays, very fatiguing to the sick man, who was confined to his bed for several days after their arrival—not to lie down however, rest in this position had long been impossible. He could sleep only in a sitting posture, either in a chair, or propped up with pillows when in bed.

Less than three weeks longer elapsed ere he was dead. A few minutes before 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, April 24, 1880, his wife was awakened by a peculiar sound. Calling him by name she received no answer. He was speechless. With his own hands he closed his eyes, and with scarcely a struggle passed away. He died, after a confinement to his bed of only a day or two, at the house of Mr. Gage, where he and his family had abode since their arrival at Boston.

His death was not more sudden than he had expected. He had frequently said that he should thus depart. He had foreseen it with calmness, and prepared for it with Christian fortitude. His attending physicians, Drs. Knight and Fitz, confirmed every previous diagnosis of his disease, pronouncing it an affection of the heart.

He was interred at Contoocook on the following Tuesday, April 27, with simple ceremonies; which were attended by numerous friends, including representatives from various churches where he had ministered, and many gentlemen belonging to his own, and of other professions. On Sunday, May 9, a memorial service was held by the people of his late parish at Poquonock; where a sermon was preached by Rev. C. A. Stone of Hopkinton, which was supplemented by remarks from Rev. Messrs Gage of Boston, Wilson of Windsor, and Godell of Windsor Locks.

No biographical sketch of my beloved friend would be complete which failed to relate something of his personal character and habits. These can seldom be inferred with certainty by observation of a man's public career. He may become widely and favorably known, and still be the pest of his own fireside. Even his calling or profession, be that what it may, is no sure guarantee of a genial temper, a benevolent heart, and a clean life. An apology, therefore, will hardly be required from one who, after twenty-five years of the closest intimacy, attempts to supplement an outline of Mr. Ketchum's public record with a brief mention of his private virtues.

I know how strict became his standard of religious duty, and that all the morality of his youth he finally held in poor esteem; but it would be hard to doubt that heaven looks with special favor on so much filial devotion as he possessed. To this were added gentleness, sobriety, truthfulness and honesty; virtues which are fortunately by no means rare, but which are seldom combined in that degree of excellence which he manifested. His speech was free from vulgarity and obscenity, while anything resembling profanity I never heard from his lips. And yet, upon being reminded of this a few years since, his reply was: "But I hated religion all the time." No doubt he hated what he ignorantly thought was religion. As much might be said of almost every one who rejects it. He was a doubter, not a scoffer. Justice as well as charity requires the distinction to be sharply drawn. He despised the frauds, not the fruits, of piety. He stumbled at the dogmas of Orthodoxy, but his life was a rebuke to multitudes of its stanchest advocates. He made no noisy display of these youthful opinions, but he was too frank to deny them. Hence arose the false charge that he was an atheist. It was erroneous, simply because he did not deny the existence of God. His views at this time, concerning the divine inspiration of the Bible, were of a lax and liberal sort, and he rejected the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ; which he afterward accepted, believed with growing conviction, and preached with all his might.

Positiveness was highly characteristic of the man. It was one of those essential qualities which fitted him to be a teacher and leader. Possessed of this, it was only natural that the religious opinions which his mature judgment had adopted should be held with inflexible tenacity and promulgated with all the zeal which sincerity could enkindle.

His theology was of that rigid sort which allows of no compromise with "liberalism." If he lacked charity in any respect, it was toward what he considered as skepticism and heterodoxy. These he regarded as more insidious forms of sin than open immorality and wickedness. But if the man was severe in his religious doctrines, he was liberal in all the amenities which distinguish the Christian gentleman. The austerity of the pulpit was no fair exponent of the sweet disposition which endeared him to his friends and made his society so desirable.

Possessed of simple tastes, plain habits and unconventional manners, his private character was no enigma; and yet it was only a favored few who knew him thoroughly. Genial and kindly toward all, and possessed of an extensive acquaintance, whom he soon made to feel that they understood and appreciated him, his chosen companions were never numerous. His devotion to these, through every vicissitude of time and circumstance, was more like the clinging love of woman than the friendship of a busy, care-laden man. Their every interest, every pleasure, profit or emolument he made his own, with a faithfulness which I never saw paralleled.

With them the clergyman became a boy again, fond of his jokes, brimful of reminiscences and at his ease in a temporary freedom, from the harness—if that serious business, called "duty," can be termed a harness, to which he so willingly adjusted his energies,

and whose every strap and buckle he stretched to their utmost tension.

And yet, this little group of kindred spirits had no monopoly of his unselfish heart. Generosity in thought and word, as well as in deed, shone in his life preëminent amid other virtues. We have seen how liberally he made donations to literary, benevolent and other societies; but his public benefactions are less indicative of noble impulses than are the privately bestowed gifts, whose only record is on the heart of the recipient. The poor, the weak, and the afflicted were especial objects of his sympathy and assistance; while no personal sacrifice seemed too great, through the endurance of which he could contribute to the temporal or spiritual welfare of any who needed his help.

As, from a variety of causes, is too frequently the case with men of his profession, he was merely "located" in that town or parish where he was engaged as a minister; but, if "home be where the heart is," his home was early established. He married, April 4, 1860, Georgia C. Hardy, daughter of Elbridge Hardy, Esq., of Amherst. Their children are George Crowell, born at Bangor, Maine, May 16, 1862; and Edmund, born at Bristol, New Hampshire, September 17, 1871. His residence might change, now and then, but where these were his best affections centered. His wife, who with both of her children survives him, was thus a sharer of the vicissitudes of his early manhood, as well as the honors and prosperity of his middle life; and being possessed of literary tastes like him, jealous of his reputation, and qualified and ready to assist him as the help-meet of a clergyman and the companion of a man of letters, his family was happy and well ordered; while its hospitalities were free and cordial to the fullest degree.

The breaking up of such a home, and the bereavement consequent on the death of such a friend, father and husband, make the public loss of Silas Ketchum, great as it is, seem insignificatn.

BEYOND.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

A wild bird sings within its greenwood home,
A chain of thrilling, liquid melody,
As if the pent up music in its breast
Must egress find, or it from surfeit die.
But take that bird, imprison it in gold,
And bid it sing its happy wildwood songs,
Will it obey? 'Twill beat itself to death
Against the bars which claim its liberty.

A gaudy moth, with gaily tinted wings,
Flutters in joy o'er every blushing flower;
Drunk with the perfumes, glinting in the sun,
A glitt'ring gem, fresh from creation's hand.
But catch that moth, though wi' the daintiest touch,
And strive to count the jewels it doth wear,
The gaudy paint is left upon your palm,
And what remains? A faint and dabbled worm.

Wild with the battle heat, with eye of fire,
The faithful war horse thrills at trumpet's sound.
Wheels at a touch of spur or pat of hand,
And struggles to be foremost in the fight.
But bid that horse be fastened to a plough,
Use whip, and goad, and language rough and stern,
Will it respond with eager, willing work?
No! th' proud heart will burst 'gainst thongs which bind.

A human soul, with aspirations high,
Trammelled and held in check by sordid cares,
Will beat till death against the body's bars,
Then soar away on pinions free and light.
God grant that once beyond the cares of life,
The will which fetter and hold down our own,
There may be freedom for the gifts He gave,
There may be room for the expanding soul.

SCRIPTURE AND EVOLUTION.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN, LL. D.

Various attempts have been made by philosophers and theologians to reconcile the theory of evolution with the scriptures. Two of these essays appear in the "Popular Science Monthly" for May, 1874. Stanley Jevons, F. R. S., first states the theory. He says: "Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution purports to explain the origin of all specific differences so that not even the vice of a Homer or Beethoven would escape from his broad theories. * * * Every man, according to these theories, is no distinct creation, but rather an extreme specimen of brain development. His nearest cousins are the apes, and his pedigree extends backward until it joins that of the lowest zoöphytes." There is certainly a broad field for design, in the Great Designer whose existence this author admits in passing from the "ascidians" of Darwin to a Newton or Homer. But why commence with a marine animalcule instead of a plant. All life is a unit. It is just as easy to commence at the lowest form of life which is fixed to the place of its growth, as to advance to that stage of being which shows locomotion. The second article is an extract from a lecture by Dr. Smith, whose identity is left with this vague description, on "Evolution and a personal Creator." The learned doctor adopts the theory of evolution and then attempts to show that, if true, it would no more militate against a personal Creator than the fact that the process of evolution existed at all. Supposing the theory to be true, "we find, in christianity the completion of the process by the union of man with God in the incarnation." Here certainly is a break in the continuous chain of evolution; here the personal creator interposes to alter the law of "natural selection," and sets up a new law of personal election. Now, of what avail is the reconciliation of scripture and evolution, if the soul's immortality be denied? What is the use of a Revelation, if the future world be blotted from its pages?

A majority of the advocates of evolution hold that mind is the result of motion in the molecules of the bram. Like heat, light, electricity and magnetism, it is a function of matter. When the organism is changed, or the atoms, monads or molecules form new unions with other atoms, monads or molecules, then thought which resulted from the motion of these primordial forms, ceases to exist, as light and heat die, the fuel that fed them is consumed or changed to new forms. Hence, the soul of every man fails with the decay of his brain; and dies when that organ suffers dissolution. There is, therefore, no world to come; there is no immortality. Men come and go like plants; the winter of life destroys the mental growth of years; and the mind that was once "pregnant with celestial fire," becomes as lifeless as the ashes of last year's conflagration! What use have we, then, for that gospel which "brings life and immortality to light?" It is vain to talk or write of a reconciliation of two theories which are mutually destructive. If one lives, the other dies.

There can be no other alternative. Learned divines may show that evolution admits or even requires a personal God; still, if this brief life is our whole existence, we derive no consolation from the demonstration that natural selection produced all specific differences in animated nature, and that that law had a law-giver. So far as this life is concerned, our condition is neither made better nor worse by any accumulation of arguments that go to

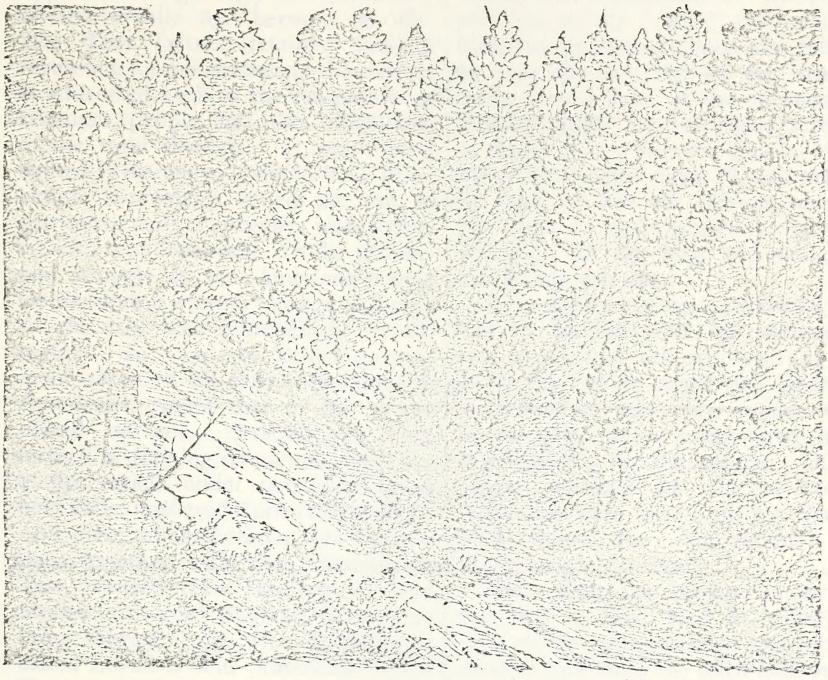
prove an eternal Designer. We are animal organisms, developed by an eternal and unalterable law of natural selection, and are no better than the beasts that perish. Our souls are the result of physical forces, and cannot, possibly, survive the dissolution of the body. Such a theory would justify suicide in all cases of remediless disease or suffering, because death is an eternal sleep; and in such cases is the absolute cure of pain and sorrow! If scripture can be tortured into an agreement with evolution instead of creation, of what value is such a book to us? The wisest and best of men for thousands of years have read and interpreted the book of Genesis as revealing the creation, not only of man but of the physical universe. Now if this record teaches something entirely different and can be made to teach evolution from eternity instead of creation in time, of what value is such a book to us? It teaches nothing with certainty; we do not know that evolution will be found in it, when a more plausible theory shall have been invented. How can a book be called a revelation, when nothing is revealed! How can it teach us our origin when, as the wise have read it, the lessons derived from it contradict all the facts of science, and differ as much from reality as eternity from time, as specific creation from universal development? They tell it that the Bible has been made to sanction astronomy and geology without subversion, why may it not be made to confirm evolution? Because the opposition of theologians to astronomy and kindred sciences proceeded from a misinterpretation of the inspired volume; but evolution plainly contradicts the Bible. No glosses, no logic can possibly harmonize the breath of the Almighty that made man a "living soul." with the "correlation of forces." Man created "in the image of God" can never be made identical with man evolved from an ascidian, by natural selection.

"Objects, notions and words" are coextensive with rational man. If thinking is a function of matter, or a product of force, or the result of motion, beginning and ending with nervous excitation or molecular action of the particles of the brain, who has the ability to define force or motion, or neural action that will produce an Iliad or an Organum? There is nothing in the universe, says one, but matter and force; there is nothing but matter and motion, says another; there is nothing but cerebration, or neural excitement in the nerve centre, says a third; but how do these oracles explain the origin of thought? Who understands or can define one of these philosophical dicta?

Mr. Holyoke, the leading English apostle of materialism, thus sums up the terrible results of his own theory: "Science has shown that we are under the dominion of general laws—evolved by irrational matter and force—inexorable laws of unyielding necessity. There is no special providence; prayers are useless; propitiation is vain. Whether there be a Deity, or nature be deity, it is still the god of the iron-foot, that passes on without heeding, without feeling, without resting. Nature acts with fearful uniformity, stern as fate, absolute as tyranny, relentless as destiny, merciless as death; too vast to praise; too inexplicable to worship; too inexorable to propitiate; it has no ear for prayer; no heart for sympathy or pity; no arm to save."

THE TORIES OF 1766 AND 1776.

BY FREDERIC A. BRIGGS.



TORY HOLE, CLAREMONT, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In 1679 a bill was introduced in the British Parliament to exclude the Duke of York from the line of succession; the advocates of the bill called those who opposed it Tories, as a title of contempt. (This is the first occurrence of the word Tory in English history.) Subsequently the Tories took the "broad-field," and their guiding principles became the support and protection of things as they were.

George the Third was the great founder of the Tory party which sprung into new life at the close of a long and weary night in February, 1766, when at four o'clock in the morning, the resolution passed the British Parliament giving England the right to do what the treasury pleased with the three millions of freemen in America. "The Americans were henceforward excisable and taxable at the mercy of Parliament. It was decided as a question of law, that irresponsible taxation was not a tyranny, but a vested right, that parliament held power, not as a representative body, but in absolute trust."

The colonies must submit or resist. The House of Commons was no longer responsible to the people; and this night it was held to be the law that it never had been, and was not responsible; that the doctrine of representation was not in the bill of rights.

The new Toryism was the child of modern civilization, its pedigree went back to the revolution of 1688. The Tory party took the law as it stood, and set itself against reform; in the future its leaders and expounders were new men; the moneyed interest that opposed the legitimacy and aristocracy of the middle age became its ally. The Tory faction retained implicit reverence for monarchy and the church. It addressed itself to the sympathies of common people, and the inhabitants of the rural districts. It would have annual Parliaments, it would have democratic supremacy, it led the van of patriotism and its speeches were savored with republicanism. In the primordial struggle of the American people for freedom it was not strange that men should exist who adhered to the old regime. In 1770 the British government repealed all taxes obnoxious to Americans, except that of the 3d per pound on tea. Associations were formed restraining its members the use of this article, under penalty of being held and considered Tories and traitors. And these total abstinent tea associations, together with the "Association Test," caused New Hampshire, "The Mother of New England Rivers," to bring forward 773, what Englishmen called Loyalists and Americans called Tories, and 8199 men, called by Englishmen Rebels or Democrats, and by Americans Whigs or Federalists.

The "Association Test" was as follows:

"We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage and promise, that we will, to the utmost of our power, at the risque of our lives and fortunes, with arms oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies."

This was sent by the committee of safety, M. Ware, chairman, to the several boards of selectmen throughout New Hampshire with the request that all males above twenty-one (21) years of age (lunatics, idiots and negroes excepted) sign the declaration and make return thereof together with the names of all who shall refuse to sign the same, to the General Assembly or committee of safety of the colony. And it is here worthy of note that this declaration as proclaimed by New Hampshire was the text of the national Declaration of Independence, signed July 4, 1776, nearly three months later. When the inhabitants of Claremont were put to the "Test" the town was found to abound with men who refused to sign the declaration, for reasons either from a love of the old mode of administration, conscientious scruples or timidity; but from thrilling incidents which have come down to, and related by some of our old citizens, one can but come to the conclusion that their adoration for the king and monarchy was firmly genuine.

Were are told of one poor fellow, who was so profuse with his monarchial sentiments, that the people strung him to the limb of an apple tree, where he hung until life was nearly extinct, when he was taken down, resuscitated, made to retract and flee the colony. Of 115 names returned by the selectmen, thirty-one were reported as "having been shone the declaration" and "they refused to sign."

Tory Hole, the subject of our cut, sketched by Prof. Rod. E. Miller, is a wild, picturesque, secluded spot, located about a mile from the town-hall, on the road leading to Windsor, Vermont, at the base of a semi-circular formed hill, like a horse-shoe, only a few rods from the highway, yet so recluse is it that strangers must have guidance to its entrance.

During the whole seven years' war Tory Hole was a noted rendezvous for "Loyalists" and it was one of the links that formed a chain of communication from the Canadas to Manhattan Island for the English through the valley of the Connecticut. And here is an amphitheatre of nature, whose area is encircled by lofty hills that defy the lightenings and mock the loudest thunder peals, hills ever green with the North's cone-bearing pines, that reluctantly and mournfully kiss the treacherous and poisonous hemlock, or sigh to'rds the foppish spruce, whose limbs

are decorated with roving climbers and make music with the robin's perpetual carol, home of the partridge and the squirrel. From the earth crystal waters spring forth to give life to its living creatures, and then steal silently underneath the turf, as if no visible perpetuation of anything living might be discovered by man. It was here that these traitors gathered together and renewed their allegiance to the king by recruiting for, and enlisting in his service; here the emulators of John Wesley assembled to reiterate him, that "Our sins will never be forgiven until we fear God and honor the king." It was here they were fed and provided for by the families of Claremont, who were recompensed by deeds of land in Canada. For miles around all the king's sympathizers were knowing to the existence of this hiding place, and Tory Hole remained undiscovered and undisturbed by the Federals until between Great Britain and the new continent peace was declared.

HOLDERNESS AND THE LIVERMORES.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

It was a fine, bright morning toward the last of September, 1879, that my life and destination were tranquilly confided to the care of the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad at the Concord depot, my objective point being the old Livermore Place, which lies just across the Pemigewasset within a few hundred rods of Plymouth village.

My journey was not a long one, the fifty-one miles from Concord to Plymouth being passed in less than two hours by the watch. It did not seem that length of time, for the country we passed through presented many attractions. I gazed with much interest upon the succession of land and water views that chased each other into the background, bared my head in the presence of the "Smile of the Great Spirit"—the sunshine shimmering on the surface of Lake Winnipiseogee—drank in great gulps of mountain air that came sweeping down from the Franconian hills, and thrilled with ecstacy at the sweet vision of the smiling Pemigewasset valley, yes, smiling valley, I use the word advisedly. It always smiles to me, and I have traversed it a score of times, if once.

Long before I wished, we were at Plymouth, the gateway of the mountains, and at the hour of one we were defiling into the grand dining-hall of the Pemigewasset house. They say the cuisine of this hotel is admirable, and this was at the season of the year when all the country delicacies are in vogue. But I have no faculty for remembering dishes, luxurious, bad or indifferent. I do remember, however, of visiting the room where Hawthorne died in the arms of his dearest friend, Franklin Pierce, on the morning of May 19, 1864, and of feeling the tears spring to my eyes as I thought of the literary genius, the greatest that America ever produced, whose spirit departed from its earthly tabernacle (I hope that persons of advanced intelligence will pardon the old-fashioned phraseology, which is somewhat behind the age) within this small, square, white-walled room. His fame and his genius fills the world, but his body lies mouldering in the little seven by two feet grave in Mount Auburn cemetery. So little does the greatest man need after death.

After a very pleasant hour spent in wandering about the pleasant village, during

which we peeped into the old court-house, where Webster, Mason and Ichabod Bartlett had once given measure of their legal acumen and eloquence, visited the State Normal School and called upon our friend Kimball of the *Grafton County Journal*, we chartered a team and drove over the river into Holderness. A beautiful drive of nearly a mile along a highway bordered by huge willows and graceful, silvery birches with a few evergreens intermingled, brought us to our destination—Livermore Place.

There stands the old mansion, more than a hundred years old, crowning the broad plateau of a hill, the seat for more than fifty years of the proud old family of Livermore, a name in days long gone spoken of with respect not unmingled with awe. It is one of those grand, old-fashioned farm-houses, built to last as long as the forest stands, and when folks had plenty of room and plenty of timber to put round it—a grand type of the days of hospitable wealth, with high pitched, gambrelled roof, dormer windows, huge chimneys and ample rooms. It is situated in the midst of a charming prospect of mountain and country scenery. No wonder the family was great, for here are views which could not fail to give intellectual and moral growth. The old house with its lodge, occupies a stately and silent square by itself, with a view which takes in the mountains of Franconia on the north and the meadows of the Pemigewasset on the west. In full sight ripples the beautiful river. The banks are verdant, the view unsurpassed; a golden sunlight is over everything, and the breath of autumn's luscious vintage is in the air; and you look and see the antique walls of the mansion which has been the home of as noble a race as ever lived in the new world.

The builder of this historic mansion was Hon. Samuel Livermore, one of the most distinguished men of New Hampshire in the Revolutionary period. All of the Livermores in this country are supposed to have descended from John Livermore, who settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, as early as 1642. Samuel Livermore was one of the great grandsons of John Livermore. He was born May 14, 1732, at Waltham. At the age of twenty he graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, one of the most ancient and respectable collegiate institutions in the country. Selecting law for his profession, he became a student under Hon. Edward Trowbridge, and was admitted to practice at the supreme judicial court of Middlesex county in 1756. The next year he removed to New Hampshire, establishing himself at Portsmouth, where he soon became a distinguished member of the bar. He filled some of the most honorable and lucrative offices in the Province, and was for several years judge advocate of the admiralty court, and subsequently succeeded Wyseman Claggett as the king's attorney-general of New Hampshire. In this position he became the most necessary advisor to John Wentworth in the troubles that were growing up between the colonists and the crown.

From the first Mr. Livermore was found on the popular side, and doubtless it was on account of some embarrassment between himself and Governor Wentworth the he removed his home to Londonderry, then the second town of that province in wealth and population. From 1768 to 1772 he represented that town in the general assembly. He still continued to hold the office of attorney-general, thus showing that, though an opponent of the encroachments of vice regal power, his abilities were respected by the Wentworths. His circuit embraced not only all New Hampshire, but the counties of York and Cumberland in Maine as well, extending as far as Portland. His earnings at this time could not have amounted to less than $5000 per annum, a large sum for the period.

One of Livermore's ambitions was to be a great land owner. He was one of the original grantees of the township of Holderness, and by purchase gradually became the proprietor of nearly two thirds of its territory.

For Gov. Wentworth's right he paid £30, and for James Kelley's the sum of £88.88. In this way some ten or twelve thousand acres in Holderness, Campton and Plymouth came under his ownership, and it was good land, too, pasture, woodland and valley, whose yearly income brought more than one good pound into the proprietor's pocket. Incited perhaps by the example of Governor Wentworth, who in 1770 had built a splendid summer residence on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee in Wolfeborough, and perhaps, too, desiring to be at a distance from the tempest that he saw gathering over the government at Portsmouth, Livermore sold his farm in Londonderry to John Prentice, a graduate of Harvard, who had studied law with him, and afterwards was attorney-general of the state from 1787 to 1793, and betook himself with his family to his wilderness home. This was in the year 1774.

At that time there were but nine families in Holderness. William Piper had come there in 1763; the others, John Fox, John Sheppard, Bryant Sweeney, Samuel Eaton, Joseph Sinclair, Andrew Smith, John Herron and Nathaniel Thompson settled later. Several families followed the Livermores from Londonderry and vicinity. Among them was John Porter who became the first settled lawyer of Plymouth, but returned to Londonderry in 1806, which town he represented for eleven years. Mrs. Porter was a very accomplished lady, and was Mrs. Livermore's most intimate friend.

Mr. Livermore lived successively in two or three small buildings before he built the large and handsome mansion in which he died, and which he erected during the last of the Revolution. During the first years of the struggle he took no prominent part. It was from no lukewarmness to the cause, however. Doubtless his high office that he had held under the crown and his well-known friendship to Sir John Wentworth caused some of the patriot leaders to regard him with suspicion. These years he remained entirely aloof from public affairs, caring for his own affairs in Holderness. He had a grist-mill at the mouth of Millbrook, and here he might have been seen any day in 1776 and '77 dressed in a white suit, and tending the mill with his own hands. We find him soon after this a member of the State Assembly from Holderness. He had now a splendid opportunity to prove that he was no lukewarm adherent to the cause of the colonists. He threw the whole weight of his power and influence into the popular scale and became the controlling spirit of the assembly. Such men as Meshech Weare and Matthew Thornton, who knew his worth and his vast ability, embraced his cause. In 1778 he was appointed attorney-general of the state, again superseding Wyseman Claggett, who had held the office for the two preceding years.

In 1780 Samuel Livermore was elected a delegate to the Provincial Congress to succeed Josiah Bartlett. Congress then met at Philadelphia and the journey thither was a horse-back ride from Holderness of eighteen days, with food and shelter of the most miserable kind for man and beast. From his diary, which has been preserved, we are told something of the trials he met by the way. After striking New Jersey he could obtain no better food for his horse than coarse meadow hay, and one night could not obtain that, his animal going without anything. He was a splendid horseman and rode like a centaur. Tall, stately, and of lofty bearing, he presented a superb figure on a horse. I have heard that Hon. James W. Patterson's grandfather, Jacob Sheppard of Londonderry, used to say of him, that "on horseback he was the most beautiful object he ever saw."

During the dispute relative to the New Hampshire grants—the territory now constituting the state of Vermont—Mr. Livermore was selected by the legislature to act in behalf of New Hampshire. His well-known legal abilities prompted this appointment and excellently well fitted him for that duty. While acting in this position he was appointed to the high and responsi-

ble office of chief justice of the superior court of judicature. The duties of the chief justice at that time were very onerous. He was expected to attend every session of the court, and as a usual thing being the only lawyer upon the bench, was of course called upon to decide all questions of law. He retained this office from 1782 to 1790.

In 1785 Judge Livermore was again appointed a delegate to Congress, and served, though he still retained his seat upon the bench. He was also one of the committee with Josiah Bartlett and John Sullivan to revise the statutes then in force and report what bills they deemed necessary to be enacted at the session of the general court. At the convention which formed our state constitution in 1788 he was a prominent member. Under the constitution he was elected representative to Congress, and being reëlected served in that body till 1793. In the convention of 1791 for revising the state constitution he was the presiding officer. His influence at this time was almost absolute The constitution is subscribed with his name. But he had not yet filled the measure of his honors.

In 1793 he was chosen United States senator to succeed Paine Wingate, and so well and ably did he perform the duties of that exalted station, and so well did he please his constituents, that he was reëlected. His commanding position in the Senate is indicated by the fact that he was president, pro tem, of that body in 1797 and again in 1799. He resigned his seat in 1801, and retired to his seat at Holderness, where he died June, 1803.

Samuel Livermore was intrinsically a great man. Travellers tell us that the mountain men of the Alps are accustomed to call to each other, with a peculiar far-reaching cry, and to answer one another from peak to peak. The traveller may hear this cry but cannot give it in return. So across the centuries a few have spoken whose words resound through all the years. Such an one was Judge Livermore. Though dead he yet speaketh in that state document to which his name is attached. Through a hundred living witnesses who received their impulse to greatness from association with the great man we know whereof he spake. Upon his own age he made a profound impression. Men like Jeremiah Smith of Exeter, William Plumer of Epping, James Sheafe of Portsmouth, and Charles H. Atherton knew of his greatness. The latter declared that he was *the* great man of New Hampshire in his time, and he not only knew him well but was capable of estimating his character. His home at Holderness was characterized by the tastes of a cultured statesman, and by the superiority of his elevated private as well as public character, no less than by his commanding personal dignity and the extent of his possessions, he ruled the town with the absolute power of a dictator.

By his wife, Jane, the daughter of Rev. Arthur Brown, whose name is familiar to the readers of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Samuel Livermore was the father of five children: Edward St. Loe, born at Portsmouth, 1762; George Williamson, born at Londonderry, 1764; Arthur, born at Londonderry, 1766; Elizabeth, born at Londonderry, 1768; and Samuel Livermore, second, who was born at the Holderness mansion in 1783. Edward St. Loe practiced law in Portsmouth, and was an associate justice of the New Hampshire superior court from 1797 to 1799. Shortly afterwards he removed to Massachusetts, where he was elected a representative to Congress two terms from the Essex district. He died at Tewksbury, Mass., September 22, 1832, aged seventy.

Harriet Livermore, the preacher and enthusiast, was one of the daughters of Edward St. Loe. She was born at Portsmouth in 1782. She was gifted but erratic. In January, 1827, she preached on a Sabbath, in the hall of representatives of the capitol at Washington. The President, John Quincy Adams, was one of those present, as was also James Barbour, the then Secretary of War. She is said to have

"sung melodiously, her softest note filling the vast room." Her preaching was also thought elegant and effective. After an eventful life, spent in this country and the Holy Land, she died some thirteen years since, in Philadelphia. One of her strange notions in regard to the fulfilment of prophecy was, "that she was foreordained and foretold, in prophecy, to be an important actor in the great drama described in the eleventh chapter of the Apocalypse. Of the two witnesses mentioned in verses 3–13, who were to be slain in the Holy City, lie unburied in the streets three days and a half, and then stand on their feet alive, etc., *she was to be one.*" With this in view, she visited Palestine at three different times. Lady Hester Stanhope, the famous "queen of Lebanon," and Harriet Livermore, the American "Mejunneh"—"the Yankee crazy woman"—are said to have resembled each other in some respects. Of the latter, says one: "Half insane, half wierd, and wholly wilful, a virago and a vixen in one person, she was, in a sense the poet never thought of:

"Commixture strange of heaven, earth, hell,"

without the first of the three elements. She is the woman referred to by Whittier in his "Snowbound," who

"Blended in a like degree,
The vixen and the devotee."

In her early days she was accustomed to visit the home of Whittier's boyhood, and was well known to him who has so faithfully and admirably portrayed her singular character.

Arthur, the third of the judge's sons, succeeded to the old family mansion at his father's death. He trod in his father's steps and was the most conspicuous of the three distinguished sons. He was a man of varied acquirements, a profound scholar, and served at various times in office for the interests of the state. For eleven years, from 1798 to 1809, he was associate justice of the superior court. For the next four years he was chief justice of the same court. Then under a new system he was associate justice of the supreme court, from 1813 to 1816. He was six years a representative to Congress, serving from 1817 to 1821, and again from 1823 to 1825. From 1825 to 1832 he was chief justice of common pleas. The last closed his public services, which had continued through a period of thirty-four years. Although by nature imperious, Arthur Livermore was an able and usually an upright judge. His impatience and pride would, however, break out at times. In 1705 he opened a court at Hopkinton, but not finding the lawyers promptly on hand to attend to their business, summarily dissolved the court, tauntingly remarking that by the next term the counsel would probably be ready to begin work. This summary proceeding nearly lost him his office, for it was carried to the legislature, and he only saved himself by the skin of his teeth, on the final vote. Upon another occasion his outrageous insult to a member of the bar was also carried to the legislature, and his removal would have been effected had he not rendered a full apology to the injured lawyer. As a usual thing, the lawyers stood in fear of him, for he never hesitated to speak his mind, and his sharp tongue and fearless bearing always added double force to the castigation.

I do not know what motive or motives prompted him to the act, but at the close of his public life Arthur Livermore sold the old homestead in Holderness, which by sales and gifts of land had dwindled to a thousand acres, and took up his residence in Campton on the Moses Little place. There he resided the rest of his life, and there he died in 1853, on the first day of July, aged eighty-seven. He was buried beside his father at the old family burial ground at Holderness.

With Arthur closed the glory of the Livermore race in New Hampshire, after a brilliant course of a century's duration. His two sons died before him. Samuel being lost by the wreck of the steamer Pulaski, June 14, 1838, and Horace dying from a stroke of

lightning eleven days after his brother's death.

Samuel Livermore, Jr., the youngest of the extraordinary trio of sons, and perhaps the ablest of them, was a graduate of Harvard in 1804. He studied law, settled at New Orleans, and became eminent in his profession. He was the author of several works of recognized worth upon law; a treatise on law of "Principal and agent of sales by auction," and a work on "Contrariety of laws of different states and nations," are still authorities among the profession. He died at the meridian of his brilliant career, in 1833.

His sister Elizabeth married Deacon William Brown of Waltham, and left children. George Williamson Livermore, the second of the four sons, died young. Of the other Livermores of New Hampshire who have won distinction, Mathew, who lived at Portsmouth, and was attorney-general of the province, and advocate for the king in the courts of admiralty during the first years of Benning Wentworth, was a cousin of the first Samuel Livermore. Rev. Abiel A. Livermore, a divine and author of some note, who was born at Wilton in 1811, was the grandson of Jonathan, the first minister of that town, who was the brother of Judge Samuel Livermore.

The great house at Holderness passed through several hands after the Livermores left. Finally it was purchased by the Episcopalists who opened it as a school for boys in 1878. The interior of the house has been somewhat changed, but outwardly it looks nearly as it did when its founder completed it a hundred years ago. Several huge willows and stately elms stand in the yard, under whose shadows must have walked many and many a time the stately figures of the great judge and his noble sons.

Away to the right, distant only a few rods, is a little, square wooden structure, which, despite a new coat of paint, speaks of venerable antiquity. This building was the second Episcopal church ever built in New Hampshire (the first being built in Portsmouth more than a hundred years earlier) and is ninety-five years old this very year. Samuel Livermore and most of the early settlers of Holderness were Episcopalians. For several years Mr. Livermore held Sabbath worship at his own residence, reading the Episcopal service and sermons himself. Subsequently he erected this church, and in 1791 Rev. Robert Fowle became rector of the parish, living in Mr. Livermore's family some fourteen years. His rectorship continued for more than thirty years. The number of the members of the church was never large; there were about forty in 1795; but it was an orderly and God fearing congregation. Every Sunday morning they came flocking in, whether it was hot or cold. Some came on horseback over the roads which had been cut through the forests, others in rude wagons or sleds, many on foot. Judge Livermore was always there with his family and all his servants and hired help, not a small number. Farmers dressed in homespun sat beside the "squire" with his queue, and his knee breeches and long waist-coats of broadcloth. Proud and reserved as he might be at other times, Samuel Livermore asked for no recognition of rank in the house of God.

In the burying ground which surrounds the church rest many of the old settlers and their descendants. Among those who repose undisturbed in the shadow of the ancient edifice are the three generations of the Livermores. Aristocratic monuments mark where they slumber. The first stone bears the following inscription:

"In memory of the
HON. SAMUEL LIVERMORE,
Late Chief Justice of New Hampshire,
Senator in the Congress, U. S.,
Who died May 18, 1803.
Aged 71.
And of JANE, his wife (daughter of Rev. Arthur Brown.
The first church minister settled in N. H.)
Who died Feb. 2, 1802,
Aged 67.
The Character of the Just will live in the Memory of the Just."

Arthur, their son, lies buried near, with his brother, George W. Livermore

beside him. One stone commemorates the death of his two sons.

"Life's labor done, securely laid
In this, their last retreat;
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat."

Late in the golden afternoon we drove on to Holderness village. The distance is five miles due east, and over a charming road. Many of the views were wild and romantic. Holderness is not a large town, and its population is but little over seven hundred. The village contains some forty or fifty dwelling houses, a church, post-office and school-house, beside a large hotel and several boarding houses, for the inevitable summer tourist includes this place in his travels. Six thousand dollars are received annually from this class alone.

There is considerable manufacturing done. There is a shoe factory which turns off three thousand pairs of boots and shoes annually. A file manufactory does a business of $3000, and two thousand deer skins are tanned every year.

Holderness is a pretty place to visit in the summer season. All of its attractions are in their greatest beauty then. The routes to Plymouth, Centre Harbor and Wolfeborough are then avenues through leafy verdure. Livermore place is crowned with radiance. The sunlight cuts gay and fantastic shadows on its time-worn walls. The zephyrs murmur lovingly among its ancestral trees. But o'er and around it still there is a melancholy which all will feel. Doubtless in the winter time this feeling would be aggravated.

THE STORY OF A NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRL.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

She climbed the hill slowly; not so much because of weariness, but because the familiar ground was so dear to her, she did not choose to pass over it quickly. She knew the prospect which awaited her, although twenty years had gone by since her feet last pressed this soil. She had toiled long, and had achieved something of the success she had craved, yet in all these years she had never watched the sun rising or setting, without recalling the sunrises and sunsets which had so delighted her when she was a child.

It was a strange home-coming, with not one in whose veins flowed the same blood as in her own to welcome her; and it seemed strange to the practical people among whom she had come, that she should care for the deserted farm and dilapidated house, which had merely a nominal value in their eyes. But she *did* care, and after paying a stipulated price for what should have been her's by inheritance, she felt that she had a home.

It did not matter to her that there were large gaps in walls and fences and that fields were fallow. It did not matter to her that windows were broken and doors unhinged. She was seeking rest; such rest as is found in activity which does not draw too heavily upon mental or physical strength. She could afford to seek this rest where she pleased, and therefore she had come to the old homestead. She was accompanied by an Englishman and his wife, whose ability and faithfulness she had tested, and who had ample reason for the gratitude they expressed in deeds, rather than in words.

Neighbors declared there was not a habitable room in the house; but notwithstanding this, three people had found shelter in it for the night, and now, before the morning fog rolled away, Rachel Wallace had donned

cloak and cowl, and set forth to climb the hill. How well she remembered that other far-off morning, when she had stolen out while the stars were shining, to bid adieu to scenes she might never see again. The future was then dark before her. She had but one solace, one comfort. She was alone in the world, and how devoutly she thanked God for this can only be known to those who, like her, have been chained and fettered by the ties of relationship. She did not then stop to analyze her feelings, or question if this thankfulness was wrong. She was free, and she hated bondage.

Her mother had been long dead, and at her father's death, his wife claimed every article of household furniture; so Rachael had only the scanty clothing she had earned, and such education as could be obtained in a poor district, where cheap teachers dispensed cheap learning. People wondered what would become of her. More than one offered her board for the work she would do, but these offers were declined. To secure money was her first object, and money could be earned in a cotton mill. The work would be new to her, and it might be distasteful; but it was a step towards independence, and the realization of a dream in which she had sometimes indulged.

A weary stage ride, for which she was indebted to the kindness of the driver, afforded her ample time for reflection and anticipation. She was shy, awkward, and painfully conscious of her deficiencies. She was going among strangers who, at best, would regard her with indifference. Received into a large boarding-house, she was half frightened by the noise and bustle, so that she found it difficult to repress her tears.

"Did you say your name is Rachel?" asked a pale-faced woman who sat next her at the table, and who had been selected to teach her the mystery of weaving.

"Yes, ma'am, my name is Rachel," replied the young girl.

"I like the name. It was my sister's name, and she was very dear to me. She must have been about your age, and I think you might look like her, if you had lived as she did."

"I hope she didn't live as I have. Since mother died, I have had to do just what I didn't want to, and I couldn't do anything I wanted to. It is dreadful to do so."

"So it is, Rachel. I knew you had lived so, the minute I saw you. You look as though you were hunting for something you couldn't find."

"I am. Will you help me find it?"

"Yes, Rachel, I will," and this promise sealed a friendship which grew and strengthened with acquaintance. "I am old enough to be your mother. I have had two dear children, and been glad to see them die. You can't think what it is to feel like that; but I have felt it, and I have never wished them back."

"It must be dreadful," whispered Rachel. "I wish you were truly my mother. Then we could live together and help each other; I always wanted to help somebody and have somebody help me, but it used to seem as though I was just in the way, and doing wrong things all the time. My father never cared about me, and my step-mother said I was an awful trial to her. I never could do anything to please her, and when father died, she said I needn't expect any help from her. I didn't want it, either. I was glad when I was alone, and could come away by myself."

"I am sorry for you, Rachel," and the voice lingered lovingly on the dear name. "There has been a wrong, or you wouldn't feel so. It seems as though you were sent to me."

"I think I was," and for the first time in many weeks, Rachel Wallace smiled happily. "I want to learn, and do some good, and have a home of my own, where I sha'n't be in anybody's way. I was always in the way in father's home."

"You won't be in the way here; you are needed here, and it don't make so much difference about the work you do, if it is only what is wanted."

"I don't believe it does. I hope I shall learn quick."

"If you don't, you needn't be dis-

couraged. You will learn in time, and thorough learning is best. That is what I used to tell my scholars when I kept school."

"Did you ever keep school?"

"Yes. You will find a good many here who have kept school, and a good many more who are studying, hoping they may be teachers sometime. I have wished I had somebody to study with me. I can't get used to doing things alone."

"I wish I could be the somebody."

"You can. I can teach you some things, and some we can learn."

For answer to this, Rachel Wallace threw her arms around the neck of her friend, and wondered much at the tears with which her own cheeks were wet. She was but a child, knowing nothing of the profound emotions of mature life.

Mrs. Eastham kept the young girl constantly with her. They walked together to and from their work, occupied the same small room, and counted themselves fortunate to be thus privileged. Rachel proved to be a quick learner, so that she was soon able to earn good wages, which were expended judiciously. After purchasing necessary articles for her wardrobe, she had a few dollars still at her command; and when she held in her hands a book, ten pages of which she had read two years before, she thought no higher happiness could ever come to her.

"The ten pages set me to thinking," she said to her friend. "I thought if some other poor girl had earned a home, I might; and after that I kept planning how I could begin to do it. There must be a beginning."

"Yes, and beginnings are always small. I guess at the first start of Merrimac river, way back of everything else, there is just a little spring, where the water comes up out of the ground, perhaps a drop at a time. If I was in your place, I should feel as though I could do anything. But I am not like you. It has been hard for a woman to take care of herself, but there are better days coming. There will be more factories where women can earn good wages, and money will make a man or woman independent."

"That is what I want, Mrs. Eastham. I want to be independent."

"You can be. There are girls here who will never be any happier or better than they are now. But you—"

The sentence was not completed, and it was its incompleteness which roused anew the ambition of her to whom it was addressed; as if she had been told that her possibilities of achievment were limitless. Those about her, observing the gradual change in dress and manners, prophesied that she would yet be "smart and handsome." They wished she really belonged to Mrs. Eastham, who, poor woman, had only a miserable husband, to burden, rather than help her.

He was a burden long endured, but at length death relieved her and she was once more free. Then, indeed, she counted herself rich; so rich that she could indulge in the luxury of a home, consisting of two rooms in a quiet neighborhood; and here the true life of Rachel Wallace began. It was an humble place; but there were sunny windows where plants would grow and blossom, and cosy nooks where simple furniture could be tastefully arranged. By easy management, time was found for necessary household duties without infringing upon other work. Mrs. Eastham soon waived her position as teacher, while she watched with glad surprise the progress of her pupil above and beyond her.

"I can't keep up with you Rachel, dear," she said one evening. "My day for hard study has gone by, but I can be glad to do some things for you, so you can be a scholar. I should help my sister so if she had lived, and I will help you. I have had too much trouble to keep a strong head. I made a mistake when I married. I didn't know what I was doing, but it was a terrible mistake. Don't do as I did."

"No, I will not," answered Rachel.

It was easy to say this, since she had but one absorbing interest, nor dreamed that another might conflict with this.

Three years went by, and she had

made decided progress as a scholar and intelligent reader, although in her retirement few appreciated her real superiority. About this time a young man from her native town, whom she had known, and who had treated her with kindness when she was all unused to such treatment, called upon her, and expressed his pleasure at meeting her again. He had come to the city, seeking his fortune, and was glad to meet a familiar face, although he looked at Rachel with surprise.

"I should hardly know you. You have grown handsome," he said, frankly. "There is something more than that, too," he added. "I can feel the change, but I don't know how to describe it."

"It is not necessary you should try," was her laughing response, and she led the conversation away from herself, while he wondered more and more what influence had transformed the awkward girl into a charming young lady. At home, he had thought himself quite above her in the social scale. Now he doubted if he should presume to visit her a second time. He did not long doubt, however, for she soon allowed him to see that he was more welcome than would have been any other person connected with her old life.

She asked few questions concerning those she had left. Former associations had not been so pleasant that she cared to renew them.

"Your step-mother is very poor," he remarked, at length.

"Is she?" responded Rachel, adding quickly: "She could hardly be otherwise. She was not a good manager or busy worker, and she certainly had nothing from my father's estate. The furniture was valuable only because it had once belonged to my mother. I should be glad to buy it of her."

"I don't doubt but she would be glad to sell it to you. She told mother she was afraid she hadn't done right by you. She said she never was used to children, and she thought you were hard to get along with."

"I presume I was, and I know now she had a great deal to trouble her. I don't wish to judge her hardly."

"She judges herself. She told mother she would be glad to ask your forgiveness. She is broken down a good deal."

When her visitor had left, Rachel Wallace sat down to think what she would do; and not long after Mrs. Wallace received a letter which, while it increased her sorrow for failure in duty, yet filled her heart with joy. She was to be provided with a place she could call home, and could also depend upon a certain amount of money to be paid to her quarterly; not sufficient for all her wants, but enough to stimulate her to make some exertion for herself.

"To think Rachel should do all this for me when I never did anything for her," said the poor woman to her cousin, whose cottage she was to share. "It's too much to believe. And she's going to be a wonderful woman other ways. That's what folks say that know about her. I don't understand. I can't. But it's likely the strangeness is working out the right way."

Ignorantly and almost unwillingly Mrs. Wallace had solved the mystery of her step-daughter's life. The strangeness she could not comprehend, and which had removed the child from ordinary sympathy, was the very characteristic, now devoloped under fostering influences into great mental force, while its possessor was finding day by day the intangible good she had before sought in vain.

"I think it was my real self, such as God made me, or gave me the ability to be, if I could only learn how to think and feel and act. That is not just what I mean, but I cannot express it any better. Sometime I shall be able to put my thoughts into words. I know I shall, Mother Eastham."

"I believe you will, my dear," was replied confidently to this assertion. "I just sit and think about you when you are away from me, and sometimes I feel as though I should lose you. I could hardly believe you were the same girl who asked me for help if I had not seen you growing and changing before

my eyes. You have worked hard all the time, but you have gained enough to pay for it."

"Yes, I have, and hard work has done me good. I used to hate work, because I could never do it my own way or have any benefit of it. Now I have something gained by every day's work and every evening's study."

This was true when affirmed; but as time passed on, and Rachel Wallace learned more and more of her own capacity for improvement and happiness, it was true in a broader, deeper sense.

Her acquaintance with Guy Weston was also exerting a strange influence upon her. Before leaving home he was a leader in school and in all social circles; and after a certain rusticity of manners had disappeared, he was as popular among those with whom he now associated as he had been among his former companions. He often saw Rachel, and was her only escort to places of amusement and entertainment.

Mrs. Eastham watched the friendship with many misgivings. She knew that the young man, active and agreeable though he was, was not strong enough for Rachel; not profound enough to comprehend the needs of her noble nature; not generous enough to bid her God speed, should she essay to walk in paths he could not tread. The watchful friend felt all this, yet had not learned enough of human hearts and human motives to understand fully the danger of her young companion. Marriage with Guy Weston would dwarf the life of Rachel Wallace; while a prolonged intimacy would absorb time and thought which should be devoted to mental culture.

At length, she came, herself, to realize this, yet hesitated to break the bond between them until it was rudely sundered by his own hand. She stood dumb with grief and surprise; realizing then how truly she loved one who had spoken to her no word of affection. It was the old story, often told, yet more often lived, in which the most tender feelings and sweetest sympathies are evoked only to be turned back upon a head made lonely and desolate by such return.

The young girl wondered at the sense of loss which pervaded her whole nature. The sun shone less brightly. Life took on a more somber aspect, and everywhere she missed some sweet gladness. It was well that she had accustomed herself to think closely and clearly; else she might have groped in darkness for many and many a weary day. She went out and came in, attentive to both work and study, chiding, meanwhile, the listlessness which she could not conceal, but which gradually lost its power; until she saw Guy Weston with the woman he introduced as his wife, she could congratulate them heartily. As she afterwards told her friend, it was sharp but salutary discipline. She learned more of the possibilities of her life; and such knowledge has its own price, to be paid in the heart's experience.

It may be that her congratulations and after cordiality surprised his old acquaintance; for certain it is that he felt something of disappointment at her simple friendliness. His vanity was wounded, and, moreover, a comparison between Rachel and his wife did not tend to heal the wound. He had half pitied her for his desertion. Now he knew that she had no need of pity.

Her kindness to her step-mother seemed to soften the asperities of both and bring them nearer to each other. Mrs. Wallace became very desirous to see Rachel, urging her to spend a summer in the country, but this favor was not granted.

"I never wish to go to my native town, unless I buy the old place and make my home there," she said to Mrs. Eastham. "When I begin to feel myself growing old, I may be glad to rest there."

"You will change much before then," was replied. "You will not be the same as now. If you do not choose to visit your mother, why not invite her here? It would make her very happy, and give me an opportunity for making my visit to Maine without leaving you alone. You would be relieved from the care of

housekeeping, and so have more leisure."

"But I never enjoyed being with Mrs. Wallace. We were always at variance, and we might be now."

"Possibly, but I think not. Try the experiment."

"I will," responded Rachel; and the decision made, she soon carried into effect.

Mrs. Wallace read the cordial invitation, then laid down the closely written sheet and wept with childish abandonment. The kindness was more than she deserved, yet she believed that she could be of some benefit to the dear child. Ah! if the child had only been dear to her years before, how much of unhappiness they would have been spared.

"I will come as soon as I can get ready, and I will try to help you. I do believe I can, and want to." So her answer was given. Preparations were quickly made, and before she had recovered from her surprise, she reached the city of spindles.

"Rachel, what are you going to do when you get all through trying and doing?" she one day asked her stepdaughter, after their acquaintance had progressed to a degree of intimacy that she felt at liberty to do so.

"I never expect to see that time," was replied. "I have always been trying ever since I can remember, and I can never stop."

"Well, I don't know as you can, but it seems as though you'd come to an end sometime."

"Where, mother?"

"I don't know. Don't you ever mean to get married?"

"I don't mean anything about it. I am not going in search of a husband."

"No, child, I wouldn't advise you to," said Mrs. Wallace, laughing. Folks thought you and Guy Weston would make a match; but after I begun to get acquainted with you I hoped you wouldn't. You'd get awful tired of him."

"I never did get tired of him, yet you see he chose some one else for his wife, and it would not be right for me to covet my neighbor's husband."

"I guess you won't be doing wrong that way. Guy's wife ain't half so good looking as you be, and his mother says she's awful shiftless."

"She looks tired and sick now, and I am afraid she is getting discouraged. Guy thought life was a holiday, and when he found out his mistake he ought to have been willing to take his share of the burdens."

"I don't guess he'll take any burdens he can get rid of. He ain't one of that kind, and there's a good many more like him. I might have done different from what I did after I married your father."

"Yes, mother, we might all have done different. We were poor, but not so poor that we could not be happy. It seems to me if I could be one of a family where they all loved each other, and every one tried to help the rest, I could live on very little money, and have every thing beautiful, too."

"I guess you could, child, and I hope you'll have a chance to live so sometime. I want to ask your forgiveness for not doing as I ought to by you."

"Don't do that. Don't ask my forgiveness," responded Rachel, drawing closer to her mother and returning a long, tender embrace.

"Child, I love you more than I ever did anybody else in my life, more than I thought I could. If I should die tomorrow, I think I should be happier in Heaven for having lived with you this summer. Don't send me away from you, Rachel."

"I won't, mother. You shall stay with me, and give me the mothering I always wanted."

"Don't say that, Rachel. It hurts me. I ought to have given it to you when you was little; but I'll do all I can now, and if you'll let me stay with you I won't cost more than I can help."

"That is not to be considered, although you may be sure you will save me more than you will cost, so we shall both be benefitted. Our relations are now settled for life," added Rachel, springing to her feet, and patting her mother's wrinkled cheek. "We shall be very happy together."

From that day there was no discord between them. All bitterness was forgotten; and when, five years after, Mrs. Wallace folded her hands in death, she was sincerely mourned.

"I am getting to be an old woman, myself," remarked the daughter, when talking with Mrs. Eastham, who had decided to locate herself permanently elsewhere.

"You do not seem old to me. You are not old," was replied.

"But I am thirty; an old maid, who by all rules of custom and propriety ought to regret a lost youth with its opportunities."

"Do you regret them?"

"No, indeed. I am looking forward, not backward. I would not live over even the years since I have known you, much less those which preceded. I have been reminded of old times this morning. I saw Guy Weston and his wife. She is a poor, tired, dissatisfied looking woman, with hardly a trace of the prettiness she had when younger, and Guy looks as dissatisfied as she."

"I presume he is as dissatisfied. There was a short acquaintance, a speedy marriage, and ample time for repentance."

"Yes; I am sorry for them both, but one cannot interfere with, advise or help. Guy used to be bright and animated; now he is dull and stupid and half cross. I don't wonder his wife finds him an unpleasant companion."

Not long after this Rachel Wallace saw her old friend again, as he was leaning on the railing of a bridge, gazing into the water.

"Good evening," she said, pleasantly.

"Good evening," he responded, turning to look at her, and so staying her steps. "I believe you have drank of the fountain of perpetual youth. You look younger than you did when we went to school together."

"I feel younger, but I am not so vain as to suppose that the years have not left their record upon my face."

"They have, and the record has beautified it."

"Your eyes have taken in beauty from the landscape. I hope your family are well."

"As well as usual," replied the young man, while a frown contracted his brow.

Rachel had outgrown him, as she had outgrown many others who started with her. The power she craved to clothe her thoughts in words had been acquired. Her hands, too, had been trained to cunning work. As a designer, she commanded constant employment at a generous salary. From the first she had set aside a part of he earnings as a reserve fund; and as this had been well invested, she found herself comparatively independent, with both means and leisure for travel. She might even indulge herself in idleness had she so desired; but habits of industry had become so fixed, that head or hands must needs be employed. Wherever she went she made some new discovery. Whatever she saw suggested much which was unseen; and thus her store of knowledge increased without thought or effort.

Her face grew radiant. Her eyes shone with a clearer light. There was no more groping for a path all unknown; no more questioning of wisdom yet unproved. This grand assurance which comes to but few surprised her. It was like a revelation from above; a commendation from one who cannot see.

The years were shorter as they flitted by. She welcomed spring, only to greet the more glorious summer, which lapsed into autumn with its gorgeous fruitage, and then gave place to winter, ere the pleasures of either season had paled upon her.

Those younger than herself forgot that she was their senior; forgot, too, that she was what some are pleased to call a lonely woman, who has missed a woman's crowning happiness. No one thought of pitying her. As well pity a successful *man* who has won his way from obscurity to some coveted position.

"They say Rachel Wallace has got to be rich," said an old man, as he paused by an upland field overgrown with blackberry vines. "If she'd been

a boy instead of a girl, perhaps she'd come back and buy this farm. It'll go cheap, and it's a pleasant site. They say Rachel knows most everything. It would have been better for Guy Weston if he'd married her, but likely she's gained as much as he's lost."

"I guess she has. He'd do to ride out with, but when it comes to living right along, he ain't the one to make things easy and pleasant for a woman. I should like to see Rachel, and I wish she'd buy the old farm. I'd take it myself, if I had money to spare. When it's advertised, I'll send her the notice."

In accordance with this decision the notice was sent, when Rachel lost no time in requesting the sender to purchase the estate for her. She bought it for a less sum than she had expected, feeling rich indeed when she was its acknowledged possessor.

Neighbors speculated as to what she would do, but she made her plans carefully through the winter, and in the early spring proceeded with their execution. She did not fear that her experiment would prove a failure. Mr. Winsey, her man of all work, was a practical farmer, glad once more to engage in congenial work; while Mrs. Winsey found all things attractive, from the low rooms with heavy beams to the cherry trees which had remained so long unpruned. They were little more than a thicket of tangled branches.

Supper was prepared and eaten, but it was no wonder that Rachel Wallace slept little that night. The ghosts of departed years rose before her. She occupied the same little chamber in which she had arranged her treasures a quarter of a century before. She watched the day dawning through the same narrow window, and hurried forth to climb the hill, that she might see the fog roll away as the sun came up.

"O God, I thank thee," she murmured, as she stood upon the summit. "I thank thee for all the way in which thou hast led me, even to this very hour."

This way had not been unlike the morning, with its fog and gloom dispelled at length by the clear shining of the sun of prosperity. She was too much absorbed in thought to note the gradual brightening until it burst upon her in its clear effulgence; and here was a continuation of the similitude which impressed her with still more reverent gratitude.

The landscape was but little changed, except where forests had been felled, or more pretentious dwellings substituted for plain, weather-beaten cottages. There were hills and valleys, with gleams of water and outlines of shadowy nooks; and her own home, fairest of all. It might not be attractive to others in its homely guise, but to her it was very dear. It had for her a rare charm, which increased as she retraced her steps towards it; and as Mrs. Winsey greeted her at the door, she was fain to press her forehead to its threshold.

"You look very happy, Miss Wallace," said the good woman.

"I am happy," was replied, with emphasis. "I am going back twenty-five years and take up my childhood again, and I think I shall be the happiest child in town."

These were strange words to come from the lips of a woman who had reached the speaker's age; yet ere midsummer, people talked of her as "the most cheerful, wide-awake girl anywhere 'round." She was also praised for the good condition of her farm; wonderful, considering how much was to be done. In purchasing it she had made a profitable investment. Three people were benefitted; while at the same time she would realize a liberal interest.

Guy Weston's friends both blamed and pitied him that he had not won her for his wife, and when he came with his family, the contrast between her, with her bounding energy, and the weak, peevish woman to whom life was a burden, made the presence of the latter well nigh intolerable. They reproached themselves for this, however, when they stood by an open grave, and motherless children clung to the father's hand. Death had come in an unexpected hour, bringing with

it the mantle of charity which so enfolded the past that all defects were concealed. The husband, remembering his own shortcomings, blamed himself, where he had before blamed her of whom he could now ask no forgiveness.

With the unseemly haste which characterizes some really worthy people, there were prophecies that at last the anticipations of long ago might now be realized; and it may be that Mr. Weston himself dared to dream of this; but his dreams were not to be realized. "Once and forever" was the motto of his old companion. There could be no more of tenderness in her heart for him; neither did she fancy it would ever wake to such love as she would only bestow upon one who could win her entire devotion, giving in return equal measure.

But the summer was for her richly laden. She had come to the quiet town for rest, and by a rare ordering of Providence came another seeking the same precious boon. A man who in forty years had seen much of the world and much of sorrow was attracted hither, and meeting Rachel Wallace under peculiar circumstances, felt at once the subtile influence no words can describe, but through which he recognized the presence of a kindred spirit.

The knowledge came to her more slowly, yet not less surely, transforming the happy "girl" into a happier woman; and when amid autumn's splendor the marriage service linked her life with that of another, she looked forward to the future joyously, without doubt or misgiving.

Still achieving, she is admired by all who know her; while in her own family she realizes her ideal of a truly happy home.

CENTRE HARBOR.

BY ISAAC W. HAMMOND.

Some two years ago I had a discussion with some gentlemen concerning the derivation of the name of the town of Centre Harbor, they contending that it was named for an inhabitant of the town by the name of Senter, and that it should be spelled Senter's Harbor, and would have been but for the ignorance of the clerk who engrossed the act of incorporation; while I contended that the name originated in consequence of its being the centre of three harbors—Moultonborough Harbor being on the east, and Meredith Harbor on the west. I was in a minority, and was silenced but not convinced, and since then have been on the lookout for evidence to sustain my position, which evidence I have found, and propose to present, believing that it cannot be controverted.

In June, 1788, Benning Moulton, and fifty-one others, "inhabitants of Meredith Neck, the northern district of New Hampton and New Holderness, and of the southern district of Moultonborough," petitioned the legislature to be severed from the respective towns to which they then belonged, and incorporated into a "Township by the name of Watertown," for the following reasons: "That the lands aforesaid are so surrounded with ponds and impassable streams running into and out of said ponds, and so remote from the *Centers* of the respective towns to which they belong, that we have hitherto found the greatest inconvenience in attending public worship." The matter came before the legislature January 1, 1789, and a committee, consisting of Hon. Joseph Bad-

ger of Gilmanton, Daniel Beede, Esq., of Sandwich, and Capt. Abraham Burnham of Rumney was appointed "To view the situation of the premises petitioned for, * * * and report their opinion thereon to the General Court at their next session."

The committee visited the locality in May following, with a copy of the petition, in which the bounds of the proposed town were described, and containing the names of the petitioners. They made up their report on the premises, and wrote it on the back of the copy of the petition, dating the same "Centerr Harbor May ye 28th, 1789," It seems from this, that there was a landing then called "Centre Harborr," eight years before the town was set off and incorporated.

Three men by the name of Senter signed this petition, and as the Committee had it before them when they made up their report, it is not probable that such men as Judge Badger, by whose hand the report was made, or either of the others, would have written "Center" if they had intended to write Senter.

The aforesaid committee reported against the petitioners, saying, "That while the lands proposed would make a convenient small town it would be a damage to Holderness and Meredith, and that neither of the towns would be able to support public worship," and the matter then dropped until 1797, at which time a petition was presented to the Legislature, bearing date "New Hampton, June 8, 1797," signed by James Little and forty-six others, praying "That your honors would set off such a part of said town as is included in the following bounds as a town, and that it may be incorporated by the name of Centre Harbor." The bounds are then given which they say are "agreeable to a vote of the town of New Hampton in the year 1786." The legislature appointed a hearing for their next session, and required the petitioners to post a copy of the petition and order of court in some public place in said town eight weeks before said hearing, and serve a like copy on the selectmen. I have before me the copy which was posted, written in a plain hand, the corners showing the nail holes, and containing a certificate dated Nov. 18, 1797, stating that it was posted at the store of Moses Little in New Hampton, eight weeks prior to said date; and also a copy containing an acknowledgement of the selectmen of service on them, in both of which the name of the proposed town is written "Centre Harbor." Now if it was the intention of the people to name the town Senter's Harbor, is it possible that it could have been posted in a conspicuous place, and undoubtedly read by nearly every man in town, and the error remain undiscovered? Certainly not.

Add to this fact that it has been spelt "Centre" in the town records from that time to this, and that the first petition from the town after its incorporation, which was for the appointment of Lieut. Winthrop Robinson as justice of the peace, was dated "Centre Harbor, April 27, 1798," and I think the following facts have been unquestionably established. *First:* That there was a landing on the lake called Centre Harbor some years before the town was set off, and so called because it was the centre one of three harbors. *Second:* That the town took the same name when it was incorporated, at the request of the petitioners, and that they had no intention of having it named Senter's Harbor. *Third:* That the gentleman (Mr. John Calfe?) who engrossed the act of incorporation was not guilty of the sin of ignorance, and has been much abused. Decision of aforesaid gentlemen set aside. Verdict for the clerk.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY F. W. LANE.

There stood in the olden time a castle lofty and grand;
Its towers gleamed far o'er the vale to deep-blue ocean's strand;
Around it fragrant gardens wrought an ever-blooming crown,
And the silver spray of fountains fell rainbow-tinted down.

There sat a haughty monarch, in land and victories great;
Upon the royal throne he sits in pale and gloomy state;
His lightest thought is terror and what he looks is woe,
The words he speaks are scourges, in blood his mandates flow.

Once to this lordly castle came a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets, but white the other's hair;
The aged man, a harper, a noble steed bestrode,
The young man walked beside him, and cheered the weary road.

The old man to the younger spoke: "Be ready now, my son;
Think o'er our deepest melodies, and strike the fullest tone;
Bring all thy skill to action, sing love, and sing of grief;
Our task it is to-day to move this stony-hearted chief."

Within the marble hall stand the singers side by side;
Upon the throne are sitting the king and his royal bride;
The monarch, angry-visaged, the lurid northlight's gleam,
The queen so mild and gentle, the full-moon's radiant beam.

The old man struck the chords, he struck with skilful care,
Then sweet and ever sweeter the sound fell on the ear;
The youth's strong voice, harmonious, in heavenly richness blends,
The old man's voice replying, the song to heaven ascends.

They sing of spring and love, of tender days of youth,
Of freedom, manly honor, of holiness and truth;
They sing of all the hopes that stir the human breast;
They sing of all the noble deeds that man's estate have blessed.

The crowd of courtiers standing by their scorn forget to show;
The king's most valiant warriors to God their proud heads bow;
The queen, with joy enraptured, the power of song confessed,
And cast before the minstrel's feet the rose upon her breast.

"You've turned my people from their liege, attempt you now my wife?"
The angry monarch trembling cried, his heart with passion rife;
He hurled the sword; the stripling's heart received the glittering blade.
Whence came those golden melodies a crimson fountain played.

The group of knights and courtiers was scattered as by storm;
The old man's sheltering arms received the stripling's lifeless form;
He wrapped his mantle round him close and placed him on the horse,
And then upright he bound him fast, then backward turned his course.

But when before the minstrel's eyes the massive gateways tower,
He paused, and seized his well-loved harp, his harp of matchless power,
He dashed it 'gainst the marble wall—it fell a shapeless thing;
Then cried he till the echoes through hall and garden ring:

"Woe be to thee, proud castle! may music's gentle tongue
Ne'er speak within thy walls again in harp or minstrel song!
No! sighs and tears alone, and slaves with bended knees
Be thine, till thou in ashes thy angry God appease!

"Woe rest on thee, bright garden! In spring-time's softest days
I show to you this corpse with staring, stony gaze,
That now your flowers may wither, your fountains all be dry,
That ye through time hereafter a barren waste may lie.

"Woe unto thee, assassin! accursed by minstrel's song,
In vain be all thy struggles for victory's blood-stained crown!
Thy glories all forgotten, may darkest night surround;
Thy name, like dying whispers, in empty air be found!"

The old man's words are spoken, and Heaven has heard the cry;
The lofty pile is fallen, the halls in ruins lie;
A single column rears its head from all the ruined mass,
Already broken, this shall fall ere Night's grim shadows pass.

Around, where smiled the garden, a barren desert-land;
No tree extends its shadow, no fountains pierce the sand;
The king's name wakes no melody, no poet's lasting verse;
Dishonored and forgotten! this is the minstrel's curse!

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED, NOVEMBER 18, 1880, AT THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD.

BY REV. FRANKLIN D. AYER.

1 KINGS, VIII: 57, 58.

THE LORD OUR GOD BE WITH US AS HE WAS WITH OUR FATHERS: LET HIM NEVER LEAVE NOR FORSAKE US: THAT HE MAY INCLINE OUR HEARTS UNTO HIM, TO WALK IN ALL HIS WAYS AND TO KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS AND HIS STATUTES, AND HIS JUDGMENTS WHICH HE COMMANDED OUR FATHERS.

One hundred and fifty years ago to-day, a little band of Christian men and women, the early settlers of this town, met to organize this church and to receive by installation its first pastor. The assembly was gathered in a small log building, situated just below this spot, in a little opening in the wilderness. The building and all the actors have long since passed away. These scenes and services are very different from those of that day. The results of that day's action drawn out into the light of to-day are more apparent than ever before. They call upon us, the living members of this church, at this anniversary again to acknowledge the God who was with them, to recall gratefully the heroic lives and Christian self-denial of the fathers, to venerate their characters, to rejoice in the inheritance into which we have entered, and to gather new impulse to Christian devotion for the future, while we pray that their Lord, our God, be with us.

The history of the first century has been written. Fifty years ago to-day, using the same text, the then young pastor reviewed, with the generation before us, the history of the century gone. He told the story of the founding and growth of this church. I recall only the outline of facts. The settlement contained thirty families. They were choice men of character, who came here under restrictions which would exclude all other than resolute and moral men. They provided, before coming, for the establishment of a "learned and orthodox ministry." November 18, 1730, they organized a church with eight members, and Rev. Timothy Walker was installed its pastor. For fifty-two years as pastor he led the people, growing, prosperous, united, not only as their religious teacher but as their guide and defender in all civil matters. He moulded and fixed the character of the people to a large degree and his influence still abides.

Rev. Israel Evans, who had been chaplain in the United States army for seven years, was installed July 1, 1789. His pastorate was eight years.

Rev. Asa McFarland was installed March 7, 1798, and dismissed March 23, 1825, after twenty-seven years of service. These were years of prosperity, and, after arduous labors, the pastor left the church strong and united.

Rev. Nathaniel Bouton was installed by the council which dismissed Dr. McFarland, March 23, 1825, and had been pastor five years at the close of the first century.

To-day we only continue in record, as has been done in life, the story for fifty years more. In the preparations for this observance we are specially fortunate; fortunate in the events, the labors, the lives to be recalled. It is a very bright

and glorious history. We are fortunate in the material preserved, which is accurate and at hand. There is, however, a single regret. It is that he who wrote the history of the first hundred years, and whose ministry continued thirty-seven years into this fifty, and whose life covered nearly all of it, is not here to declare the story of which he was so great a part, to recall the persons with whom he acted, and so many of the events which will of necessity be omitted by any other. In looking forward to this day, it had been one of the hopes harbored that he might be spared to this anniversary and gather for us the pleasant memories, the familiar names, the exact scenes of the past, and so fill out by life and by pen what he had begun.

But he has gone. This anniversary of the church is also a memorial of him, and will remind us of how much we owe to his long and useful pastorate. He left the records of this church during his ministry complete, embracing much usually omitted, and kept or published the record of every event important to the church and community. If he must be missed to-day, he has made provision for such a loss, and the history following for thirty-seven years will be largely drawn from data he left, and which I shall freely use, giving often the words of his record of events.

Fifty years ago this town contained 3700 inhabitants. It was the shire town of the county and capital of the state. A flourishing village was rapidly growing. There were seven printing offices; three political newspapers published; and in the village, eight attorneys at law, and five physicians. The field for a pastor was large and the labor abundant, among a people distinguished for industry and morality. There were three other churches, besides an occasional gathering of "Friends"—the First Baptist, organized in 1818, a Methodist organized in 1828, and the Unitarian, organized in 1829. Dr. Bouton estimated that the whole number connected with all of them was about one-fourth of the adult population, and one seventh of the inhabitants, while one third of the population attended services on the Sabbath and seven eights could be reckoned as church-going. The Old North, built in 1751, was still the rallying point of the town, and the great congregation, averaging about a thousand, thronged it every Sabbath. They came from all directions, long distances, and many on foot. The young pastor had been here just long enough to get fairly at work, and to use the powers of church and parish efficiently. Large as was the church it was united, ready to sustain the efforts and plans of the pastor. Besides preaching on the Sabbath, the pastor appointed weekly lectures in different districts and instituted four Bible classes. He followed this plan for seven years, going on horseback to all sections of the town, visiting the people and holding the services.

The church also was at work, and in 1831 there were connected with this church fourteen parish schools, taught in different districts, and containing 455 scholars. Protracted meetings of three or four days' duration were also held, in which the pastor was assisted by neighboring pastors. Once or twice a year committees were appointed to visit from house to house, converse and pray with every family. The church frequently made appropriations of money to be spent in purchasing tracts to be distributed and books to be loaned to inquirers. These were wise methods. Here we find in this ancient church fifty years ago, the real working plan which we call modern; the branch Sabbath School, canvass services, reaching the masses, man by man, work both personal and united. The results then fully justified the wisdom of the way. Thus, at the opening of the fifty years which we recall, everything was favorable for the prosperity of the church. Rarely has there been a more promising outlook given to a people, or a broader field calling for, or receiving, better culture. The promise was not disappointed, and souls anxious for their salvation, or rejoicing in new found hope of pardon, were constantly to be found.

THE REVIVAL OF 1831.

Upon the very threshold of the new century we reach the Pentecostal season of the church. By unanimous invitation the General Association held its annual meeting here in the fall of 1831. The desire was intense on the part of the church that the meeting should be one of great spiritual blessing. It was anticipated, not as a season of enjoyment or fellowship merely, not as a meeting for business or for laborers from the state to report of the past and plan for the future, but as the coming of a real Pentecost. Hence, early in January preceding, prayer began to be offered that God would prepare all hearts for His coming with that meeting. It was united prayer. On the Sabbath, in the prayer meeting, at extra seasons for fasting and prayer, at the family altar and in hundreds of closets no doubt, the importunate and believing prayers went up with the cry, "Lord prepare us and come Thou!" While they spake the Lord heard. The blessing came before the meeting of the Association. The roused church, inquiring and then pardoned sinners, declared that the windows of heaven were already open.

The church voted, June 30th, "to appoint a committee of thirty to visit all the members of the church residing in town for the purpose of promoting, through the Divine blessing, an increased interest and attention to our spiritual concerns." When, September 6, the ministers and numerous Christians from all parts of the state, to the number of three hundred, assembled, they all seemed moved by the same spirit in the one accord of prayer and expectancy, and soon the day was fully come.

Says Dr. Bouton: "The first day the impression was highly salutary and hopeful; on the second, deeper and more solemn; on the third, tears abundantly flowed; in the afternoon of Thursday, when the general meeting was expected to close, the Lord's supper was administered to about 850 communicants, occupying every seat on the lower floor of the church and benches in the aisles, while the galleries were crowded with non-communicants, for the most part standing, and with silent, but throbbing and tearful emotion, looking on the solemn scene, and listening to the affecting appeals which were made to them. Many afterward said that the scene was to them like the day of judgment. In the evening Rev. Joel Fisk, then of New Haven, Vt., preached from the text, John vi: 37, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' God evidently assisted the preacher in pleading with sinners, and urging them to come then to Christ. The impression was too powerful to be any longer resisted. There began to be a spontaneous movement in the house at the close of the sermon, seeking the prayers of Christians, and when the pastor said, 'An opportunity is now given for those who desire prayers to come forward,' persons seated below and in the the gallery, moved, as by a spontaneous impulse, toward the broad aisle of the church, and filled the entire space from the pulpit to the front door. Oh, what a moment was that! 'The glory of the Lord filled the house.' And ministers and Christians stood in joyful wonder at the sight. Few were the words spoken, but sobbing prayers were poured out to God for pardon, peace and salvation for those anxious souls. The meeting closed, and all, subdued by the power of the scene, retired to their homes, not to sleep, but to converse and praise and pray. Tidings of this wonderful event soon passed over town, and the religious interest was general, I may say universal, for those who did not participate in it as a work of the Spirit of God, still could not be indifferent. Happy, happy was the church during this gracious visitation! To meet this intensely interesting state of things, lectures, meetings for prayer and conference and pastoral visiting, were multiplied in all sections of the parish. Besides the occasional services of neighboring ministers, the pastor was 'authorized to employ an assistant for such time as he might deem necessary,' and Rev. J. S.

Davis was employed. Rev. William Clark also preached several times. Morning prayer-meetings were held through the fall season at the Town Hall, and a Sabbath morning prayer-meeting at the same place through the whole ensuing winter. The result was the addition of one hundred and one members to the church the next year."

PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

The first "protracted meeting" held in this section, if not in the state, was at Dunbarton, and with happy results. At a meeting of the church, June 29, 1832, the interest of the revival still continuing, it was voted, "To consider the expediency of holding a protracted meeting, and that the subject be taken up at the next church meeting for business." There was not entire unanimity as to the expediency when the matter came up, and instead of a protracted meeting it was agreed "to appoint a committee to visit and converse upon the subject of personal religion with all connected with this parish, and to establish meetings to be conducted by brethren, once a fortnight, in the following school districts." Thirteen are named. Says the pastor: "These meetings were an essential aid. They supplied for a time a great demand through the town for religious services. This course of labor was continued nearly two years, but still something more was wanted. Consequently, at a meeting March 16, 1834, the following was submitted to the church and unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the church will hold a protracted meeting, to commence on Tuesday, 29th of April next; and will in the meantime earnestly implore the blessing of God on themselves and on the extraordinary means of grace that may then be used for the conversion of sinners and the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom."

April 10, the church observed a day of fasting and prayer, preparatory to the meeting; also April 19th. The meeting continued four days, and was of course marked in results, fifty-five being that year added to the church. During the fall, meetings were held simultaneously in ten different places in the parish, so as to accommodate all the members, and brethren were designated, two and two, to attend them. "The meetings were opened with prayer for a revival; the covenant of the church was read; exhortation and prayer followed, with personal conversation." A large proportion of those uniting with the church during this work were from the Bible classes, and three sevenths of the whole were at the time members of the Sabbath-School. These methods were continued till 1840, and took the place largely of the Bible classes, which were suspended in 1832. In subsequent years, sometimes with special means, and often with the ordinary means diligently used, large accessions were made; in 1834, fifty-five; in 1836, fifty-three; in 1842, thirty-five, and in 1843, forty-five. Surely the opening years of this second century were years of plenty, marked by a working pastor, a working church, faith in God, and large blessing.

I have dwelt thus at length on these years and methods because they mark an epoch in our history, and in many things will never be repeated. The spirit, the prayer, the labor, the blessing of a like devotion may still be ours. There were other experiences in these ten years, and we now consider what Dr. Bouton terms,

THE CAUSES WHICH HAVE OPERATED TO DIMINISH THE CHURCH.

These causes were wholly from without and aside from the ordinary loss by death and removal. They sprang from the prosperity and growth of the town, the tone and habit of the people who settled in it, and the great spiritual harvest that had been gathered. The early settlers, by their stalwart piety, their uniform practice in the observance of the Lord's Day, made this a church-going community. The habit was never lost. It abides with us still. In the steady

growth of the town and then of the city, the demand for larger accommodations for worship has been constantly made and met.

OTHER CHURCHES ORGANIZED.

In September, 1832, the membership of this church was five hundred and twenty-seven,—one hundred and sixty-six males, three hundred and sixty-one females; the congregation numbered from eight hundred to one thousand, and filled all the pews of the spacious edifice. The residents of the West Parish, as now called, numbering by actual count, January, 1833, one hundred and seventeen families and six hundred and seventy-five individuals, and living on an average nearly five miles from the meeting-house, many of them walking to the services, began to ask, "May we not, ought we not, to seek greater conveniences for ourselves and our children? Has not the time come for us to build a house unto the Lord?" The answer was deliberately reached after prayer and counsel, and a new religious society was founded, a house for worship built, and eighty-eight members residing in that part of the town were dismissed and organized into a new church April 22, 1833. In their letter to the church, stating their object and asking letters they say: "And now, brethren, as we are taking this last step, in becoming set off from you with whom we have so long and so happily walked in company to the house of God, you may conceive, but we cannot describe, the emotions of our hearts. Here we all can truly say our best friends and kindred dwell; we have loved our brethren and sisters; we have loved our pastor; and we cannot but let our eye linger on this ancient temple, where some of us were dedicated in paternal arms and in paternal faith to God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; where we have voluntarily taken the vows of God upon us, and where we have long been edified and built up in the most holy faith." After the reading of this request special prayer was offered, "the vote, taken by the church rising, many eyes flowing with tears, was found to be unanimous."

The old house was soon full again, and the church membership larger than before, viz., five hundred and thirty-nine. The village growing toward the south, the brethren there located, in 1836, erected a church edifice, and with similar expressions of affection, asked to be dismissed and organized into a new church. These brethren sent the following letter to the church:

To the First Congregational Church in Concord:

Dear Pastor and Brethren: As we have undertaken to erect a new house of worship, and as the time has nearly arrived when it may be thought best to organize a new church, we wish to present to you our motives for a measure so important, and to ask your counsel and your prayers and your cordial approbation and concurrence. We hope you will do us the justice to believe that we do not desire to change our relation to you because we are dissatisfied with it, or because we expect or hope to promote our convenience or our personal interest or happiness. We assure you that the proposed separation, in itself considered, is painful to us. We leave our home, which has become dear to us as the place where most of us received religious instructions and impressions which have resulted in the hopes we entertain of a common interest with you in the love and favor of our common Lord and Redeemer; and some of us have enjoyed the high privileges of Christian fellowship and communion with you for twenty years; and all of us have enjoyed with you precious seasons of prayer and praise and worship, and of the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, which we shall always remember, and the remembrance of which, we trust, will preserve the affectionate regards which we have so long entertained for you. But we have felt constrained by a sense of duty to take this step. We have been greatly favored as a church and people. The place where we worship has become too strait for us. Very soon after our friends of the West parish left us, their places were supplied by those who had come among us and had been waiting for the privilege. Since that time additions have been made to the population of our village sufficient to constitute an entire congregation; and most of these, so far as they feel any interest, would prefer to worship with us. But they cannot find room here, and they seek for places where they can obtain admission, or they

remain at home and neglect religious worship. Our parish is large and our congregation possesses wealth sufficient to support two pastors without being burdened. The Lord has also added many to our church, so that its members are now more numerous than they were before the West church was founded, and may we not say that we are probably more numerous than we should have been if the West church had not been formed. Be this as it may; none will doubt that both churches are more numerous than this alone would have been. We love to consider this church as our common parent, and in this way she is setting up her children around her.

The field of labor for this church is already very great and is constantly increasing. But when we look around us upon our new neighbors, what shall we say to them? We cannot invite them to join us, for we have no place for them. We have comfortable places here; we have good pews, have the means of conveyance, are drawn here by the force of habit, and by many endearing recollections and associations. But, dear brethren, can we justify ourselves in sitting here while hundreds of our neighbors can only stand without and look in upon us, and then turn away and wander like sheep without a shepherd? We think you will not ask it. We trust you will give us your full and cheerful concurrence — that you will make it a subject of praise and gratitude to God that we have such a field of usefulness opened for us, and that you will cordially unite with us by your prayers and sympathies and fraternal coöperation. And now, permit us to urge our request that you will unite with us in seeking the blessing of God and the guidance of his good Providence, that we may be prepared for the separation which we think may and should soon take place, and that the glory of God and the best interests of ourselves and others may be promoted by this measure. In behalf of the proprietors of the new house:

SAMUEL FLETCHER,
ASAPH EVANS,
GEORGE HUTCHINS,
SAMUEL EVANS,
GEORGE KENT,
AMOS WOOD,
N. G. UPHAM.

November 4, 1836.

The letter sent November 15, asking to be dismissed, is in the same tone:

To the First Congregational Church in Concord, Greeting:

Reverend and Beloved: We, the undersigned, members of this church, believing that the providence of God and the promotion of true religion require the establishment of another Congregational church in this town, severally request of you a letter of recommendation and dismission, for the purpose of being constituted a church in connection with the new house of worship just erected in this village.

Brethren beloved, though we contemplate a separation, we trust we shall still be joined in heart, and that the only strife between us will be to see which shall most faithfully serve the Master whom we profess to follow. We ask your aid, your sympathies and your prayers, that the enterprise in which we have engaged shall redound to the good of Zion among us, and to the glory of our God and Savior. And also ask your advice and coöperation to assist us in becoming, in due time, regularly and ecclesiastically organized. Wishing you grace, mercy and peace.

This letter was signed by fifty-four members. At the meeting of the church December 4, 1836, "Voted, That the request of the above named brethren and sisters be granted; and they are hereby cordially recommended as in good and regular standing with us, for the purpose of being organized into a new church; and when they shall become so organized their particular relation to this church shall be dissolved."

Thirteen others soon joined in the same request, and so sixty-seven were dismissed to form the South Church.

This act, like that in giving for the West church, cost a struggle in many hearts. The mother church sent out the colony as the mother lets go her child, and, declaring "That the statement which our brethren in the south section of the village have made of their motives and designs in erecting another house of worship, merits our cordial approbation, and that we will unite our prayers with theirs in seeking the divine direction and blessing on their future movements," she gave her hearty benediction, a benediction which has not been recalled for one moment from that day to this.

The South Church was organized February 1, 1837.

This was not all. In 1842 a new house was built, and the East Congregational Church was organized March 30, 1842, by forty-four members dismissed for that purpose. At each division the common fund in the church treasury was divided and one third part given to the departing church, and a similar division was made of the Sabbath-School library.

Among those who went out to form these churches, some of our most devoted and useful members were given to each one. Never was there a more harmonious and prosperous church than this in 1832, and all the separations never interrupted for a moment the harmony, though each stirred deeply the hearts of those who went and those who remained. The members were dismissed and the churches organized, prompted by love to Christ and His cause, and this mother church gave to the three new churches, formed in a period of less than ten years, one hundred and ninety-nine of her members. Surely we may repeat, in the recall, the words of the pastor, that "the church history of New England does not furnish a parallel to this experience" of three churches going out from a single church within ten years without so much as a ripple of discord. I believe the reason of this harmony is found mainly in the quickened spiritual condition of the church, and the deep devotion of the members to Christ, so that His kingdom was first in their thoughts and acts. Besides these losses a large number was dismissed to other evangelical churches; three hundred and thirty in forty-two years of Dr. Bouton's pastorate.

By the formation of churches of different denominations, and the division of this, there began to be realized the change that had been coming over the community for the last few years, as from one great congregation on the Sabbath, gathered from all parts of town, there were now different congregations, and the people were no longer one assembly in the most essential and delightful service of worship. For nearly one hundred years the people met together weekly, saw each other, kept the mutual acquaintance which held in one all sections of the town. In those days there were many who could call by name all the worshippers of the town. The moderator at the town-meeting then could call the name of every voter. There passed away, in a few years, a type of things not to be repeated, and a personal influence in the whole town, social, political and religious, which will never return. Not only the men and women who filled those places for the whole town have passed away, but the places themselves have gone.

There was also a change from the time when the growth of the town was, almost of necessity, the growth of the one church in it. Then the church increased with the increase of population. Now had come a time when the growth of the town signified the growth of different churches, and the increase in any section of the town meant increase of the church in that section. All this had, of course, affected the strength and relations of this church. Giving generously and repeatedly of her best gifts, narrowed in territorial limits, other denominations sharing the work, and the old and the new churches looking for growth, this mother church missed the absent, and felt that it had really started on a new experience. At this time the house of worship, which for ninety-one years had been occupied, needed extensive repairs. After deliberation it was decided to build a new house on another spot. This spot which we now occupy was selected, and the corner-stone was laid and the frame erected July 4, 1842.

LEAVING THE OLD NORTH.

The feeling with which the people left the dear old meeting-house in which they had so long worshipped, and around which gathered so many memories of the departed and associations with the living, cannot be fully realized by us. Those deep feelings demanded some expression. Says Dr. Bouton: "To each

of the four Congregational churches it was the ancient family mansion, the home where we were born, instructed, and a thousand times been made happy. We could not finally leave its sacred altars without laying anew our vows upon them, nor depart from its long trodden thresholds without sprinkling them with our tears." Accordingly at a meeting of the church, 1st September, 1842, it was agreed and voted that previously to leaving our ancient house of worship we will observe special religious services in it, and that a committee be appointed to make arrangements for such services. The committee reported, 6th October, "That in connection with Rev. Mr. Tenney of the West Church, Rev. Mr. Noyes of the South Church, Rev. Mr. Morgan, stated supply of the East Church, they had arranged to have a series of union religious services of two days, in each of said churches, commencing about the 18th inst, and closing with a general meeting of the four churches in this house, at which the pastor would give a history of the churches, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper be administered." Says our record: "Religious services were attended at the Old North Church on Thursday and Friday, 27th and 28th of October. On Friday the pastor delivered a discourse on the history of the church. In the afternoon about five hundred and fifty communicants of the four sister churches sat down at the table of the Lord. It was a season of tender and affecting interest. Many wept at the thought of separation from the place where they and their fathers had worshipped. The hearts of Christians were drawn into closer union, and solemn pledges of fidelity in the cause of Christ were given to each other. The scene will not be forgotten in the present generation."

The tender feelings awakened by this service and the real friendship of all those hearts, though they worshipped in four congregations, suggested that a meeting of like character be held in the New North Church the next year. This was not enough, and the annual gathering has been continued to the present time. At the formation of the church in Fisherville, April 9, 1850 (which church is a grandchild of this, having been formed in part from the members of the West Parish), that church was invited to join in these gatherings. The meetings have been held with the several churches in succession, and have always been seasons of tender memories and heartfelt union. In the morning, essays or discussions on practical subjects occupy the time. A collation gives opportunity for social reunion, and after a sermon, each meeting closes with our sitting together at the Lord's Supper, and singing as we part,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

At the twenty-fifth annual meeting held with this church in 1867, it was voted to take as the name of this union, "The Concord Congregational Church Union." This, our gathering to-day, is also the thirty-eighth of these annual meetings.

The next few years are marked by no events of unusal interest. The pastor and the church worked on steadily. Their labors were blessed, and some years many were gathered into the church. There were many discouragements in the contrast with other days, but they never faltered. There were also several cases of discipline, some specially trying to the church. Many were from the change coming over the people upon the question of temperance. This leads me to notice

THE RELATION OF THIS CHURCH TO THE GREAT MORAL REFORMS OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Temperance. The pastor, finding it a custom at his settlement to use spirituous liquors, early raised his voice against the use and sale of ardent spirit,

There is record of discipline of members from intemperance as early as 1828, the church having before taken decided stand that intemperance was a sin.

October 2, 1829, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Considering the evils resulting to society at large, and especially to the church of Christ, from the use of intoxicating liquors: therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we will as individuals and as a church exert our influence in all suitable ways to discourage and prevent the use of the same." It is added in the record, "In order to carry the above resolution into effect in part, twenty persons immediately subscribed to pay a certain sum annually to procure and diffuse useful information on the subject of temperance." This money was expended in buying books and tracts upon The Nature and Effects of Acohol, Physical and Moral Evils of Intemperance, Rum a Poison.

The pastor soon presented to the church, in a sermon, the statistics of the use and sale of liquors in the town, greatly surprising them by the enormous figures; and often during his whole ministry preached upon the subject. Resolutions were adopted June 1, 1832, precluding from admission to the church all persons who manufacture, sell, or use ardent spirit, except for purely medicinal purposes. The cases of church discipline for intemperance were less than we could expect when we remember the hold of the evil by fashion and habit on the whole people, and give abundant proof of the wisdom, decision and charity of the pastor. The first public measures for a temperance society in Concord were taken on Fast day, April 1, 1830, at a meeting in the Old North Church.

Unfermented wine was used at the Lord's Supper in 1836. In 1850 the temperance pledge of total abstinence bore the names of four hundred and twelve members of this congregation. All along the years since, this church has stood firm, and declared plainly by preaching and resolutions its unabated hatred of intemperance.

SLAVERY.

It bore its part in the great struggle against slavery. Its pastor was not a partisan nor his preaching political or for any merely party ends. Pastor and church looked from the moral standpoint, and declared their convictions. Never radical in the extreme, the church very early gave its decision calmly and decidedly against the system. A few left it because they thought it too slow, and a few because it was too fast, but it has been disturbed less than most churches by either the gradual or sudden changes of sentiment in the community. Deeply grounded in the faith of the Gospel, and keeping well the unity of its spirit, it has never inclined to hasty changes, and has taken up all the great questions of moral reform calmly, intelligently, and without exception put its testimony on the side of right, and so of ultimate triumph. Its pastors have always been loyal to the land, and the great body of the church has stood by the pastor. If on some of the moral reforms individuals have not always agreed with him, they have usually stood manfully for full freedom of opinion and discussion, and held none the less firmly to the great fundamentals that abide in our Christian faith, and make us tolerant without compromise, and still united in peaceable living.

RELATION TO OTHER CHURCHES.

With the other churches in our city, of the different denominations, this ancient church has been, and still is at peace. Instead of this one, there are in our city nineteen different churches. We have not only lived at peace with our brethren, but there has always been a remarkable degree of consideration and fellowship marking the relations of all these different churches. We unite heartily in the great works of combined Christian labor, and our city is a model example of Christian fellowship. This church, not only to her children, but to

others as well, has constantly extended her hand to aid in every noble work, and has received also from all these different households of faith a similar confidence and aid. We have been loyal to our convictions, tolerant in our differences, united in our labors of love, and more anxious to see the good prosper than to watch each other. So has this church well remembered, both for itself and as related to others, the injunction, "Live in peace," and that other also, "Striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

Not only upon this community has this church exerted an influence, but it has borne its share of labor and influence in the state. It has believed in and practiced the fellowship of the churches. From its location, its pastors and its efficient membership have had much to do with the ecclesiastical gatherings and benevolent societies of the state and land. During the ministry of Dr. Bouton the church was invited to one hundred and fifty-nine councils. During the present pastorate it has been invited to forty-three. Hardly a council was held in all this part of the state for many years in which this church was not represented. It has probably been represented in more ecclesiastical councils than any other church in the state. In the state gatherings, Associations, Conventions, Benevolent Societies of our denomination, it has borne a part almost without exception. Its pastor has been a Trustee of the different state societies nearly all the time from their organization. It has entertained the General Association ten times. In 1843 it invited the American Board to hold its annual meeting here, though the meeting was not so held. Beyond the state, in the benevolent organizations, educational institutions, it has constantly shared in the work and aided by contributions.

ANNIVERSARIES.

It was the custom of Dr. Bouton to preach an anniversary sermon on the Sabbath nearest the date of his settlement, and for the forty-two years he never missed doing so. The hymn which was sung at his ordination,

> "Father! how wide thy glory shines,
> How high thy wonders rise!"

was sung at every anniversary. The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary the pastor reviewed the history of the church for twenty-five years, speaking of the ministry, the church, the religious society, and the town. His text was Acts xxvi, 22, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." The theme, "Permanence amid Changes." The discourse was published.

The Fortieth Anniversary was observed on Thursday, March 23, 1865. Invitations were issued and arrangements made by a committee of the church, and the services were very fully attended. The exercises were: Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Asa P. Tenney of the West Church; Original Hymn, Miss Edna Dean Proctor; Prayer, Rev. Henry E. Parker of the South Church; Commemorative Discourse, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D., Pastor; Ordination Hymn; Prayer, Rev. William R. Jewett of Fisherville; Hymn, read by Rev. E. O. Jameson of the East Church. The discourse from the texts, Deut. ii, 7, "These forty years the Lord thy God has been with thee, thou hast lacked nothing," and, 1 Cor. i, 4, "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God is given you by Jesus Christ," was a history of the church for the forty years. That discourse was published, and furnishes much of the material for our review to-day. At seven o'clock in the evening, a reception was held in the City Hall, at which the congregation, and many friends of the pastor, gathered to express their congratulations. Representatives of different churches in the city, and pastors from abroad expressed their joy in the occasion, and uttered the gratitude of many hearts in the recall of the long and useful ministry. A generous testimonial of esteem and affection from his people and friends was

presented to Dr. Bouton, amounting to $1,356. Other personal gifts were presented to Dr. and Mrs. Bouton, also a munificent gift from his children, the whole amounting to about $3,000. The observance of these anniversaries continued after the dismission of Dr. Bouton, he having been invited by the pastor to continue the custom of an anniversary sermon, which he did, preaching nearly every year.

On the Fiftieth Anniversary a reception was given Dr. and Mrs. Bouton by the church. Clergymen of the city were invited, and the Chapel was filled with friends glad to express their affection for one who had so long lived and preached the Gospel of Christ among them. Addresses were made by the pastor, by Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D., Rev. E. Adams, D. D., Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, Rev. J. F. Lovering, Dea. McFarland and Hon. J. B. Walker. Dr. Bouton, replied, expressing his gratitude and affection to the church and friends, and saying that of the three hundred and sixty members of the church at the time of his settlement, no male member was living, and of the female, only five. Dr. Bouton preached the Sabbath before from 2 Peter, i, 13 and 14. Theme, "An aged man's view of death."

RESIGNATION OF DR. BOUTON.

Dr. Bouton has expressed the feelings and motives which led to his resignation of the pastorate: "Not because I was conscious of any failure of my physical or mental powers, or that the people desired it; but the changes had been so great in the church and society and in the town at large, that it was evident that my relations to the whole were affected and modified thereby. I had been the minister of the whole people; now not less than sixteen new religious societies were established. Those who called and settled me have nearly all gone. A new generation was on the stage, between whom and myself was a wide space in age. My judgment was that it would be better for the church and society, better for their growth and prosperity, to have a new administration; in short, a younger man, who would be more in accord and sympathy with the age and generation around him than I could be. * * * * With clear judgment as to my duty and the welfare of the church, I gave notice on the last Sabbath in October, 1866, just forty-two years after I preached my first sermon as a candidate, that I would resign in March following, the anniversary of my ordination."

He accordingly soon after wrote a letter to the Society, stating the reasons for his resignation, which he wished them to accept. To the Church, in the letter giving his reasons, he said: "I beg to assure you that in these steps toward a dissolution of the relation which I have so happily sustained these forty-two years—steps which, though painful, yet my judgment fully approves—my regard for your welfare is unabated, and, I trust, will be increasing. Continuing, as I hope to do, to reside among you, I shall deem it my duty and privilege to coöperate with you in measures to sustain and advance the cause of our Lord and Savior."

The change to the church at the resignation of Dr. Bouton was very great. Most of the church and congregation had known no other pastor; many of them had grown up under this one ministry, and the few who remembered when it began were well along in years. These all must feel the change to another voice, another presence in the pulpit, the social services, the homes, and to think of any other as pastor. The council called to ratify this change, dismiss this father and install a new minister, was the first called by this church for more than forty-two years. It is worthy of record that this church in all its history, has never called a council to advise in or settle any cases of difficulty. It has called councils only for the ecclesiastical sanction of its acts in settling and dismissing its pastors, and, for this, in one hundred and fifty years since its organization, it has called but *four*. The church has not been without a

pastor for an hour since March 7, 1798. The Council which dismissed Dr. McFarland ordained and installed Dr. Bouton, and the council that dismissed Dr. Bouton installed Rev. F. D. Ayer, the present pastor.

How remarkable is our history here! What a contrast this to the usage of the present. This church has had but five pastors in all. Four pastorates covered one hundred and thirty-seven years of its history, and these four pastors died here, and were laid away by tender hands and bleeding hearts among our absent flock. Their whole ministerial service was here except in the case of Rev. Israel Evans, who was Chaplain in the U. S. A. for seven years. This exceptional record bears a strong testimony of the character both of the ministers and the church, and shows that they were well suited to each other. It also suggests the question of long pastorates. The great elements of a pastor's power grow with years. There are elements that come only by growth into a community. Scarcely anything steadfast in the world, anything worth the handing down, but takes time to grow. That knowledge of self and people, of experiences and thoughts, of habits and struggles, which comes by long acquaintance is needed by the pastor most of all, and that church is favored above most which can enjoy for a generation the instruction and example of a truly godly pastor, and feel all the influence, private and public, of the teaching and holy living of a good minister. Such has been the repeated privilege of this people.

After the resignation of Dr. Bouton, the committee of the church invited several clergymen to supply the pulpit. At a meeting of the Church, June 24, 1867, it was voted to invite Rev. Franklin D. Ayer to become the pastor and teacher of this church. The Society united in the call, which was accepted by Rev. F. D. Ayer, who was, by the same council that dismissed Dr. Bouton, installed pastor September 12, 1867.

The Church, so long used to the ways of the venerable pastor, welcomed the new one, and have labored unitedly with him. The former pastor continued to labor with the church in prayer and effort, and aided the young pastor, welcoming him as though he were his son and giving him respect as though he were his equal. Without marked experiences or events in the history of the last years, the Church has gone on its way prosperously. Seasons of revival have come and though they have been less frequent and fruitful than we wished, they have left some delightful memories, and brought into the active service for Christ many of those who are our strength to-day. In 1872, twenty-five men were added to the Church, most of them upon confession of faith; in 1875 thirty-four.

There have been added to the Church during the present pastorate one hundred and forty-four; forty-two have been dismissed, and sixty-two have died. The whole number uniting with the Church in the one hundred and fifty years, fifteen hundred and seventy-one. There have united in the last fifty years seven hundred and seventy-eight, and dismissed five hundred and twenty-seven, leaving our present membership three hundred and one.

The burning of the house of worship, June 29, 1873, interrupted somewhat our religious work, and the rebuilding taxed our resources, but through it all we went on unitedly, calmly, and with increase of prosperity. The last thirteen years this church and society have expended for parsonage, repairing the church and chapel, and rebuilding, about $60,000.

During all these years the Church has been blessed with many noble Christian men and women. They have aided the pastors in the various offices they have filled and by which they have coöperated with them, and been marked examples of Christian devotion among this people. There was a very large and remarkable list of such men and women fifty years ago. There were many of superior natural endowments, and who, in this community, occupied places and

met opportunities which will not return. It is to their lasting honor that they rendered service long, abundant, and cheerful, and to the glory of God still that they were found faithful in their generation. I should gladly mention by name many of these could I do it with the personal knowledge and just discernment which would have marked their recall had he who was their pastor lived to do it. To you older ones many of those names now come back. The names that stand on the roll of church and society to-day repeat in large degree the names of those whose good deeds stand thick along the records, and whose examples are still an inspiration to us who are the inheritors of the still unrolling answer to their prayers. What an assembly we recall, of those at whose entrance into the higher life this Church both rejoiced and wept. How large that band of streling men who for a long time stood together, honored when most of you were young, giving by their devotion, their decision, their uprightness and fidelity great strength to the Church. Besides these, not less in number, not below in devotion or fidelity, there labored a remarkable group of capable and untiring women, beloved of all and remembered as ministering angels by those who have known sickness or poverty. Some of those who have recently gone from us whom we thought of as venerable, judicious rather than old, filling up life with usefulness to the last have shown us of these times, the value of a noble life. At the death of Dr. Bouton only one of those who united with the Church before his coming here, survived, and she has since departed. The shepherd saw all the flock folded before he went in.

The Deacons of the Church should be especially recalled. Of those who were in the office fifty years ago none remain. In the gifts to form the other churches we gave four deacons, all worthy men, true and of good report. To the West Church we gave Dea. Abial Rolfe, who had been a deacon here for nineteen years, and "no brother was held in higher esteem, more pure-minded, sincere, upright and spiritual than he." Dea. Ira Rowell also, who had filled the office but four years, went out bearing the confidence and love of the church. He served the West Church faithfully and long, and these last years, at our annual gathering of the churches, he was one of the few of the fathers left. As a sheaf fully ripe for the harvest, he died in 1876, at the age of seventy-nine years.

To the South Church we gave Dea. Samuel Fletcher, a man of sterling worth, intelligent, decided, sound of judgment. His words were few, his spirit devout, his life useful. He served this church in the office twelve years.

Dea. Nathaniel Andrews went to continue his life of prayer and labor with the East Church, after rendering the duties of the office here for twenty-four years.

Dea. James Moulton, elected to the office July 2, 1829, remained in it and strengthened the Church till his death, October 31, 1864. For thirty-five years, longer than any other, he performed here the work of a good deacon. Conscientious, thoroughly honest at heart and in life, loyal to the opinions intelligently held, he was always willing to serve the church; faithful but never forward, he was always a safe counselor and ready helper to the pastor. He died leaving here the memory of the just.

Dea. Samuel Morrill, elected March 3, 1837, also remained in office till his death, September 7, 1858. Says the record of him: "He was venerable in person, calm in temper, genial, hopeful and ever confiding in his precious Savior." He will not be forgotten till all of you who knew his worth are gone. These two last named are still often spoken of together. They are remembered not merely because there are here those who are living witnesses of their fidelity in the households, but because the results of their devotion, ardor, integrity and example are still with us, and the Church holds among her treasured memories the brightness of their lives.

Dea. Ezra Ballard was elected March 3, 1837, and resigned after a short but faithful service, in 1842.

Dea. Abram B. Kelley was elected December 29, 1842, but removing from town, he resigned in 1844.

Dea. Benjamin Farnum was elected August 31, 1844. He held the office for a generation, thirty-two years, doing willingly and faithfully much service for the church. He resigned in 1876, and is the only one now living whose term of service began prior to 1850.

Dea. Charles F. Stewart was elected Nov. 4, 1857. He has but recently gone from us, and the fidelity and attention with which he ministered to the Church, watching all its interests and giving of effort often beyond his strength, is fresh in our minds. Owing to failing strength, he resigned in 1879, and in a few months more finished all his earthly toil.

The present deacons are:

Dea. John Ballard, elected December 29, 1864.

Dea. Edward A. Moulton, elected December 31, 1875.

Dea. Andrew L. Smith, elected December 31, 1875.

Dea. Robert G. Morrison, elected January 3, 1879.

PRAYER-MEETINGS.

All these years the Church has steadily sustained its weekly prayer-meeting. For many years the meeting was held Saturday evening in a room in the old Bank Building, now owned by the Historical Society. The Chapel was erected in 1858, and the time of the meeting changed to Friday evening in 1868. The first Sabbath evening of each month a missionary concert is held, and the second a Sabbath-School concert. The young men and women have gone out from this church and city to the larger cities and to the West, and thus we are living in all parts of our land. Many have pursued courses of education. In his centennial discourse Dr. Bouton mentions twenty-six who had then graduated from college, and, as until a few years before, this was the only church in town they were probably most of them members of this congregation. Since that time, twenty-six from this congregation have entered college.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE CHURCH.

The contributions to the various objects of benevolence have been gathered every year, and there has been a constant outflow of our gifts into the different channels of usefulness. The gifts, though never very large, have, by their regularity, amounted to a goodly sum. The list of our benevolent causes has never been small, for, besides the local, we have annually given to from six to twelve different objects. In 1830, the list and amounts were as follows: Foreign Missions, $94.45; Domestic Missions, $94; Bible Society, $183; Tract Society, $36; Education Society, $14; Colonization Society, $4.54; Sunday-Schools, $48; Seamen's Friend Society, $15; other, $40; total, $529.99. In 1850 eight objects were on the list, and the amount was $338.18, which was less than the amount given for several years before, and any year later.

At the present our list embraces all the objects supported by the Congregational Churches. To some we give every year, to others alternate years. We still give broadly for the Home and the Foreign Fields. Our collections last year were $1,189.14. Our contributions during the years of our church building, and while we raised $40,000 for thatpurpose, were hardly diminished, and while doing for ourselves we did not the less for others. In the fifty years we have given to benevolent causes, from 1830 to 1867, $21,000, from 1867 to 1880, $17,063; total, $38,063. Of this amount, $9,000 to the American Board, and $8,000 to Home Missions.

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

For nearly all the first century the ministers of this church and town were supported by a tax on all the ratable property, and inhabitants of the town. The law of the State authorizing the formation of societies, with corporate powers, was passed in 1819. At the resignation of Dr. McFarland, the First Congregational Society in Concord was formed, and a constitution adopted July 29, 1824. Nearly all the descendants of the original settlers at once joined the Society, as did many others, and the first year there were two hundred and twenty-three taxable members. The tax was assessed upon all persons according to the list of the town assessors and collected by the fee for collection being set up at auction, and struck off to the lowest bidder. Then and till 1842 they required a bond of the collector. In 1825 the salary was fixed at $750, and raised by a tax of one half of one per cent. on the valuation of the polls and estate of the members. The highest tax that year was paid by Stephen Ambrose—$23,17. Four others paid each, as the next highest, $12.50. In 1840 there were two hundred and two taxable members, and in the division of the parsonage fund two hundred and ninety-eight of the voters classed themselves with this Society. Marked changes were produced in this Society, as in the Church, when the other societies were formed in connection with the three churches colonized and with those of other denominations started.

According to the Act of Legislature passed December 23, 1842, the Society was organized; and all means for the support of public worship were to be raised by subscription. In 1850, there were ninety-four subscribers for the support of the ministry. The largest sum subscribed by an individual was $35. The cash value of the property owned by them, according to the town list, was $322,000. Of the original members of the Society as organized in 1825, the last survivor, Ivory Hall, died last Monday and was buried yesterday. There are now on our list those representing thirty-eight of the subscribers of 1850.

This Society, during all the early and later changes, has held on its way, "quartered but not to rent, depressed but not disheartened, it has risen with recuperative energy under every discouragement." It has always been the aid and supporter of the Church, having a Standing Committee to advise with a like committee from the Church, and never has any jealousy or disagreement brought division between them. Many members of the Church have been members of the Scociety, and many not members of the Church have, in the Society aided as cheerfully, counseled and planned as heartily, giving as liberally as have members of the Church. The Church has had a good Society, and bears testimony to the heartiness and constancy of the Society in forwarding all its interests. Like the Church, the Society has been remarkably fortunate in the many strong men who have been identified with it; men of means, saggacity, uprightness and promptness. For years there was a band of men at this part of the town and then city, respected by all for their ability, judgment and integrity. They were interested in the civil and moral religious interests of the whole people, and, living side by side, united by common sympathies, agreement of purpose, and membership in the same Society, they were a strong band standing by the Church. They were unlike each other, but their differences in character gave them a united strength, for they understood each other and had the wisdom to put the best man for any place in that place, and each where he was placed did his best. These men were strong counselors to the pastor, and they did much to bear the Church peacefully through the many changes as they came.

The Society has accepted and acted upon the plan of paying as it goes, and been shy of debts. It has been afraid of them before they were contracted. The salary of the minister has been paid promptly by the Treasurer of the Soci-

ety. The bills for incidental expenses have been quickly met, and in church-building or repairs there have been no debts incurred. It has kept itself free of debts all along the years, dedicated its houses of worship paid for, and to-day owes not a dollar. It owns a pleasant and convenient parsonage. This Society has expended in the fifty years not less than $80,000 for support of worship, and, for houses of worship, repairs and parsonage, about $60,000 the past thirteen years, and more than $70,000 in the fifty.

LADIES' SOCIETIES.

The ladies have done their full share in ministering to the prosperity of the Church, and in works of mercy and beneficence. There has been, for two generations at least, organized labor for the needy at home and abroad. The Female Charitable Society had its birth here. It was founded in 1812 at the suggestion of Mrs. McFarland, and before 1830 had assisted in the aggregate six hundred and eighty families, and expended $878.88. It was, then, fairly at work fifty years ago, and has been gaining ever since, adding each year another chapter to its labor of love. It has been for many years a union society, one of the institutions uniting heartily in its work all parts of the city.

The New Hampshire Cent Society was also started here in 1805 by Mrs. McFarland, a woman whose wisdom to plan and heart to do seems not the less as the years go by. It has always been dear to the ladies of this Church, who have annually contributed to its treasury. It has raised in the state $98,650.37, and now gives annually to the missionary work about $2,500.

The Sewing Circle has had its place here. What New England church has not had its sewing circle? As those other societies became more extended there was started a Society for parish work. It also raised money to aid in building the Chapel and furnishing this house at an expense of $1,700, and, like a good corporation, had money left in the treasury. Each year still adds to the strength of its aid and usefulness. Barrels have annually been prepared and sent to the Home Missionary Society, and more recently also to the Freedmen.

The history we have to-day recalled is, I think, a good sample of that of a New England Congregational Church in a growing community for the fifty years past. It is therefore a representative history, and not for ourselves alone. It is a testimony to the stability, the energy, the adaptation of both our faith and our polity. I have dwelt mainly on the earlier years, not as forgetting that the later are just as much a part of the fifty as are the earlier, but because we are all familiar with the events in which we have a part and may not be the best historians of our own deeds. I am quite certain that much said of the former days, with only a change of names and allusions, would be true of the children, both by blood and by adoption, of the fathers and mothesr who lived and died here.

The succession continues. We are making history and from this transient, often insignificant, there shall come a grand residuum of the enduring and the glorious. It comes by and by through our fidelity now. The history, then, is not all written. It is going on. Quiet times as well as battles make history. It is a privilege to be counted in such a line of action, to enter anywhere such a succession. We dwell on what has been done that we may complete that begun wisely, patiently and with cheer. We see how this Church has done the work of a Christian Church for the one hundred and fifty years past, the influence it has exerted, the light it has shed, the blessing it has been in this community, and we are all sure it was wise that they formed it, that it has been wise that they and we have fostered it, that not in vain have four generations of Christian men and women watched, prayed, labored. Yes! we are *sure* that this Church has been a blessing to the world, that this is a different people from what it would have been had the planting of this ancient Church been delayed, or the growth of it, under the blessing of God, and the fidelity of his people,

been less than it has been. The best part of the past is not the money given or the story as of a successful enterprise, but it is the rich, gathered and still growing story of wise and devoted men and women—the good done, the labor given, the testimony distinct for God, and the example undying. If a "godly man is the glory of a town," as the Jews said, we ever fail to understand the debt we owe to the faithful ones of the past and to the true ones of the present, from whom flow steady streams of usefulness.

We thank God, to-day, for that already done. We take courage and give thanks to God for that Gospel of Christ which furnishes both the spirit and the way, the inspiration and the strength. We give our thanks to Thee, our God, here where

"Thrice fifty circling years
Have seen Thy people prove
The richness of Thy grace,
The treasures of Thy love."

Brethren beloved, our eyes have been on the past, our lives are in the present, our hopes and labors are in the future. We are related, as inheritors, to our ancestry; we are under solemn obligations, as workers, to our posterity. From the one we gather gratitude, inspiration, trust in God, to-day. For the other we here, to-day, dedicate ourselves upon this ancient altar. We are here not merely to laud the dead or praise the living, but, as we stand here, bidding farewell to the half-century gone, and clasping the hand, in faith, of that one to come, we cannot but think how the Church Militant blends with the Church Triumphant in this very Church at this very hour. We offer yet another prayer that this Mother, ancient and renowned, may yet abide in strength and give forth blessing to coming generations.

PASTORS OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD, N. H.

Rev. F. D. Ayer, the present pastor of the North Church, is a native of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; graduated at Dartmouth college in 1856; at Andover theological seminary in 1859; was ordained at Milford, N. H., May 1, 1861, and dismissed September 1, 1867. He was installed pastor at the North Church, September 12, 1867. Nathaniel Bouton, his predecessor, was born in Norwalk, Ct., June 20, 1799, and graduated at Yale college in 1821; at Andover theological seminary in 1824; ordained in Concord, N. H., March 23, 1825; resigned March 23, 1867; died June 6, 1878. Dr. Bouton attended during his ministry seven hundred and seventy-nine funerals, and solemnized five hundred and four marriages. He kept a complete record of the deaths in town for forty-two years —four thousand two hundred and fifty-one—recording the name, the age, and the disease, usually giving at the close of each year the average age, the oldest, and the ratioto the population. The other pastors were:

Rev. Timothy Walker, ordained and installed November 18, 1730. Died September 1, 1782. Pastorate,—fifty-two years.

Rev. Israel Evans, installed July 1, 1789. Dismissed July 1, 1797. Pastorate,—eight years.

Rev. Asa McFarland, ordained and installed March 7, 1798. Dismissed March 23, 1825. Pastorate,—twenty-seven years.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY GEORGE KENT.

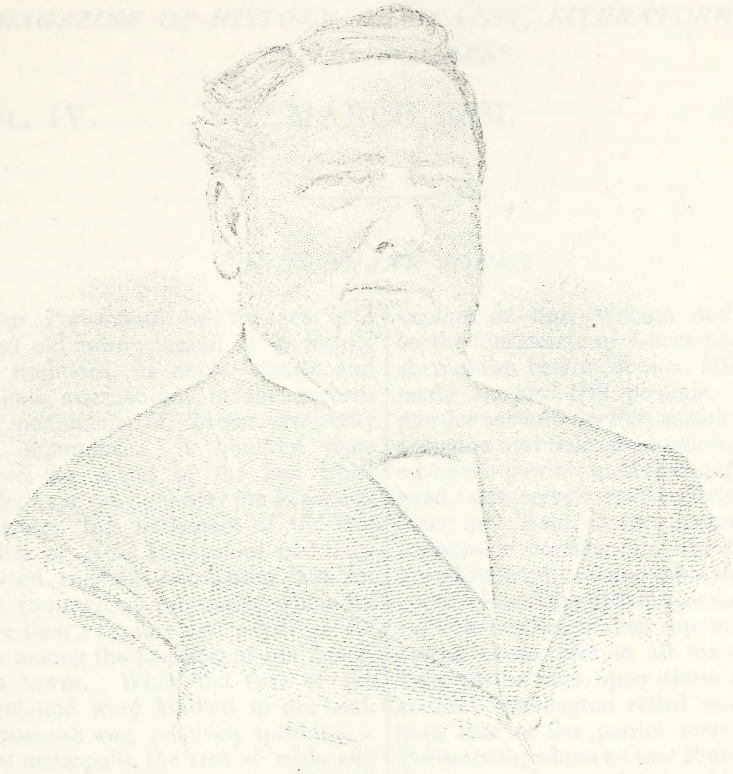
"Old North Church," 'tis of thee—
Church of rare unity,
In faith and love;
With heart and voice again,
In rapturous refrain,
We join our humble strain
With songs above.

The three times fifty years,
Bright record past, that cheers
Demand our praise;
Not to ourselves, who've striven
On earth, the praise be given,
But to Thy name, in Heaven.
"Ancient of days."

Still, with the large amount
Of blessings, we recount
Deeds of our sires;
Such as in earnest fight,
Firm for the true and right,
In error's darkest night,
True faith inspires.

Lov'd pastors, who long served,
And ne'er from duty swerved
Through many a year,
In heaven, with glad accord,
Now reap their rich reward,
And, with their risen Lord,
In bliss appear.

Let us who yet remain
Strive without spot or stain
True life to live;
Firm in the ancient ways,
That merit highest praise,
And welcoming what days
Our God may give.



Frank Jones.



—THE—

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HON. FRANK JONES.

Our Portsmouth by the sea is a grand old town; grand in its history and traditions, its noble names and patriotic associations, in the records and monuments of former prosperity and importance. A hundred years before the sound of the first white settler's axe rang out over the Penacook intervales, the settlement of the first capital of New Hampshire had been effected and the foundation laid for that commercial prosperity, which for more than a century and a half gave it rank among the foremost of our American towns. When the fires of the Revolution were kindled in the land, Portsmouth was, relatively speaking, a great metropolis, the seat of trade and commerce, the home of wealth and refinement. The warehouses of her merchants were filled with the products of every land, unladen at their own wharves from their many ships whose sails had whitened every sea, and beauty, elegance and fashion reigned in their stately mansions. Here, too, was the home of patriotism. The cause of American liberty had no earlier champions, no more steadfast defenders, in field or forum, than the sons of old Portsmouth. Within her borders and by her sons the first warlike demonstration in the grand struggle which resulted in the independence of the republic, was organized and carried out. The assault upon and capture of Fort William and Mary, on the fourteenth of December, 1774, six months before Bunker Hill, alone made Bunker Hill possible, for the powder secured by that assault, led by Langdon and Sullivan, carefully guarded by the patriots until the hour of sore need, was served to the followers of Stark and Reid as they entered that memorable conflict upon the Charlestown headland. Throughout the entire contest John Langdon and his compatriots were untiring in their support of the patriot cause, and in all the colonies there was no man upon whose aid and counsel Washington relied more fully than that of the patriot merchant of Portsmouth, whom he saw President of the Senate of the infant republic when he became its first chief magistrate.

But while Portsmouth is grand in its history, its memories and associations, while many of the stately mansions of its proud old families remain, its present importance is by no means commensurate with its past. Various circumstances have conspired to check the material progress of New Hampshire's commercial metropolis, chief among which is the fact that the descendants of the old "first families" have failed to cherish the spirit of enterprise. They have, largely, led lives of elegant leisure, supported by the incomes of the fortunes which their ancestors acquired through patient

industry, content simply with safe investments, assuming no risks and making no exertions. In our land and age prosperous cities are not built up, or kept up, by men of this character. Energy and enterprise are the only guarantees of prosperity and success for individuals or communities, and these seldom come of wealthy or aristocratic ancestry. It is said that "blood tells;" but *new* blood tells far more effectively than "blue" blood in public progress, as well as individual power and development. But for the infusion of new blood in the public life of our older American cities, none of them would have made the substantial advance which they have shown during the last half century. In Boston, in New York or in Philadelphia we shall find comparatively few of the descendants of those who made fortunes for themselves and established the early prosperity of their respective cities, engaged in any department of active business or productive industry. The successful merchants, the bankers, the railway managers, the manufacturers, the master mechanics, the distinguished men in professional life, in any of these great cities, are neither descendants of the old leading families nor even native born citizens. Some of them are of foreign birth, but many more were reared in our American country towns, and found their way in youth to the cities, where they have wrought out their own fortunes, and at the same time contributed directly and indirectly to the growth and prosperity of the cities of their adoption. There are more natives of New Hampshire among the successful business and professional men of Boston, to-day, than there are of Boston itself. In fact a very considerable proportion of the live and progressive young men of our state have been attracted to the Massachusetts metropolis, while our own seaport city, which was a rival of Boston in earlier days, and which with its excellent harbor and great natural advantages should have retained its relative position and prominence, has drawn very few of that class from outside its limits, and has lost the ablest and most enterprising of those it has reared.

Whatever business prosperity is now manifest, whatever promise of future progress may be descried in the present condition of the city of Portsmouth, is due in large degree to the work and achievements of the few enterprising men, who, born elsewhere, have chosen that city as their abiding place and field of active labor, preëminent among whom is the subject of this sketch.

FRANK JONES is a familiar name with the people of New Hampshire, and well known beyond its borders. It is synonymous with pluck, energy and success. The thrifty farmer's son, who at sixteen years of age left home with all his possessions tied in a cotton handkerchief, and went out to battle with fortune, with the determination to win, could not well have made his way, with no assistance but his own will and capacity, to the head of the largest manufacturing establishment of its class in America, to the largest real estate ownership in New Hampshire, to the mayoralty of his adopted city and a seat in the Congress of the United States, in the space of twenty-five years, without having made a striking impression upon the minds of the people. The story of his life is well known to many. It is a record of untiring energy, of constant, systematic well-directed effort, culminating in the logical result of substantial success. Born in Barrington, September 15, 1832, Mr. Jones is now in his forty-ninth year. He was the fifth of seven children of Thomas and Mary (Priest) Jones. Thomas Jones, a thrifty and well-to-do farmer of Barrington, was one of fourteen children of Pelatiah Jones, a successful sea captain, who, born in Wales and emigrating to this country with his parents, in infancy (his father dying on the passage), was in early life placed by his mother in the service of the well known Portsmouth navigator, Captain Sheafe, by whom he was trained in the occupation which he followed for many years, becoming

a ship owner as well as master. The war of 1812 made navigation dangerous, and, during its progress, he availed himself of a favorable opportunity to sell both ship and cargo, and with the proceeds purchased the farm in Barrington, which became known as the Jones homestead, and subsequently came into the possession of Thomas, who, inheriting the Welsh characteristics of perseverance and sagacity, aided by the Scotch thrift and intelligence of his wife, a daughter of Captain Joseph Priest of Nottingham, added largely to his possessions, and accumulated a handsome property for a New Hampshire farmer of that day.

With the characteristic independence of the New England youth his sons started out early in life to make their own way in the world. It was the desire of his parents that Frank should remain at home upon the farm; but the young man's ambitious spirit was not to be satisfied in any such circumscribed sphere of action. When in his seventeenth year he obtained his father's consent to strike out for himself, and putting his clothing in a bundle he started on foot for Portsmouth, a city with which he was already somewhat familiar, having driven in more than once with charcoal, wood or farm products for the city market, in the disposal of which he learned his first lessons in trade and business life. Here his elder brother, Hiram, was already well established in the stove and hardware business, with several men in his employ, most of whom engaged in peddling his lighter wares through the surrounding towns. Frank went to work for his brother and shortly made a contract with him for three years' service, receiving a thousand dollars for the full time, most of which he spent as a peddler. The knowledge of human nature, and the varied characteristics of men, which he gained during this three years' experience proved of vast advantage in his future business career. His father had endeavored to secure his return home, but his brother's promise to receive him as a partner in the business at the expiration of the contract was a temptation too strong to be resisted. When reminded of his promise, after the contract had expired, his brother endeavored to persuade him to continue in his employ, offering him a cash present of one thousand dollars and a thousand dollars a year for a term of five years. This was a most tempting offer for a youth of twenty years, at that time, and he thought at first to accept it; but upon returning to the store after a brief visit to his parents, he was forcibly struck with the thought that if his brother could afford to make him such an offer the business was sufficiently profitable to make an interest therein desirable, and he determined to insist on the original agreement, which was accordingly carried out, and he became a partner with his brother in a large and well-established business in January, 1853. Already thoroughly conversant with the practical details of the business, he devoted himself thereto with all the energy of his nature, and the following autumn, his brother being in ill health, sold him his interest, leaving him, at twenty-one years of age, the sole proprietor. He continued the business with eminent success until 1861, when he sold out, for the purpose of devoting his undivided energies to the management of a brewery, in which he had purchased an interest three years before, and which had finally come entirely into his possession.

This brewery had been established a few years previously by John Swindels, an Englishman, who was a thorough master of the art of brewing, and made a superior quality of ale, but lacked the business capacity essential to success. Mr. Jones supplied that requisite, and under his direction the enterprise soon gave promise of substantial returns. He shortly purchased his partner's entire interest, and assumed the sole management of the business, which became every year more prosperous and lucrative. Many improvements were made, and, after the disposal of his hardware business, extensive additions were projected and carried out by Mr. Jones,

To bring and keep the quality of his ale up to the highest point of excellence was Mr. Jones's object from the outset, and he consequently determined to produce his own malt. In 1863 he built a large malt house, with a capacity of eighty thousand bushels. The business increased in magnitude from year to year, so that in 1871 he found it necessary to build a new brewery, which was constructed and arranged throughout in the most thorough and perfect manner, and furnished with the best improved appliances known to the business. In 1879 another and still larger malt house was erected. The annual product of ale at this establishment, which is now the most extensive of its kind in the United States, has increased from about five thousand barrels in 1858, to upwards of one hundred thousand in 1880. To carry on this immense business requires the constant services of about one hundred men, with a large number of teams; yet Mr. Jones has been from the first fully conversant with all the details of the business, including the stock purchases, sales, general management and practical oversight of the work. Thoroughness has been the rule in every department, and the superior quality of the production, constantly maintained, has established its reputation as the best in the market throughout and even beyond the limits of New England. In 1875 Mr. Jones became the leading member of a company which purchased the well known South Boston brewery of Henry Souther & Co., under the firm name of Jones, Johnson & Co., Hon. James W. Johnson, of Enfield, being a member of the firm. A change has since been made in the firm, and the brewery, now known as the Bay State Brewery, is operated under the firm name of Jones, Cook & Co., Mr. Jones remaining at the head. The production of this establishment is nearly equal, in quantity as well as quality, to that of the Portsmouth brewery.

Extensive as has been his business as a brewer, with its increasing magnitude increasing the demands upon his attention, Mr. Jones has been able to lend his energies in other directions. The care and improvement of the real estate which he has from time to time acquired, in and about Portsmouth, has occupied his thought and attention in no small degree. Indeed, what he has done in this direction in the last dozen years would test the full capacity of many efficient business men, so far as the care and oversight of the work alone is concerned; and has contributed more than the efforts of any other one or even ten men to the prosperity and progress of the city. In addition to numerous business blocks and buildings containing some thirty stores and the usual complement of offices, he erected last year upon the site of the old National House, which had been destroyed by fire, the most elegant and thoroughly constructed business block to be found in New Hampshire, containing three large stores, several offices, and a spacious hall for the use of the Odd Fellows organization. Although one of the most costly buildings of its size to be found in the country, its excellence renders it desirable for business, and it pays a profitable rental, as does all of Mr. Jones's business real estate, and the numerous rented dwellings of which he is the owner.

The pride of Portsmouth is the Rockingham House. This large and beautiful hotel, which in architectural design, substantial elegance of construction, convenience of interior arrangement, and luxuriousness of furnishing, cannot be equalled in any of the provincial cities of the Union, stands upon the site of the old Langdon house, the home of Woodbury Langdon, a brother of John Langdon, and one of the early judges of the supreme court. The original house was burned in the great fire which devastated Portsmouth in 1781, but was rebuilt by Judge Langdon five years later. In 1830 the place was purchased by a company and transformed into a hotel. Coming into the possession of Mr. Jones, it was substantially rebuilt in 1870, as it now stands, at an expenditure which of itself might well be regarded as a handsome fortune. But the Rockingham House is not the only

nor the greatest venture of Mr. Jones in the hotel line. "The Wentworth," at Newcastle, the island town in Portsmouth harbor, completed by Mr. Jones in 1879-'80, is already well known as the finest and most magnificent summer hotel on the New England coast. In location, construction, and all its appointments, it is unrivalled by any establishment of the kind at any of our Northern summer resorts, and although first opened to the public last season, it at once commanded a patronage limited only by its capacity for accommodation, and that is certainly unsurpassed in the state. Both the Rockingham and the Wentworth are under the management of Col. F. W. Hilton, and together insure for Portsmouth the favorable consideration of the travelling and pleasure seeking public. In these two hotels, alone, each the best of its class in the state, and unexcelled anywhere, Mr. Jones has given the most practical and substantial demonstration of his enterprise and public spirit.

There is still another field of labor to which Mr. Jones has devoted no little time and attention for some years past, —that of agriculture, the noblest of all pursuits. Born and reared upon a farm and familiarized with farm work in all its details, he never lost his interest therein or his attachment for rural life. In 1867 he purchased a valuable farm about a mile and a half from the central portion of the city, upon an elevated location known as "Gravelly Ridge." Here he has made his summer home since that time. He has acquired two other adjacent farms, giving him altogether some four hundred acres of land, which has been brought under a superior state of cultivation. He cuts annually two hundred and fifty tons of hay,—an amount probably exceeded by no farmer in the state; certainly not from the same extent of land. His horses and cattle are not to be excelled. His oxen have long been known as the largest and finest in New England, and have been admired by thousands at various state and county fairs. Of these he keeps from ten to twenty yoke, employing them for all heavy work upon the farm as well as about the brewery. In the general cause of agricultural progress, Mr. Jones has taken much interest and done much in various ways for the promotion thereof, especially in the management and direction of fairs in his locality, to whose success he has contributed as largely as any man whose entire time and energies have been devoted to agricultural pursuits.

A business man, in the full sense of the word, and thoroughly devoted to his business, in management and detail, Mr. Jones has never sought public preferment, or aspired to official distinction. Although his name has figured prominently in politics for several years past, it has been through no effort or desire upon his part. A democrat from training and conviction, he has ever been devotedly attached to the great fundamental principles of justice and equality upon which that party is based, and has labored for their vindication and triumph in the success of the party at the polls. The fact of his thorough business capacity, coupled with his zealous labor in behalf of the democratic cause, has commended him strongly to his party associates as one whose name upon their ticket, as a candidate for any position of public trust, could not fail to add greatly to its strength before the people. He has, therefore, been constantly urged to accept the nomination for one or another responsibe office at the hands of his party for many years past, and has at times reluctantly yielded to their solicitations. He has been four times the democratic candidate for mayor of Portsmouth, and twice elected to that office — in 1868 and 1869 — although the republican party was in a majority in the city at the time. He was also, for two years, the candidate of his party for state senator, and, though failing of an election, very nearly overcome the decided republican majority in the district. In 1875 he was nominated with great unanimity by the democratic convention at Newmarket for representative in Congress for the first congressional district, and in the election defeated the republican nominee, Col.

Charles S. Whitehouse, of Rochester, by a plurality of three hundred and thirty-six votes, although at the previous election the republicans elected their candidate. Renominated for the next Congress, in 1877, the republicans made a determined effort to secure his defeat, selecting as their candidate Gen. Gilman Marston, of Exeter, the ablest member of their party in the state, who had won distinction in military as well as civil life, and had been three times elected to the same office in past years; yet so great was Mr. Jones's popularity and so well satisfied were the people with his services for the previous term, that his opponents were unable to compass his defeat, and he was returned by a plurality of forty votes over the formidable candidate who had been pitted against him. At the close of his second term in Congress, although strongly importuned to be again a candidate, he positively refused, the requirements of his business being such that he could not longer neglect them. In the last gubernatorial canvass in the state, against his own emphatic protest, with a unanimity never before equalled, he was made the candidate of his party for governor, and, although the defeat of the democracy was known to be inevitable, after the result of the Indiana election in October had turned the political current in the country in favor of the republicans, he received not only a larger vote than had ever before been cast for a democratic candidate, but larger than had ever before been received by the candidate of any party in a state election.

As mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. Jones gave a hearty and effective support to all measures calculated to promote the material interests of the city, exercising the same care and judgment in the direction of municipal affairs as has characterized his action in his own private business. With due regard to economy in expenditure, he inaugurated many substantial improvements, and, as conceded upon all sides, gave a more decided impetus to the progressive spirit in the community than it had experienced before for a century. In this connection, demonstrating Mr. Jones's capacity and ready adaptation to an untried position, it may not be inappropriate to quote the opinion of a well known citizen of Portsmouth, and life long political opponent, who had himself served as mayor, and was a member of the board of aldermen during Mr. Jones's incumbency of that office—the late Hon. F. W. Miller. In an editorial article in his paper, the *Portsmouth Weekly*, during the late political canvass, in reply to an abusive attack upon Mr. Jones in another republican paper, he declared that he had known him intimately for about thirty years, and had never met his equal in readiness and capability for adapting himself to any circumstances and any condition. "For instance," said he, "we chanced to be elected one of the board of aldermen — six republicans to two democrats — when Mr. Jones was elected mayor; yet under those peculiarly delicate conditions, and notwithstanding he was entirely unused to presiding in any deliberative body, and also had never been a member of either branch of the city government, yet he fulfilled all the duties of the trying position with entire ease and great readiness, and scarcely an error — so much so that a man of the largest experience, who sat with him on the board for the two years, we have heard more than once remark, that Mr. Jones was, without exception, the quickest and readiest man he ever saw. It has also been our fortune to be associated with Mr. Jones in the conduct of several fairs (where he counted more than any other ten men), and in various other public and private matters; and it is of no use to tell us that 'he doesn't know much outside of his particular line of business.' As to his private business he can carry as much as almost any man in the world, and carry it easier; and has the minutest detail of everything at his tongue's end at any moment, as we never knew any other man to have."

In Congress, Mr. Jones was not merely faithful to his party, but a true and devoted servant of the people. Always at his post in the House and the com-

mittee room, he nevertheless attended more fully than most members to the countless demands upon his time and attention by individual constituents, for aid in matters of business with the various departments and in other directions about the capitol. His great business capacity and experience, his judgment and energy, rendered him remarkably efficient in the labors of the committee room. He served as a member of the militia committee, and also of that upon naval affairs. As a member of the latter committee he rendered the most effective service, in the extended investigation of the management of the navy yards, instituted with a view to the suppression of the corrupt practices which had grown up in connection therewith. Upon all questions involving the business interests of the country his judgment was regarded by the party leaders as second to that of no other member. Speaker Randall has frequently borne testimony to his capacity, and, in a letter now before the writer, declares that "he was a faithful representative — an honor to himself and the country, bringing to the discharge of his duties a business knowledge that made him very valuable as a committee member."

Although having himself enjoyed very limited educational advantages, no man appreciates more than Mr. Jones the value of education, or is more ready to advance educational interests in the community. His first year's salary while mayor of Portsmouth he gave to the city to be held in trust, the interest to be appropriated each year for the purchase of books for the high school library. The second year's salary he contributed as the foundation for a fund to be used in establishing a public library for the use of the city, the same being placed in the hands of trustees, upon the condition that if $5,000 should be raised in five years he would then himself add another $1,000 to the fund. He has since extended the time for the raising of the five thousand dollars, and it is understood that the fund is now about completed. The public school system has no stronger friend or more earnest supporter than Mr. Jones, and he has always favored liberal appropriations for its maintenance. So, too, while not himself a member of any church organization, he has never failed to contribute liberally in aid of the various churches of the city in which he lives, though more directly interested in the Middle street Baptist church, where his family regularly worship. Not only has he given freely for the assistance of the various religious organizations of his own city, in building and other enterprises, but has also responded without stint to many appeals for material aid from churches in other places.

The construction of the Dover and Portsmouth railroad, connecting the two cities from which it is named, an enterprise which has contributed materially to the prosperity of both, was largely — perhaps it may properly be said mainly due to the persistence and energy of Mr. Jones, who has been president of the corporation from the start, devoted much time and attention to the direction of the work, and effected an extended lease to the Eastern railroad in New Hampshire, at a rental of six per cent., even before the work of construction had commenced, the terms of which lease, as it happens, the Eastern railroad has attempted in vain to avoid. Mr. Jones was for some time a director in the Eastern railroad, and is now a director of the Wolfeborough road, of which he was one of the projectors. He is also a director and vice-president of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarranty Company. Aside from what he has done in the way of individual enterprise to promote the material prosperity of the city of his adoption, he has been foremost among its citizens to encourage and assist others. Various manufacturing industries have been established, largely through his influence and material aid, among which may be mentioned an extensive shoe manufactory, which went into successful operation a year or two since. The recent destruction by fire of the Kearsarge Manufacturing Company's large cotton mill must prove a very serious blow to the

business prosperity of Portsmouth, unless the same be promptly rebuilt and manufacturing operations resumed. Strong efforts having been made without avail to induce the company to rebuild (exemption from taxation for a period of ten years having been voted by the city government), a movement is under way for the erection of a mill, at a cost of not less than $500,000, by a home company, of which Mr. Jones will be a leading shareholder and active manager. In this practical and substantial manner does he contribute to the welfare of the community in which he dwells.

Mr. Jones has two brothers now living, Nathan, an elder brother, being a farmer in Newington, having retired from business in Portsmouth some time since. True W., the younger brother, is the active manager of the Bay State brewery of Jones, Cook & Co., at South Boston. His sister is the wife of Josiah H. Morrison, of Portsmouth, chief brewer and general superintendent of Mr. Jones's Portsmouth brewery. From the death of his father, which occurred some years ago, until her own decease in August, 1878, at the age of seventy-two years, his mother resided with her daughter, Mrs. Morrison. She was a woman of strong mental endowments and estimable traits of character, taking a deep interest in the welfare of her children and great pride in their success. After his father's death, Mr. Jones purchased the interest of the other heirs in the family homestead and outland in Barrington, a large portion of which he retains at the present time.

September 15, 1861, upon his twenty-ninth birthday anniversary, Mr. Jones was united in marriage with the widow of his brother, Hiram Jones, who died in July, 1859, leaving one child, a daughter, Emma I. Jones. Mrs. Jones was Martha Sophia Leavitt, daughter of William B. Leavitt, of Springfield, Mass. They have no children except the daughter mentioned, who is regarded by Mr. Jones with as strong affection as an own daughter could be. Some years since she became the wife of Col. Charles A. Sinclair, only son of Hon. John G. Sinclair, the young couple making their home with Mr. and Mrs. Jones. They have three children — daughters — Grace J., born in August, 1874; Martha Sophia, August, 1876; and Mary Louise, January, 1879. These, with the mother of Mrs. Jones, constitute the family circle in one of the most attractive homes to be found in New England.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of business cares Mr. Jones takes great delight in home comfort and pleasure, and spares neither effort nor expense in promoting the same. Since his purchase of the farm at "Gravelly Ridge," he has made that his summer residence, spending his winters at the Rockingham House in the city for several years; but last year he completed a large and elegant residence at the farm, which will be henceforth a permanent home. The house, which is one of the largest, most thoroughly built, conveniently arranged, and tastefully furnished private residences in New England, was planned and constructed throughout, with a view to the comfort and enjoyment of its occupants, and all its surroundings are in perfect keeping with the general purpose. The spacious out-buildings, including the finest barn in Rockingham county, are so placed as to afford the least obstruction to the view, which is broad and commanding. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and garden, summer house, grapery, and greenhouses luxuriously stocked with a rich and almost endless variety of flowering plants, vines and shrubs, native and tropical, all under care of the most experienced gardeners, lend their charms to the location.

In this beautiful home, surrounded by all the material comforts which the ample fortune won by a life of industry and enterprise commands, he passes so much of his time as he is able to withdraw from the cares and demands of his large and varied business interests. Here he entertains his host of friends, and finds the rest and relaxation which even his vigorous powers of body and mind demand. No man has more

fully earned the complete retirement from business activity, which many would assume under the same circumstances, but which, with his energetic nature would bring him no satisfaction. No man has contributed more to advance the material prosperity and the general welfare of our little commonwealth than Frank Jones of Portsmouth. No man has more or warmer personal friends, or is held in higher esteem by the community at large, regardless of party or condition.

THE FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY, ESQ.

Worcester defines the substantive turnpike as "a gate on a road to obstruct passengers, in order to take toll; originally consisting of cross bars armed with pikes, and turning on a post or pin."

This is the historic and primitive meaning of the term. It is still used in that sense in Great Britain. It was originally used in the same sense here, but subsequently it was popularly used in the North, and "pike" in the Middle states and the South as synonymous with turnpike road.

An eminent legal authority in this country has defined it as "a public road paved with stones or some other hard substance." Another has defined it as "a road whose constructors are authorized to exact tolls," and further states that "the term is generic, and embraces roads of various materials and construction, such as plank roads, gravel roads, etc., as well as those made in the manner of ordinary high roads."

A road is termed a turnpike road not as is generally supposed because of its form or on account of the materials of which it is composed. The word turnpike in and of itself does not mean road, but gates such as are used to throw across the road to stop the passage of travellers, their carriages and the like until the tolls are collected. And the word was used in this sense in the first act ever passed in New Hampshire. "And be it further enacted, that the said corporation may erect and fix such and so many gates or turnpikes upon and across the said road, as will be necessary and sufficient to collect the tolls and duties hereinafter granted to the said company, from all persons travelling in the same with horses, cattle, carts and carriages."

See act of June 16, 1796.

These roads are not of American origin. They existed in the mother country long before the days of Mansfield and Blackstone. The first turnpike road was between the West Riding of Yorkshire and London. This act was passed in the fifteenth year of the reign of Charles the Second. It was an innovation that excited great hostility. The people benefitted by it, tore down the toll-bars, and the new enterprise was baptized in blood before the people would submit to it. The new system triumphed by slow degrees.

Macaulay (History of England, vol. 1, pp. 293-4-5), graphically describes the condition of that country with respect to communication before such roads became acceptable to the public. Before that day Great Britain had her wooden walls, her great "highways of commerce," her parish, prescriptive and toll-roads, but in general these were neither watched, lighted, nor had the appliances for weighing.

Capital seeking an outlet, saw its opportunity, and under a swarm of turnpike acts, the country was at last grid-ironed with these roads.

These acts were, in general, based

upon the same model; but they differed in details, and sometimes in essentials. George the Third came to the throne, October 25, 1760. In the seventh year of his reign, Parliament found its way out of the turmoil and confusion by passing an act entitled "an act to explain, amend, and reduce into one act of Parliament the general laws now in being for regulating the turnpike roads of this kingdom, and for other purposes therein mentioned." This act is commonly known as "the general turnpike act."

The turnpike craze in this state is almost forgotten; we caught it from Massachusetts; it began in 1795 and culminated about twenty years after; it wrought a revolution in public travel, relatively, nearly as great as that brought about by the railway craze between 1840 and 1850. The system with us did not originate in the local want or demand along the lines contemplated. Other and more far-reaching causes, as we shall see, were at the bottom of the movement. The settlement of the state was necessarily by progressive, though at times apparently simultaneous steps. First came the settlement and location of the four towns and the opening of communication between them; then the advent of the trapper, hunter, and scout into the unsettled portion; then came the land grants and the settlement in isolated locations; then the blazed path to the parent towns and to the cabin of the pioneer or the outposts; then the drift-ways, cart-ways, and the local roads winding from cabin to cabin; then the town-ways and session or county roads, with here and there the "provincial" roads like that which passes through Gilmanton and that which was laid out and built from the Gerrish place—now the county farm at Boscawen—to the college at Hanover in 1784–86 by legislative committee, and that laid out by a like committee from Hale's bridge, in Walpole, in the county of Cheshire, running sixty miles to a pitch-pine tree on Deerneck in Chester.

See act of February 22, 1794.

Fifty-three turnpike companies were incorporated in this state. The acts of incorporation in Massachusetts were in fact based on English models, but the Bay State mind, then as now, felt itself competent to improve upon any model, irrespective of whether it was the work of human hands, or of the Divine Architect; and as minds differed even in Massachusetts there was a marked diversity in these acts, and the New Hampshire acts were little less consistent or coherent.

"The New Hampshire turnpike road" is commonly known as "the first New Hampshire turnpike" because it was the first act of the kind in this state. John Hale, Arthur Livermore, Isaac Waldron, John Goddard, Thomas Leavitt, William Hale and Peter Green, all notable men, were the corporators specially named in the act. This act was passed June 16, 1796. The road ran from Piscataqua bridge in Durham to the Merrimack river in Concord, passing through Lee, Barrington, Nottingham, Northwood, Epsom, and Chichester. The distance was thirty-six miles. The elaborate plan or survey of this pioneer turnpike in this state may still be seen in the state-house in Concord. The act contains in effect eleven sections. The first gave the names of the corporators, the name of the corporation, and conferred upon it the inestimable privilege of suing and being sued; the second provided for the organization and the establishment of regulations and by-laws for the government thereof; the third empowered the corporation "to survey, lay out, make and keep in repair a turnpike road or highway of four rods wide, in such route or track, as in the best of their judgment and skill, will combine *shortness of distance with the most practicable ground*, between the termini; the fourth provides that the damages to land owners should be fixed by the court of common pleas, if the parties could not agree; the fifth in relation to "gates" and "turnpikes" we have already quoted; the sixth authorized the appointment of toll-gatherers and fixed the rates of

toll; the seventh authorized the purchase of one thousand acres of land in fee simple, and provided that the shares be assigned by deed, and that the shares bought be sold for non-payment or assessments; the eighth prohibits the taking of toll prior to the expenditure of six hundred dollars upon such mile of the road, a proportionate sum upon the whole number of miles; by the ninth the corporation was liable to be indicted and fined the same as towns for defective highways, with a proviso that if the turnpike road ran over any part of the road then used the company should neither collect toll for that part nor be liable to repair it; the tenth provided that an account of the expenditures and profits should be laid before the superior court at the end of twenty years under penalty of forfeiture of charter, that if the net profits for the twenty years should exceed twelve per cent per annum, the court might reduce the tolls so that it should not exceed that rate, and if the profit was less than six per cent the judges might raise the toll so that the rate should not be less than six nor more than twelve per cent; the eleventh provides that the charter should be void unless the road should be completed in ten years, with the proviso that the state, after the expiration of forty years, might convert the same into a public highway by repaying what had been expended by the company, with interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum thereon, after deducting the amount of the toll actually received.

Some of the provisions of this act and that of the fourth are in marked contrast. The preamble to this act and the petition for the fourth should be read together; they were both the work of comprehensive minds having the same objects in view.

The preamble is as follows:

"Whereas a petition has been presented to the general court, setting forth that the communication between the sea coast and the interior parts of the state, might be made much more easy, convenient and less expensive, by a direct road from Concord to Piscataqua bridge than it now is, between the country and any commercial seaport; that the expensiveness of an undertaking of this kind, however useful to the community, would burthen the towns through which it may pass so heavily as to render it difficult to effect so important a purpose, otherwise than by an incorporated company who might be indemnified by a toll for the sums that should be expended by them; therefore it was prayed by the petitioners that they and their associates might be incorporated into a body corporate for the aforesaid purpose under such limitations, and with such tolls as might be thought fit, which prayer being reasonable, &c."

The second New Hampshire turnpike road was incorporated December 26, 1799. It ran from Claremont through Unity, Lempster, Washington, Marlow, Hillsborough, Antrim, Deering, Francestown, Lyndeborough, New Boston, Mont Vernon, and to Amherst, though as respects several of these towns it merely "cut the corners." It was fifty miles in length.

The third was incorporated December 27, 1799. It ran from Bellows Falls and Walpole, through Westmoreland, Surry, Keene, Marlborough, Jaffrey, and in a direction towards Boston. The distance was fifty miles.

The petition for the fourth New Hampshire turnpike road was as follows:

"To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened, at Concord, within & for the State of New Hampshire, on the first Wednesday of June, Anno Domini 1800.

The petition of Elisha Payne, Russell Freeman, and Constant Stoors, humbly shews that the citizens of this State experience great inconveniences from the badness of the roads between Merrimack river and the towns of Hanover & Lebanon; that the trade of the western parts of this state, & of the northern parts of the State of Vermont is of course turned from our own seaports and our most commercial towns,

to those of Connecticut & New York; that the natural impediments between the aforesaid places and said Merrimack river render the provisions by law for making & repairing public roads wholly inadequate to the purpose of rendering the communication easy, convenient & safe; that a plan for opening & extending a communication from Lake Champlain to the mouth of White river in Vermont, by means of a turn pike road from said lake to the head of said river, is contemplated by several enterprising citizens of that state, & is encouraged by their government, under an expectation that the interests of our citizens will induce them to meet and extend a plan so well calculated to invite & facilitate an intercourse which would be highly beneficial to both: wherefore, your petitioners pray that they and such others as may associate with them, may be incorporated into a body corporate & politick, with such powers and under such limitations as may be thought fit; to build & keep in repair a turnpike road, to begin at the most convenient place, at the river road in the town of Boscawen or Salisbury, & extend westwardly in such particular direction, & across such lands as shall be most advisable, to the east bank of Connecticut river, in the town of Lebanon, and to strike said bank nearly opposite the mouth of White river; and also, to build and keep in repair, a turn pike road, to begin at the east abutment of White river falls bridge and extend southeastwardly in the nearest direction in the most feasible way till it intersects the road first mentioned, and to become a branch thereof; and that your petitioners may be empowered to collect such tolls as may be a reasonable compensation for such sums as they may have to expend in making & repairing said road, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

ELISHA PAYNE,
RUSSELL FREEMAN,
CONSTANT STOORS."

On June 11, 1800, the House of Representatives postponed further consideration of said petition until the first Tuesday of the next session, and ordered the petitioners to give notice thereof by publishing the substance of the petition and the order of court thereon in the newspaper printed at Hanover three weeks successively commencing six weeks prior to said day of hearing, and by serving "a like copy upon the selectmen of the several towns through which the road may pass."

The following certificates show the manner in which this order was complied with:

"This may certify that I, the subscriber, on or about the 16th of September last, left with one of the selectmen for the town of Enfield, a newspaper printed at Hanover, dated Sept'r 7, 1800, containing a petition of Elisha Payne, Russell Freeman, & Constant Storrs, for a turnpike road, and order of the general court thereon.

ELISHA PAYNE, JUNR.

Nov. 18, 1800."

"This may certify that I, Samuel Kimball of Andover, about the middle of September last, delivered to the selectmen of the several towns of Springfield, Grafton, Andover, & Salisbury, to the selectmen of each town, a newspaper printed at Hanover of the 8th of September, 1800, in which was contained a petition of Elisha Payne, Russell Freeman, & Constant Storrs, for a turnpike road, and order of the general court thereon. Per me.

SAMUEL KIMBALL.

Lebanon, Nov. 12th, 1800."

On November 25, 1800, the House "voted that the prayer thereof be granted and that the petitioners have leave to bring in a bill accordingly," with which the senate on the next day concurred.

The population of the state in 1800 was 183,868; but the population of the towns through some portion of which the turnpike passed was less than 10,000. Boscawen had 1,414; Salisbury had 1,767; Andover had 1,133; Kearsarge Gore had 179; Springfield had 570; Enfield had 1,121; Lebanon had 1,574 Hanover had 1,912.

Before considering the act of incorporation, it may be useful to advert briefly to some of the more salient of

the almost innumerable provisions of the English turnpike acts.

They provided that two oxen were to be considered the same as one horse; that cattle straying on a turnpike road might be impounded; that nails in wheel tires should be countersunk so that they should not project more than one-fourth of an inch above the surface; that carrier's dogs should not be chained to the wagons; that teams should not descend hills with locked wheels unless resting on skid pans or slippers; that supernumerary "beasts of draught" should not be used without license; that no goods should be unloaded before coming to a turnpike gate or weighing machine; that drivers should not turn from the road to avoid such machine; that children under thirteen years should not be drivers; that all drivers must give their names; that no driver should ride, etc., without some one on foot or horseback to guide the team; that drivers when meeting other carriages "must keep to the left side of the road;" that no person should pull down, damage, injure, or destroy any lamp or lamp post put up in or near the side of a turnpike road or toll house, or extinguish the light of such lamp; and that no windmill should be erected within two hundred yards of any part of the turnpike road.

It was made the duty of the turnpike surveyor to prevent and remove all annoyances by filth, dung, ashes, rubbish, or other things whatsoever, even if laid upon a common within eighty feet of the centre of the road, and to turn any water course, sinks or drains which ran into, along, or out of any turnpike road to its prejudice, and to open, drain and cleanse water courses, or ditches adjoining the road and to deepen and enlarge the same if the owners neglected so to do after seven days' notice in writing.

With very trifling differences the same rule was applied to obstructions of highways and turnpikes.

No tree, brush, or shrub was allowed within fifteen feet of the centre, unless for ornament, or shelter to the house, building or courtyard of the owner. Hedges and boughs of trees were to be kept cut and pruned, while the possessors of the lands adjoining the roads were to cut down, prune and lop the trees growing on or near the hedges or other fences in such a manner that the highways should not be prejudiced by the shade, and so that the sun and wind should not be excluded from them to their damage, with the proviso that no oak trees or hedges must be cut except in April, May, or June, or ash, elm, or other trees except in December, January, February, or March. The surveyor could not compel the cutting of hedges except between the last day of September and the last day of March.

The hedges were to be cut six feet from the surface of the ground, and the branches of trees, bushes and shrubs were also to be cut, and were treated as a nuisance if they overhung the road so as to impede or annoy any person or carriage travelling there.

When a turnpike road was laid out, which rendered an old road unnecessary, the trustees, etc., could discontinue the old road which thereby vested in them, and they might sell and convey the same by deed, or they might by agreement give up the same to the owners of adjoining lands by way of exchange, or the old road might be sold to some adjoining land owner, or in case he refused to purchase to some other person.

Upon the completion of the contract the soil of the old road vested in the purchaser and his heirs,—saving fossils, mines and minerals to the original proprietor.

The exceptions under the English acts were much more minute than under section six of the act under consideration.

No toll could be collected for horses or carriages which only crossed the turnpike, or which did not pass one hundred yards thereon, or for horses or carriages conveying any one to or from the election of a member of the county where the road was situate; or for the mails or the military service, nor for any inhabitant of a parish, etc., attending a funeral therein, nor for any

curate, etc., visiting any sick parishioner or attending to any other parochial duty within his parish; nor from any person going to or returning from his parochial church or chapel or usual place of religious worship tolerated by law, on Sundays or on any day on which divine service has by authority allowed to be celebrated.

The following is a transcriptof the act, taken from the records of the corporation:

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

An act to incorporate a company by the name of the Proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate & House of Representatives in general court convened, that Elisha Payne, Russell Freeman and Constant Storrs and their associates and successors be, and they are hereby incorporated and made a body corporate and politic under the name of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire, and in that name may sue & prosecute, and be sued and prosecuted to final judgment and execution, and shall be and hereby are vested with all the powers and privileges which by law are incident to corporations of a like nature.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, that the said Elisha Payne, or Russell Freeman shall call a meeting of said proprietors by advertisement in the newspapers printed at Concord & Hanover, to be holden at any suitable time and place at least thirty days from the first publication of said advertisement, and the proprietors by a vote of the majority of those present or represented at said meeting, accounting and allowing one vote to each share in all cases, shall choose a clerk, who shall be sworn to the faithful discharge of said office, and shall also agree on the method of calling meetings, and at the same, or at any subsequent meetings may elect such officers, and make and establish such rules and bye-laws, as to them shall seem necessary and convenient for the regulation and government of said corporation, for carrying into effect the purpose aforesaid, and for collecting the tolls hereinafter established, and the same bye-laws may cause to be executed, and annex penalties to the breach thereof; provided the said rules and bye-laws are not repugnant to the constitution and laws of this state; and all representations shall be proved by writing signed by the person to be represented, which shall be filed with the clerk, and this act and all rules, regulations and proceedings of said corporation shall be fairly and truly recorded by the clerk in a book or books provided and kept for that purpose.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that the said corporation are empowered to survey, lay out, make and keep in repair, a turnpike road of four rods wide, in such rout or tracts as in the best of their judgment and skill shall combine shortness of distance with the most practicable ground from the east bank of Connecticut river in the town of Lebanon, nearly opposite to the mouth of White river, eastwardly to the west branch of Merrimack river in the town of Salisbury or Boscawen; and also to survey, lay out, make and keep in repair as aforesaid a turnpike road four rods wide, from the east abutment of White river falls bridge in Hanover, southeastwardly till it intersects the road first mentioned and to be a branch thereof.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, that if said proprietors and the owners of land over which the road may run shall disagree on the compensation to be made for said land and the building or buildings thereon standing, and shall not agree in appointing persons to ascertain such compensation, the judges of the superior court of judicature, holden within and for the county in which said land lies, upon the application of said proprietors, or of the owner or owners of such, reasonable notice of such application having been given by the applicants to the adverse party,

shall appoint a committee who shall ascertain the same in the same way as compensation is made to owners of land for highways as usually laid out, & execution, on non-payment, against said proprietors, shall issue of course.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, that the corporation may erect and fix such & so many gates or turnpikes upon and across said road as will be necessary & sufficient to collect the tolls and duties hereinafter granted to said company from all persons traveling in the same with horses, cattle, carts, and carriages.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, that it shall and may be lawful for said corporation to appoint such and so many toll-gatherers, as they shall think proper, to collect and receive of and from all & every person or persons using said road the tolls and rates hereinafter mentioned; and to prevent any person riding, leading or driving any horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, sulkey, chair, chaise, phæton, coach, chariot, cart, wagon, sley, sled, or other carriage of burden or pleasure from passing through the said gates or turnpikes, until they shall have respectively paid the same, that is to say, for every mile of said road, and so in proportion for a greater or less distance, or greater or smaller number of sheep, hogs, or cattle: viz., for every fifteen sheep or hogs, one cent; for every fifteen cattle or horses, two cents; for every horse and his rider or led horse, three fourths of one cent; for every sulkey, chair, or chaise with one horse and two wheels, one and an half cents; for every chariot, coach, stage-wagon, phæton, or chaise, with two horses and four wheels, three cents; for either of the carriages last mentioned with four horses, four cents; for every other carriage of pleasure, the like sums, according to the number of wheels and horses drawing the same; for each cart or other carriage of burthen with wheels, drawn by one beast, one cent; for each wagon, cart, or other carriage of burthen drawn by two beasts, one and an half cents; if by more than two beasts, one cent for each additional yoke of oxen or horse; for each sley drawn by one horse, three fourths of one cent; if drawn by two horses, one and an half cent; and if by more than two horses, half a cent for every additional horse; for each sled drawn by one horse, half of one cent; for each sled drawn by two horses or a yoke of oxen, one cent; and if by more than two horses or one yoke of oxen, one cent for each additional pair of horses or yoke of oxen; and at all times when the toll-gatherer shall not attend his duty, the gates shall be left open; and if any person shall with his carriage, team, cattle, or horses, turn out of said road to pass the said turnpike gates, on ground adjacent thereto, said ground not being a public highway, with intent to avoid the payment of the toll due, by virtue of this act, such person shall forfeit and pay three times so much as the legal toll would have been, to be recovered by the treasurer of the said corporation, to the use thereof, in an action of debt or on the case; provided that nothing in this act shall extend to entitle the said corporation to demand toll of any person who shall be passing with his horse or carriage to or from public worship, or with his horse, team or cattle, or on foot, to or from any mill, or on their common or ordinary business of family concerns, within the town where such person belongs.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, that the said proprietors are hereby empowered to purchase, and hold in fee simple, so much land as will be necessary for said turnpike road, and the share or shares of any said proprietors may be transferred by deed duly executed & acknowledged, and recorded by the clerk of said proprietors on their records; and the share or shares of any proprietor may be sold by said corporation, on non-payment of assessment duly made agreeably to the bye laws that may be agreed upon by said corporation.

SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, that no toll shall be taken by said corporation for any mile of said road until six hundred dollars shall have

been expended thereon, or a proportionate sum upon the whole number of miles, reckoning from said east of Connecticut river to said west bank of Merrimack river, where said road shall terminate.

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, that said corporation may be indicted for defect of repairs of said road, after the toll gates are erected, and fined in the same way and manner, as towns are by law fineable, for suffering roads to be out of repair, and said fine may be levied on the profits and tolls arising or accruing to said proprietors.

SEC. 10. Provided, nevertheless, and be it further enacted, that if said turnpike road shall, in any part, be the same with any highway now used, it shall not be lawful for said corporation to erect any gate or turnpike on or across said part of the road, that now is used & occupied as a public highway, anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 11. And be it further enacted, that when said proprietors shall make it appear to the judges of the superior court of judicature, that they have expended said sum of six hundred dollars on each mile, or a proportionable sum as aforesaid, the proprietors shall have the liberty to erect the gates as aforesaid.

SEC. 12. And be it further enacted, that each of the towns through which said road shall be laid, shall have a right & be permitted to become an associate with the original proprietors in said corporation; and in case of the refusal or neglect of any such town, any inhabitant or inhabitants thereof, shall have the same right, provided however, that such towns and inhabitants respectively shall be limited in said privilege of becoming associates to such number of shares, as shall bear the same proportion to the whole number of shares as the number of miles of said road, within such town shall bear to the whole number of miles of said road; provided also, that such towns, and inhabitants, shall accept the privilege hereby reserved, & become associates by making application for that purpose to the directors or clerk of said corporation, or in case no directors or clerk shall then be appointed, to the original proprietors, within three months after the public notice, hereinafter directed, shall have been given by said corporation.

SEC. 13. And be it further enacted, that said corporation shall immediately, after the rout of said road shall be marked out and established, cause public notice thereof to be given, by advertising the same, three weeks successively in the newspapers printed at Concord & Hanover.

SEC. 14. And be it further enacted, that at the end of every six years, after the setting up any toll gate, an account of the expenditures upon said road, and the profits arising therefrom, shall be laid before the legislature of this state under forfeiture of the privileges of this act in future; and a right is hereby reserved to said legislature to reduce the rates of toll before mentioned, as they may think proper, so however, that if the neat profit shall not amount to more than twelve per cent per annum, the said rates of toll shall not be reduced.

SEC. 15. Provided nevertheless, and be it further enacted, that whenever the neat income of the toll shall amount to the sums which the proprietors have expended on said road, with twelve per cent on such sums so expended from the times of their actual disbursement, the said road with all its rights, privileges and appurtenances shall revert to the State of New Hampshire and become the property thereof, to all intents and purposes; anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, that, if in six years the said road shall not be completed, according to the provision of this act, every part and clause thereof shall be null and void. Provided also, that the State of New Hampshire may, at any time after the expiration of forty years from the passing of this act, repay the proprietors of said road the amount of the sums expended by them thereon, with

twelve per cent per annum in addition thereto, deducting the toll actually received by the proprietors; and in that case the said road, with all its privileges and appurtenances, shall, to all intents and purposes, be the property of the State of New Hampshire; anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 17. And be it further enacted, that the directors and clerk of said corporation shall, whenever hereafter required, by a committee appointed for that purpose by the legislature of this state, exhibit to said committee, under oath if required, a true account of all expenditures upon said road, and all incidental charges appertaining to the same, and also a true account of the toll received up to the times of exhibiting such accounts; under forfeiture of the privileges of this act in future.

The first meeting of the corporation was duly warned by Elisha Payne, January 28, 1801. The meeting was held at the dwelling house of Clap Sumner, "Innholder," in Lebanon, on March 24, 1801, at ten A. M. Elisha Payne was chosen moderator, Benjamin J. Gilbert of Hanover, was chosen clerk, accepted his appointment, and was "sworn accordingly." The meeting was then adjourned to meet at the same place on Tuesday, April 14, 1801, at ten A. M. The record of the adjourned meeting is as follows:

LEBANON, Tuesday, April 14, 1801.

The meeting was opened according to adjournment.

Voted that the rights and privileges of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire be divided into four hundred shares.

Voted that said shares be numbered from number one to four hundred, inclusive.

Voted that the said shares so numbered be apportioned among the four present proprietors as follows: viz., that Elisha Payne have and hold all the shares numbered from one to one hundred both inclusive; that Russell Freeman have and hold all the shares numbered from one hundred to two hundred the latter inclusive; that Constant Storrs have & hold all the shares numbered from two hundred to three hundred the latter inclusive; and that Ben J. Gilbert have & hold all the shares numbered from three hundred to four hundred the latter inclusive; and that said Payne, Freeman, Storrs & Gilbert each have full right & authority to sell & convey their respective shares numbered and apportioned to them respectively as before mentioned, under all the reservations, limitations and conditions in the original grant contained.

Voted that there be assessed upon the shares aforesaid the sum of six hundred dollars, that is to say, one dollar & fifty cents upon each share, to be paid on or before the first day of September next, and that if any proprietor shall neglect to pay the sum so assessed on his share or shares by the time aforesaid, the share or shares of such proprietor shall be sold at public vendue, and such vendue shall be advertised six weeks previous to the day of sale.

Voted that there be appointed a treasurer, to hold his office during the pleasure of this corporation, to be under bonds with a surety or sureties to the satisfaction of the corporation, in the sum of five thousand dollars and under oath faithfully to perform the duties of his office, and that the bond be lodged with the clerk.

Voted & chose Major Constant Storrs treasurer.

Voted that the clerk be directed to procure to be printed three hundred blank forms for deeds for transfer of shares, according to such form as he shall desire.

Voted that this meeting be adjourned to Friday, the 29th day of May next, then to meet at this place at eleven o'clock in the forenoon."

The record of the shares as distributed, and the names of persons to whom certificates were given of particular shares by the directors, is as follows:

No. 1 to 10, David Hough,
11 to 20, William Johnson,
21 to 30, Elias Curtis,

No. 31, Samuel Lathrop,
32 & 33, Simeon Peck,
34, Hobart Estabrook,
35, Ephraim Wood,
36, Zenas Alden,
37, Richard Aldrich,
38, Edmund Freeman, Jr.
39, James Crocker,
40, Stephen Kendrick,
41, Joseph Wood,
42, Ira Gates,
43, Thomas Waterman,
44, Stephen Billings,
45, Edward Bosworth,
46, Oliver Ellis,
47, Elijah Reed,
48, David Hough,
49 to 53, John Wheelock
54 to 58, Richard Lang,
59, James Ralston,
60, Wm. Woodward,
61, Benj. Gilbert,
62 & 63, James Little,
64, Daniel Stickney,
65, Nathan Jewett,
66, Clark Aldrich,
67, Abijah Chandler,
68, Jonathan Bosworth,
69, Thomas Hough,
70 to 74, Arthur Latham,
75 & 76, Stephen Kimball,
77, Amos A. Brewster,
78, Benoni Dewey,
79, Levi Parks,
80, Mills Olcott,
81, James Wheelock,
82, Daniel Hough,
83, Levi Sargent,
84, Beriah Abbot,
85, Benjamin Thompson,
86 & 87, Thomas Thompson,
88 to 97, Jason Downer,
98 to 103, Richd., Jr., & Ebenr. Kimball,
104 to 107, Richard, Jr., and Eben Kimball,
108 to 112, James Rolfe,
113 & 114, Henry Haven,
115, Benj. Swett,
116 to 135, not assigned,
136 to 140, Elias Lyman,
141 to 156, Roswell Olcott & Joseph Loveland,
157 to 165, R. Olcott & J. Loveland,
No. 166 to 175, not assigned,
176 to 179, Edward Cutts,
180 & 181, Peter Coffin,
182 to 186, John Langdon,
187 to 189, Samuel Ham,
190 to 193, Eliphalet Ladd,
194 & 195, Reuben Shapley,
196 & 197, Samuel Elliot,
198 to 200, John Pierce,
201 & 202, Isaac Chandler,
203 to 207, Amasa Kilburn,
208 to 222, Steph. Mack & Danl. G. Mack,
223, Andrew Bowers,
224 to 225, Timo. Dire, Junr.,
226 to 230, Stephen Mack & Danl. G. Mack,
231 to 237, Jedediah Strong & James Little,
238 to 240, Jedediah Strong,
241 to 245, Peter Miller,
246 to 262, Roswell Olcott & Joseph Loveland,
263 to 269, R. Olcott & J. Loveland,
270 to 274, Amos Pettingell,
275 to 281, not assigned,
282 to 292, Caleb Lovering,
293 to 297, Saml. Robie & Philip Colby,
298 to 300, not assigned,
301 & 302, James Rundlett,
303 to 305, Nathl. A. Haven,
306 & 307, William Cutter,
308 to 310, Thos. Sheafe,
311, Theodore Furber,
312 & 313, John Haven,
314 & 315, Thomas Brown,
316 & 317, A. R. Cutter,
318 & 319, Thomas Martin,
320 & 321, John Goddard,
322 & 323, Robt. Ad. Treadwell,
324 to 327, John S. Sherburne,
328, Joseph Ela,
329, Geo. Long,
330 & 331, Jona. Goddard,
332 to 334, William Sheafe,
335 & 336, Mathew S. Marsh,
337, William Garland,
338, Mark Simes,
339, Samuel Hill,
340, Nathaniel Dean,
341 to 343, Joseph Haven,
344 to 346, John Wendell,
347, Edward J. Long,

No. 348 to 350, James Sheafe,
351 & 352, Samuel Boardman,
353, Richard Hart,
354 & 355, Benjamin Brierly,
356, Joshua Blake,
357 & 358, Jeremiah Libbey,
359 to 361, Jacob Sheafe,
362, Henry L. Langdon,
363 to 366, Joseph Whipple,
367 & 368, Thomas Elwyn,
369 & 370, Daniel Austin,
371, Samuel Jones,
372, William Jones,
373, John Davenport,
374 & 375, Jeremiah Mason,
376, Stephen Pearce,
377 & 378, J. Fisher,
379 & 380, Nathl. Adams,
381, Clement Storer,
382, Nathl. Folsom,
383, Charles Cutts,
384, John Badger,
385, Geo. Cutts,
386, Thomas Simes,
387, Robert McClary,
388 to 397, Stephn. Herriman,
398, John Harris,
399, Elisha Aldrich,
400, Somersby Pearson.

An examination of this list shows how largely the people at Portsmouth, at Hanover, and at Lebanon were interested.

The shareholders at Hopkinton were headed by Judge Harris. Herriman, or Harriman, also resided there.

The list shows, with the exception of Bowers and a few others in Salisbury, how few shareholders there were in the outset along the line from Boscawen ferry to Lebanon.

The next step was to provide for locating the road. This was, if possible, more delicate and difficult than the raising of funds. The feelings of the rival interests along the line were very strong. With the exception of that part of the road from Fifield's mills to horse-shoe pond in Andover, a distance of about three miles, there was likely to be a sharp and bitter controversy about the location of the entire route. Strange as it may seem, Roger Perkins and Gen. Davis at this time had not discovered how vital it was for the interest of that section that the turnpike should run from the Potter Place to Hopkinton. Through their efforts, mainly, this route was afterwards laid out by order of the court, and partially built. It was overthrown by Ezekiel Webster, who never forgot the hostility of the people of Hopkinton towards him in a celebrated case, upon the ground mainly that for a portion of the way it ran along or over old highways.

The corporators in the outset determined to select people outside the state to make the location in order to avoid the huckstering and log-rolling which had made so much trouble in other cases, and which afterwards caused so much feeling in the location of railroads. Accordingly at the adjourned meeting, May 29, 1801, the following votes were passed:

"Voted that Genl. James Whitelaw of Ryegate, Genl. Elias Stevens of Royalton, and Major Micah Barron of Bradford, all in the state of Vermont, be a committee to survey and lay out the rout for the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire, if the sum of three hundred dollars shall be raised by voluntary subscription to pay the expense of laying out the same, provided [that] sum be subscribed by the 6th day of July next.

Voted that any monies subscribed by individuals for the purpose of defraying the expense of laying out the rout of said road be remitted to those who subscribe the same, out of any monies in the treasury, whenever the rout of said road shall be laid out & permanently established.

Adjourned to Monday, the 6th day of July next, then to meet at this place at eleven o'clock in the forenoon."

DIARY OF CAPT. PETER KIMBALL, 1776.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

There lies before me a time-worn book, which was carried by a patriot soldier through two campaigns of the revolution. The covers are of boards covered with sheepskin, and first did service in enclosing the pages of the spelling book prepared by Thomas Dilworth, schoolmaster. He was an authority in the last century, as Webster is in this. Its possessor, Peter Kimball, one hundred and five years ago, tore out the printed pages, inserted blank leaves, and made it his diary, which I reproduce with its original spelling, with notes explanatory of some things which otherwise might be obscure.

Capt. Peter Kimball was born in Bradford, Mass., but removed to Boscawen in 1765, when he was twenty-six years of age. He was a man of strong character and at once became a leading citizen. He was an ardent patriot, and was ready to do his part in the struggle for independence. The diary gives the distances between Boscawen and White Plains, near the city of New York, in the daily marches of himself and comrades to join Washington's army after the evacuation of New York, resulting in the battle of White Plains.

Capt. Kimball never had the advantages of an education. His spelling is phonographic, but that does not detract from the value of the writing.

The diary is prefaced by the following list of towns on the line of march, where he passed the nights:

"An account of our march Day by Day from Boscawen.

Concord,	8 miles.
Goffstown,	15
Hollis,	22
Harfard (Harvard),	19
Wossester,	20
Brookfield,	16½
Palmer,	16
Winsor Goshen (Windsor and Goshen),	21
Hartford,	16
Wollingford,	20
New haven,	20
Stratford,	16
farefield,	12
Stamford,	14
Horse neck,	6
New Rocher (Rochelle),	14
White plane,	9
New Castle,	1

There is no date to show when he was appointed captain, but he was serving in that capacity in September, 1776, as will be seen by the context.

The diary thus begins:

"sept 16, 1776, in consequence of orders Receivd this Day from Col Stickney [of Concord] to Rais and Equip seven men to march to concord on the twentieth of this instant sept. the company was Raisd the 17th & after the order was Read and the incouragement known the invitation was given yt if there was Any man or men yt would go thay ware Desired to make it manifest. none semed to be willing. But at Length Lieut Jackman, Ensign Ames, Sargent plummer, clark Noyes, [clerk of the company], simeon Jackman, moses manuel and myself agreed to go, Simeon Jackman being hired by Saml Jackman & Danl Richards [all citizens of Boscawen].

fryday ye 26th we marched to Concord and past muster.

Saterday 21 we stayed at Concord. Receivd our Billiten at Evening.

Sunday 22 we marcht to Robert mac gragors [Amoskeag], and I Paid for 8 mugs of syder for 8 men. £ 0— 2 s. 0 p.

Monday 23 we marcht 8 mile and Breakfast. from thence to Hollis and Loged.

tuesday 24 we marcht to Harfard and Loged.

fryday 27 we marcht to woster and Loged at Joneses.

thursday 26 we marcht to brookfield & Lodged.

fryday 27 we marcht to Palmer & Lodged.

Saterday 28 we marcht to Winsor Goshen and Loged.

Sunday 29 we marcht to hartford & Loged there.

munday 30 we stayd at hartford.

October 1 we marcht to wolingford and Loged thare.

wensday 2d we marcht to new haven and Loged thare.

thursday 3d we marcht to stratford & thare Loged and saw John Flanders on our way [of Boscawen].

fryday 4 we marcht to fairfield and Loged by the sound.

Saterday 5 we marcht to Stamford and Loged thare.

Sunday 6 we stayed at stamford & Drawed alowance and went to meeting in the afternoon & heard mr wells preach.

monday 7th we had no duty to Do but walked the streets. at evening Drawd half pound of powder 16 Bawls at the meeting house and thare was a gard of 10 men out of our company.

tuesday we drawd allowance for two days & went & got some oysters for supper.

Wensday ye 9 we stayed at Stamfard & heard a heavy fire at York.

thursday 10th we stayed at Stamfard & walkd the streets.

fryday 11th. a little Rain last Night. fair morning and in the afternoon we marcht to Greenege (Greenwich) & stayed thare.

Saterday 12 we marcht to Stamfard again and Loged thare.

Sunday 13th orders came to march to horseneck & Loged thare.

monday 14th we marcht to New Rocher & Loged thare.

tuesday 15th we stayed at New Rochel & went to see Nat Burbank.

wensday 16 we stayed at N Rochel and about midnight was Alarmed.

thursday 17 we marcht to White plane & Loged thare.

fryday 18th I went for teage.

Saterday 19th we was Allarmed. it was sd the Lite horse was on thar way to white planes in sight. the Rigement was collected together and under arms some time.

Sunday 20 we pitcht our tents.

monday 21 I was called for teage [fatigue]. Jackman went in my room & I helpt pitch the tent over & afternoon thare was a detachment of about 600 men sent to ingage the enemy at marnick (Mamaroneck) 8 out of our company. the next morning all returned but Sim Jackman. they atackted the enemy about 10 O clock at Night. took about 36 pisoners.

tuesday 22 about 10 clock Jackman came in & there was a gallos ordered by Genl Starling (Lord Sterling) to hang three of the pisoners at 12 o'clock.[1]

wensDay 23 I mounted the Q. G. (Headquarter guard.) stood 10 hours in 24.

Thursday 24. this morning we Here that Last Night our People Had a scrimage with the Hessians & it was sd kild 10 and Drove the Regt.

friday 25th I went on the picket & laid on our arms on a hill about 2 miles from the camp.

Saterday 25th the gard was Dismist about 12 o'clock. in the afternoon I saw John Hale [citizen of Boscawen].

Sunday 26 I was of off duty, took care of Jackman. made him some pancakes.

monday 27. in the morning was Alarmed and struck our tents about 10 Oclock. we marcht to the Loins (lines). about 12 Oclock in the Day they atackted our Loins on the Right wing & Drove our People and marcht on to a hill in Plain sight of our Loins in the front in whear I was Placed. at night we Lay on our arms.[2]

tuesday 28 we Lay on our arms. the enemy Appeard all Round on every hill the Riflemen Afiring on there gards. one of the Riflemen kild this day & at night our gard was Alarmed. another fired and kild Capt Buntin.

wensday 29th we moved a little more to the Right wing & Lay on our arms & just before night we moved Back to our Loins and took our post.

thursday 31st we Lay on our arms & at Night we Retreated from the lines about a mile & ½ & Lay on our arms.

friday Nov 1 we was ordered to march & we marcht about ¼ of a mile & Returned to the same ground. About 10 o'clock we was alarmd. the evening we marcht to the Loins we left & our people fired on them & they Retreated a little.

Saterday 2d I went on teage [fatigue].

Sundy 3d General Sullivan wanted about 200 men to go with him as a gard to see what he could Discover of the enemy. we marcht about 3 mile & Discovered the enemy. he went with his spy glass & garling [bag for provisions] & 3 men went with me to a house & the enemy Discovered us & fired. Our officers set us in a Battle Ray. we waited some time and then Retreated and marcht home.

monday 4 there came orders for the scout to Do no Duty & we washt our shurts.

tuesday 5 the general gard was cald for But it was his pleasure not to go & so a part of the gard was Dismist. so I Returned to my tent & there was a Revue of arms and amunision & at Night the scouting party was called for & I went to the general. stayed about 2 hours & Dismist. Lay on our arms.

wensday 6th we turned out before Day and went to the Larum post & about 8 o'clock there was a scout of 11 men cald for & I went for one & we marcht to the white plains to our old Loins and found the enemy Retreated & vewed the ground where the battle was fought the 27 of October & found whear they buried there Dead. vewed there encampment and followed them about 2 mile & made no Discovery of them & Returned home & slept in our tents.

thursday 7th I was off Duty. this Day about 3 o'clock we marcht on to the parade & the general vewed us. at night Dismist & ordered us to parade at 8 o'clock next morning.

fryday 8th the Rigement mustered at 8 o'clock & marcht to the generals in sub division into the field & had a sham fite. general Sullivan commanded our brigade. ordered to appear in the field at 2 o'clock next Day.

Saterday 9th orders for the Rigement to muster at 2 o'clock. we mustered & marcht into the field by grand Division. at night Dismist.

Sunday 10th I went on teage. built some breastwork.

monday 11 we built a chimney to our tent & at night it Raind. it was a coald storm.

tuesday 12th the Rigement was ordered to parade and ensign hecock [Hickock] pickt 6 men to go with him a scout towards New Rochel. moses manuel and I went with him. we went about 8 mile. we Discovered the enemys fires for 4 mile in Length.— Retured about 4 mile. went into a house built a fire & went to sleep. the Next morning got some sass such as winter squash & cabig & Returned to our tents.

wensday 13th off of Duty. this Day I Recevd a Letter from my wife.

thursday 14th about 1 o'clock ensign hecock with 7 men of whom I was one went a scout Down towards King's bridge about 15 mile & about 12 at Night surprised & took a Hessian & a tory negro & brought them in.

friday 15th we brought in our pisoners and Delivered them to general Lee.

Saterday 16th Lieut Crumly (?) & I went to North Castle to see brother Daniel.

Sunday 17th News that fort Washenton was taken by the brittons yesterday & at night I went on the picket.

monday 18th we was ordered into the field & was trained by Col Duglas.

tuesday 19th settled our accounts Respecting the mess & in the afternoon washt my shurt.

Wensday 20th I went on a scout. brought in 31 cattle 5 colts 68 sheep 44 hogs to the main gard.

Thursdey 21st a lowery Day.

fryday 22 still lowery.

saterday 23 still lowery. the general sent for a scout. I went but it Raind & we were dismist.

Sundy 24 Last night cilly Rainy & about noon a scout was cald for & I

went Down to East Chester & took one of Royce's men from thence to Dob's ferry.

monday 25th Returnd to our camp.

tuesday 26 Rainy Day. we Loge in our camp.

Wednesday 27th still Rainy & cold. baldin (Baldwin) went to Hed quarters with the muster Roals in order to git our wages.

thursday 28th there come orders for 22 men to go to Dobb's ferry for a gard. Anniah bohonan (Bohonan, of Salisbury) & I went with ensign Dunkin about 2 mile & Loged.

friday 29 we was down to Dobb's ferry & Returnd to John Hammons & Loged there.

Saterday 30th we marcht to our camp.

Sunday December 1st we marcht from New Castle to Stamford on our journey home. Left Ames & moses (Moses Manuel) about 5 miles from the camp & Loged 3 on this side of Stamford town.

Mondy ye 2d we marcht about 3 mile this side of stratford ferry & Loged.

tuesday 3d we marcht to wollingford & Loged thare.

wensday 4th we marcht to Hartford East and Loged thare.

Thursday 5 we marcht to Ashford. Left Samuel Gerrish on the way to Coventry & we Loged at Ashford.

fryday ye 6 we marcht to Oxford & Loged thare.

Saterday 7th we marcht to Wooster & thare I met William Jackman with my horse. from thence I Rode to Chockset and Loged thare.

Sunday 8th I rode to Merimack & Loged thare.

monday 9th I Rode to Boscawen to my own house & Loged thare."

1. There is no clue to the crime of the prisoners. Quite likely they were Tories. The section around New York was peopled with Tories. It is not probable that they were executed.

2. The battle of White Plains was a severe contest. The British numbered nearly thirty thousand, the Americans nineteen thousand. It began with the skirmishing, as stated by Capt. Kimball, the Americans retreating behind the little river Bronx, and taking a position on Chatterton hill, west of White Plains. Howe advanced on the 28th, and was severely handled. The Hessians were repulsed with a loss of between three and four hundred. Only a small portion of either army was engaged. Howe recalled his troops intending to make a flank attack the next day. Washington retreated three miles and took up a much stronger position. A heavy storm set in, and when it became fair Howe reconnoitered the new position, but did not dare to attack, and retreated ingloriously to New York. Capt. Kimball was on the left of the American line, under Sullivan, and was not in the thick of the fight.

Alexander Hamilton, then a very young man, commanded a battery which was effective in the repulse of the British. The American brigades in the fight were commanded by Putnam, McDougal and Col. Smallwood; the British by Col. Leslie and Gen. Knat. The British greatly outnumbered the Americans, but the latter had advantage of position.

The diary of Capt. Kimball is exceedingly valuable, in that it exhibits the readiness of the people to respond to the call, after the first outburst of patriotism had cooled; also because it brings vividly before us the long marches from Central New Hampshire to New York, each soldier carrying his provisions, gun and knapsack. There were no deserters. Each soldier marched as in duty bound, making no halts by the way. When Howe retreated the militia was disbanded, and they returned in the same orderly manner to their homes.

MARY WOODWELL.

BY EX-GOV. WALTER HARRIMAN.

Of the multitudes of heroes and heroines who sleep in forgotten graves, the one whose name stands at the head of this article is not the least. Though Mary Woodwell occupied no exalted position in life, her story is one of thrilling interest. Her capture by the savages, her toilsome journey in the wilderness, her long exile from family and home, the delays and difficulties attending her redemption, the checkered career which fell to her lot after her release from the Indians, and the great age to which she attained, all unite to give to her humble life a strong romantic coloring.

The town of Hopkinton, in Merrimack county, was granted by the Mas-

sachusetts government, in 1735, to proprietors who lived mostly in Hopkinton, of that province—a town lying some thirty miles southwesterly of Boston. Settlements were commenced in "New Hopkinton" (as the town in New Hampshire was called), about the year 1740. Among the first settlers of this excellent township were David Woodwell and his family, from Hopkinton, Mass. Woodwell selected his lot, made his clearing and erected his rude house, at the base of the northwesterly spur of Putney's hill, and about two thirds of a mile from where Contoocook village now stands. This place is found on a highway leading from the main road through town, to Tyler's bridge. It is but a few rods distant from the main road, and is very near the present residence of Eben Morrill. Silence reigned, at the time of Woodwell's settlement, all over that region, for the woodman's axe had not there been heard.

In 1746, a line drawn from Rochester to Canterbury, Boscawen and Hopkinton, thence through Hillsborough to Keene and Swanzey, would mark the frontier wave of settlement in New Hampshire. The whole region north of this line, with the exception of small openings at Westmoreland and Charlestown, was a gloomy wilderness and a fit lurking-place for savages. The people all along this frontier, at the period mentioned, were in imminent danger. The French and Indian war was in progress, and the red men were on the war-path. They struck right and left. They destroyed the crops, the cattle, and the horses of the English settlers. They slew and captured persons at Charlestown, Swanzey, Hinsdale, Boscawen, Concord, Rochester, and elsewhere. Often did the war-whoop "wake the sleep of the cradle."

According to the records of that town, Mary Woodwell was born in Hopkinton, Mass., April 30, 1730. She came to New Hopkinton with her father's family. On Tuesday, the 22d day of April, 1746, the Indians, who had been lurking about the Contoocook river, near the mouth of the Amesbury, for several days, made a descent, armed with muskets, tomahawks and knives, upon the garrison or fort which had been erected by Woodwell and Burbank, close by the house of the former, and the cellar of which garrison is still visible. They captured eight persons while in their beds: viz., Mr. and Mrs. David Woodwell, two of their sons (Benjamin and Thomas), and their only daughter, Mary; also, Samuel Burbank and his two sons, Caleb and Jonathan.

The dwelling house of the Burbank family was situated on the easterly side of what is now the Warner and Concord main road, and nearly opposite the late residence of James H. Emerson. The outlines of the old cellar still exist, but no house has occupied the site for many years. On the morning of their captivity, one of the Burbanks left the fort before the rest of the inmates were up, leaving the door unfastened, and went to feed the cattle in the stockade, which stood on the opposite side of the Tyler's bridge road. The Indians, who were lying in ambush observing every movement, instantly sallied forth, secured this man, rushed upon the unfastened door of the fort, and took all the inmates, except a soldier who effected an escape, and Burbank's wife, who sprang to the cellar, and turning an empty barrel over her head, eluded her pursuers. During the squabble, Mary's mother, who was seized by a sturdy Indian, wrested from his side a long knife with which she was in the act of running him through, when other members of the party, fearing the consequences of such an act, caused her to desist. But she secured the deadly weapon, and before they commenced their march, managed to throw it into the well, from which it was taken after the captives returned. When it was seen that Mary obstinately refused to submit to captivity, another Indian presented a musket to her breast with the evident intention of firing, when the chief of the conquering squad, by the name of Penno, who had received kindness from her father's family, instantly interfered and saved her life, taking her for his own captive.

On arriving in Canada, Penno sold her to a squaw of another family.

In the provincial council at Portsmouth, Thursday, April 24th, "His Excellency acquainted the council that he had received an express giving an account of the Indians falling upon two families at a place called Hopkinton, and had captured eight persons, and then asked the advice of the council what step he should take."

"Upon which the council unanimously gave it as their opinion that His Excellency should cause to be inlisted or impressd 50 men to march immediately to Pemidgwasset and the Pond, &c., for fourteen days."

Under this instruction, Gov. Benning Wentworth ordered a detachment of horse to proceed to the "seat of war." Capt. John Goffe was directed to raise fifty men. In a short time his men were raised, chiefly in Portsmouth, and he was on the march. He arrived at Penacook (Concord), early on the morning of Saturday, May 2. In the meantime the savages were at work, and "the woods were full of them." They fell upon a body of men near Clay hill in Boscawen, and killed Thomas Cook, and a colored man named Caesar, who was the slave of Rev. Mr. Stevens. This negro was a strong, muscular man, and he made a brave fight, but lost his life. Another of the party was Elisha Jones, a soldier. He was taken captive, carried to Canada and sold to the French. He died while a prisoner. This attack on the party at Clay hill was made on Monday, May 4. The news reached Penacook that evening, and we find Capt. Goffe at midnight writing to Gov. Wentworth as follows:

"MAY 5, 1746.

May it please your Excellency:

I got to Pennycook on Saturday early in the morning, and notwithstanding I sent the Monday after I left the bank (Strawberry bank), yet my bread was not baked but there was about 250 weight baken, which supplied 20 men, which I sent to Canterbury as soon as I got here, and I kept the baker and several soldiers to baking all Sabbath day and purposed to march on Monday as soon as possible, but about midnight two men came down from Contoocook (Boscawen), and brought the unhappy news of two men being killed, and the 2 men that came down told me that they saw the 2 men lye in their blood, and one more that was missing, and hearing that I was here, desired me to assist in making search; so that I am with all expedition going up to Contoocook, and will do what I can to see the enemy. The Indians are all about our frontiers. I think there never was more need of soldiers than now. It is enough to make one's blood cold in one's veins to see our fellow creatures killed and taken upon every quarter, and if we cannot catch them here I hope the General Court will give encouragement to go and give them the same play at home. The white man that is killed is one Thomas Cook and the other is Mr. Stevens, the minister's negro. These are found, and Jones, the soldier, is not found. They having but a few soldiers at the fort have not as yet sought much for him. I am going with all possible expedition and am

Your Excellency's most humble and most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

JOHN GOFFE.

Pennycook, about 2 of the clock in the morning, May 5, 1746."

Capt. Goffe kept on the scout for several weeks, but the Indians knew their trail, and they all got safely away with their captives.

Several other companies were sent to the frontier during this season of general distress. Capt. Ladd was ordered out for three months. He marched from Exeter on the 14th day of July, reached Concord on the 19th, and marched to Canterbury on the 21st. On the 23d Capt. Ladd marched his command to Boscawen, on the 24th to "Blackwater falls," on the 25th to "Almsbury pond," probably meaning the present Tucker's pond near the foot of Kearsarge mountain. From here the company marched down to Amesbury river in Number One (Warner), and down that sparkling stream to the Contoocook, crossing which they proceeded to a place "called Hopkinton and there camped about the further end of the town and that fort where there were eight persons taken and captivated, but we could make no late discovery there, then we marched down about two miles towards Rumford to another garrison where the people were desert-

ed from and there made a halt. Then scouted round a field, then went into the garrison and in a cellar found a mare and two colts, which we took them out of the cellar alive." These horses were almost starved to death. They belonged to the white settlers, but had been confined where they were found (it is supposed), by the Indians. The garrison here spoken of, and which will be mentioned further along in this article, stood *on* Putney's hill, and the old ruins are distinctly seen to this day.

That this war, on the part of the province, against the "Indian Enemy," was meant to be a sanguinary one, the following extract from a vote of the House of May 7, 1746, will show:

"and for further Incouragement as a Bounty, yt they be allowd for each male Indian they shall kill within said term of Time of any of ye Tribes of Indians yt war had been declared against by this Government, upward of twelve year old & scalp produced, ye sum of Seventy Pounds & Captives Seventy eight Pounds fifteen shillings and for Females and others under ye age of twelve years old killd and scalp produced, thirty seven Pounds ten shillings & captives thirty nine Pounds five shills."

During this summer of 1746, the depredations of the enemy were so frequent and so bloody that many of the weaker frontier settlements were abandoned. Such was the case with those at Hopkinton, Hillsborough, Antrim, and several other towns. These places were left again to the sole occupancy of the wild beasts and the red men. Settlements were not resumed in Hopkinton till about 1755.

The Hopkinton prisoners, on the day of their capture, were hurried away to the northward, the Indians, in their flight, burning the rude saw-mill at what is now Davisville, in Warner, which mill had been erected by the proprietors of that township in 1740. Their line of march was up through Number One, along the valley of the Amesbury, some five or six miles, thence through the present Sutton and New London, skirting the easterly shore of Little Sunapee and the westerly shore of Mascoma Lake in Enfield,—thence on to the Connecticut river, and still onward to the St. Francis, which rises in the great dividing ridge between the province of Quebec and the state of New Hampshire, flows in a northwesterly direction, through a charming country, and falls into the broad part of the river St. Lawrence, where it takes the name of Lake St. Peter. At the outlet of the river St. Francis stood the Indian hamlet to which our heroine was destined, and which was the headquarters of the St. Francis tribe. This long march, through the dense forests, and often through deep snows and over swollen and turbulent streams, was made in twelve days. It tested the powers of endurance of all the prisoners, and especially of the females of the party. Mary Woodwell, at this time, was a girl of sixteen. She is described as of medium size, with blue eyes, and a light, delicate complexion. She was said to be very lady-like and pleasing in her manners. In after life she was a woman of strong religious convictions and of a high order of intelligence.

The Indians, on this march, allowed but one meal a day, and that night. At the end of their day's journey, they would select a suitable place for an encampment, build a fire and cook a hearty meal, when they had sufficient material for it. Their food was mostly meat. At one encampment, being short of game, they cooked a dog. Mary's master, seeing that she refused to taste it, very kindly took his gun and soon shot a woodpecker, which was prepared for her supper. The red-skins could eat anything, and they would often remain at the table till nearly midnight. At dawn of day they would commence their weary march.

On arriving at St. Francis, Penno sold Mary to a squaw of another family, though living at the same settlement on the shore of St. Peter. Jonathan Burbank was also held at St. Francis, but not in the family with Mary. The other six captives were carried on to Quebec, where Samuel Burbank, the father, and Mary Woodwell's mother, died of the yellow fever, in prison. Mary's father and brothers, after their release, made many unsuccessful efforts for her

redemption. The father made several journeys, on foot, to St. Francis, to secure her freedom, but the hardened squaw who held her in bondage was inexorable. She refused to let the captive go short of "her weight in silver." Moreover, Mary was told by her mistress that if she intimated to her father a *desire* to go home, she should never see the face of one of her family again. David Woodwell, after the second unsuccessful effort for the redemption of his daughter, came back to Hopkinton, Mass., which had then become his temporary home, and made a renewed endeavor to raise money. He went to Chelmsford, where some of his early acquaintances had settled, and his appeal to that town was not in vain, as the following extract from its records will show:

"For David Woodwell of New Hampshire and Jonathan Burbank of Penacook, to assist them to go to Canada to attempt the redemption of the daughter of said Woodwell, and the brother of said Burbank, captivated at New Hopkinton by the Indians in April, 1746: Feb. 5, 1749, was collected £43 8s. to be equally divided between them."

This money proved sufficient for the redemption of Mary Woodwell and Caleb Burbank. But it would not have been sufficient if artifice had not been resorted to, for when David Woodwell appeared the last time before the St. Francis squaw, and offered her his last shilling, she sternly rejected the offer. He then went to Montreal, where he contracted with a Frenchman, as his agent, for the purchase of his daughter. This agent, after having attempted a compromise several times, in vain, employed a French physician, who was in high reputation among the Indians, to assist him. The doctor, under a cloak of friendship to the squaw, secretly advised Mary to *feign* sickness, and he gave her medicine to help on the deception. The doctor was soon called upon by the Indians for medical treatment, and while he appeared to exert the utmost of his skill, the patient, apparently, grew worse and worse. After making several visits to no effect, the doctor, finally, gave her over as being past recovery, and he advised her mistress, *as a real friend*, to sell her at the first opportunity for what she could get —otherwise the girl would die, and she would lose all. The mercenary old squaw, alarmed at this, immediately contracted with the French agent for 100 livres, whereupon Mary soon began to mend, and was shortly after conveyed to Montreal, where she continued six months longer, among the French, waiting for a passport. Thus, by this clever stratagem, Woodwell and his assistants compassed their end.

The bitterness of this long night of despair, especially to one of the temperament of the subject of this sketch, can be better imagined than described. The months, the weeks—even the *hours* were all desolate, both by light and by darkness. For three long years she had endured the hardships and privations incident to the Indian mode of life; had seen all efforts for her release prove abortive; had been compelled for this long period of time to hard labor in planting and hoeing corn, chopping and carrying wood, pounding samp, gathering high-bush cranberries and other wild fruit for the market. But at length, when the hope of a return to her friends had entirely died out in her heart, deliverance from the cruel servitude of her enslavers came.

A French livre is eighteen and one half cents, and hence the price of the redemption of this captive was only eighteen dollars and a half. No right-minded person will condemn the sharp devise by which her release was effected. Even the old patriarch, Abraham, was not above practicing deception for a good purpose. Sarai, his wife, was a woman of uncommon attractions; when, therefore, they travelled together, Abraham desired that she should call herself his sister, lest any, being captivated by her beauty, and knowing Abraham to be her husband, might slay him to get possession of her.

Caleb Burbank, also, was released sometime during the year 1749. David Woodwell, together with his two sons, and Jonathan Burbank, got away after a

comparatively short detention in Canada. The latter returned to Concord, which place had probably been the residence of the Burbank family before their removal to Hopkinton. He afterwards became an officer in the military service, and was killed by the Indians in the French war, about the year 1753.

After a detention of six months among the French at Montreal, Mary was conveyed (mostly by water) to Albany, New York, by the Dutch, who had made a pilgrimage to Canada in order to redeem their black slaves whom the Indians had previously taken and carried thither. From Albany she was conducted to the place of her nativity. This was in 1750. And here the following record should be inserted: "Married, Feb. 6, 1755, Jesse Corbett of Uxbridge, to Mary Woodwell of Hopkinton." This young couple, after marriage, moved at once to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and settled down on the very ground where the wife had fallen into the hands of the savages nine years before. Her father returned with the daughter to this deserted wilderness home at the base of Putney's hill. The latter part of November, 1757, he went back to his birthplace, married a second wife (whose name was Mary), and brought her to New Hopkinton, where they finished their days at a good old age.

By Mary's first marriage she had two sons, Josiah and Jesse Corbett. They were both born in Hopkinton, New Hampshire. In 1759 her husband, who was a resolute young man, was drowned in what was then usually called Amesbury river (the leading stream in Warner). In attempting to swim across this river near its mouth, in a high stage of water, he was swept down by the raging current into the Contoocook, down the Contoocook into the Merrimack, and down the Merrimack to Dunstable, where his body was recovered.

In 1761 Mary Woodwell Corbett married Jeremiah Fowler (probably a resident of Hopkinton, New Hampshire). By this second marriage she had five children, whose descendants are quite numerous throughout New England. The family of Joseph Barnard, Esq., of Hopkinton, is connected by marriage with the heroine of this story; the wife of the late Hon. Abner B. Kelley of Warner, was her granddaughter, and Capt. Nicholas Fowler, who built the Ela mills at Warner village, was her grandson.

The church records of Hopkinton show that on the 23d day of November, 1757, David Woodwell with nine others, including Rev. James Scales, were formed into a church. This ceremony took place at the fort on the top of the southern spur of Putney's Hill, and on the same day, at the same place, Mr. Scales, the first minister, was ordained. This fort was a mile and a half, perhaps, in a southerly direction from the Woodwell garrison. The dust of Mr. Scales, the faithful, first guide of this little flock, lies in the old cemetery, near the fort, unmarked by any recognizable tombstone. The next minister of this church was Rev. Elijah Fletcher, the father of Grace, who was the wife of Daniel Webster.

The aforesaid church records continue:

"On the 11th day of Dec., 1757, Mary Woodwell, wife of David, was admitted from the church at Hopkinton, Mass."

"Nov. 4, 1759, the Widow Mary Corbett was admitted."

"April 2, 1760, David Woodwell was elected deacon."

"May 22, 1763, Jeremiah Fowler was admitted to the church on profession."

Josiah, the first-born of Mary Woodwell Corbett, took his family, consisting of his wife and two sons (Jesse and Thomas), and joined the Shaker society at Enfield. This was in 1792. A short time afterwards he transferred his home to the society at Canterbury, where he led an industrious life, and where he died, among his chosen people, in 1833. Jesse, the oldest son of Josiah, was a "sleep-walker." He left the Shakers when a young man, went to Lake Village, and in a som-

nambulistic state stepped out of the second story window of a house and was killed. Thomas, the youngest son of Josiah, was born at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, in 1780. He continued with the Shakers from his first connection with them, to the end of his days. In June, 1857, he departed this life in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

This grandson of our heroine was a man of genius and character. He was never idle. Having a mechanical turn of mind, he invented and gave to the world a superior form of printing press (for that time), which, during his day, had an extensive sale. He also manufactured brass clocks, many of which are still running. A man of great industry and perseverance, he entered upon the study of medicine, having as his instructor, Dr. Tenney of Loudon, the father of the late Dr. R. P. J. Tenney, of Pittsfield, this state. For many years Dr. Corbett was an active and efficient physician in the Canterbury society, and an able adviser with the physicians of the Shaker societies in Massachusetts and New York. He built up a large and profitable trade in the business of pressed herbs and roots, as well as in the manufacture of medicinal oils and tinctures. The Shaker Sarsaparilla has a wide reputation and an extensive sale throughout the country. This is the production of Thomas Corbett, and the bottles are still labelled "Corbett's Shaker Sarsaparilla." In his light hair and complexion, and in his agreeable manners and general intelligence, he bore a strong resemblance to his venerable ancestress, the subject of this biographical sketch. Elder Henry C. Blinn of the Canterbury society bears this handsome tribute to his memory: "He was a man of deep religious feeling, and scrupulously honest in all his dealings."

Jeremiah Fowler died at Hopkinton, about the year 1802, and immediately thereafter (being in her second widowhood) Mary Woodwell Corbett Fowler connected herself with the Shaker society at Canterbury, where her honored son and grandson were, and there, for the last quarter of a century and more of her long and eventful life, she found congenial spirits and a valued home. On the 3d day of October, 1829, and in the one hundredth year of her age, she passed gently on to the "unseen shore."

CHANDLER GENEALOGY.

In the sketch of the ancestors of Hon. George B. Chandler, given in the January number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, notice of one generation was omitted.

5Thomas Chandler, son of 4Zachariah and Margaret (Bishop) Chandler, born at Roxbury, December 7, 1716; married Hannah, daughter of Col. John Goffe, about 1743. They are said to have been the first couple married in Bedford. He died at Bedford, November 2, 1752, leaving four children, of whom 6Zachariah, the only son, was the youngest. Hannah, one of the daughters, became the wife of Col. Stephen Peabody, of Amherst, an officer of some note at Bunker Hill and Bennington. Hannah (Goffe) Chandler afterwards married Capt. Andrew Bradford, of Amherst, by whom she had five children. She died at Milford, Dec. 14, 1819, aged ninety-six years, leaving eight children, sixty-three grandchildren, one hundred and thirteen great grandchildren, and one of the fifth generation, making one hundred and eighty-five descendants.

Among the children of Capt. Bradford, by a former marriage, was Capt. John Bradford, father of Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford, for many years the minister of New Boston.

D. F. SECOMB.

HISTORY OF THE FOUR MEETING-HOUSES OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN CONCORD.

BY JOSEPH B. WALKER.

OUR FIRST MEETING-HOUSE.

1727-1751.

In every true picture of early New England civilization, the meeting-house occupies a prominent place in the foreground. One of the conditions of the grant of our township, imposed by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, from whom it was received in 1725, was, "That a convenient house for the public worship of God be completely finished within the term aforesaid [three years] for the accommodation of all such as shall inhabit the aforesaid tract of land."[1]

This condition was faithfully and promptly fulfilled. Before the first furrows had been turned, even before the township had been surveyed, the intended settlers, at a meeting held in Andover, Massachusetts, on the eighth day of February, 1726, "Agreed and voted, that a block house, twenty-five feet in breadth and forty feet in length, be built at Penny Cook for the security of the settlers." The last phrase of this vote, "for the security of the settlers" indicates plainly the purpose of that house. It was intended as a bulwark, not against error and ungodliness only, but against the fierce assaults of the savage as well. Farther action was taken at the same meeting by the appointment of a committee of five to secure its early erection.[2] And, as if this was not enough, they appointed another committee of three to examine the charges made for this work, and to allow and pay from the township treasury such as they might deem reasonable.[3]

Tradition has preserved the location of this our first meeting-house, which stood beneath the arches of the primeval forest, upon the north side of the brook now concealed beneath the roadway, near the corner of Main and Chapel streets. Of necessity, and appropriately as well, it was built of logs. Forty feet was the length of it and twenty-five feet was the breadth of it. It was of one story, and its rough walls were pierced with small square windows, sufficiently high from the ground to protect its occupants from the missiles of Indian foes.[4] Its floor was the virgin soil. Its roof was of riven pine or of the trunks of sapling trees.

It was commenced in 1726, the same year that the survey of the township was

1 It is a notable fact, that the first public assembly in the township was one for public worship, held on Sunday, the fifteenth day of May, 1726, and composed of a committee of the General Court, surveyors, and some of the proprietors, who had arrived two days before. They had come to survey the township and were attended by their chaplain, Rev. Enoch Coffin, who performed divine service in their camp at Sugar Ball Plain, both parts of the day.—*Committee's Journal.*

2 Agreed and voted, That John Chandler, Moses Hazzen, Nehemiah Carlton, Nathan Simonds and Ebenezer Stevens be a committee, and they are hereby empowered to build, either by themselves, or to agree with workmen, to build a block house of twenty-five feet in breadth and forty feet in length, as in their judgment shall be most for the security of the settlers."—*Prop. Rec., Vol. A., p. 23.*

3 Agreed and voted, That Timothy Johnson, John Osgood and Moses Day be chosen, appointed and empowered to examine the charges that shall arise in building a blockhouse at a place called Penny Cook, or any other charges that shall arise in bringing forward the settlement, and to allow as in their judgment shall be just and equal, and also to draw money out of the treasury for the defraying of said charges."—*Prop. Rec., Vol. A., p. 24.*

4 At times during the French and Indian wars, "On the Sabbath the men all went armed to the house of worship; stacked their guns round a post in the middle, with powder horn and bullet pouch slung across their shoulders, while their revered pastor,—who is said to have had the best gun in the parish,—prayed and preached with his good gun standing in the pulpit."—*Bouton's History of Concord, page 154.*

begun, and finished in 1727,[1] months before the first family moved into the settlement.[2] It was the first permanent building completed in Penny Cook and antedates the saw and grist mills, two of the earliest and most important structures in early New England towns. The precise date of its completion has been lost, but it appears from their records that a meeting of the township proprietors was held in it as early as the fifteenth of May, 1727. From that time onward, for more than twenty years, it was the place of all considerable gatherings of the good people of Penny Cook.

Two years after its completion (1729), when a saw mill had been erected, measures were taken to substitute for its floor of earth a more comfortable one of wood.[3] The year following, in anticipation of the settlement of "a learned, orthodox minister," farther action was taken to hasten the completion of this and perhaps other improvements of its interior.[4]

On the eighteenth of November of this year (1730), there assembled within its rude walls the first ecclesiastical council ever held in New Hampshire north of Dunstable and west of Somersworth. It was convened for the purpose of assisting in the formation of this church and for ordaining and installing its first minister, the Rev. Timothy Walker, who served it with great fidelity for fifty-two years.[5] For a considerable time afterwards this church occupied an extreme frontier position.

There is little reason to suppose that there were any social inequalities among the settlers of this remote township, or if, perchance, any such existed, that they would have been manifested in the meeting-house. One is surprised, therefore, to learn that leave was granted on the fifteenth day of March, 1738, to Mr. James Scales, afterwards for thirteen years the minister of Hopkinton, to build a pew upon the floor of this building.[6]

Fourteen days later, March 29, 1738, it was decided, owing to the increase of population, to enlarge the existing accommodations by the erection of galleries, and, so far as necessary, to repair the house.[7]

This little block-house beside the brook in the wilderness, rude and humble as it was, served the triple purpose of sanctuary, school-house and town-hall, clearly indicating to all who saw it the three leading elements of our New England civilization,—religion, universal education, and self-government.

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1 Edward Abbot deposed, that on the eighth day of May, 1727, he with many others set out from Andover on their journey to a new township called Penny Cook, in order to erect a house which had been sometime before begun, which was designed by the settlers for a meeting house for the public worship of God.—*Deposition of E. Abbot, in Bow Controversy.*

2 Jacob Shute deposed "that in the fall of the year 1727 he assisted in moving up the first family that settled at Penny Cook, that he there found a meeting house built."—*Deposition of J. Shute, in Bow Controversy.*

3 May 1, 1729. "Voted that there be a floor of plank or boards laid in the meeting house at the charge of the community of Penny Cook, and that Lieut. Timothy Johnson and Mr. Nehemiah Carlton be a committee to get the floor laid as soon as may be conveniently."—*Prop. Rec., Vol. A, page 58.*

4 March 31, 1730. "Voted that Mr. John Merrill be added to Messrs. Timothy Johnson and Nathan Simonds in order to a speedy repairing of the present meeting house at Penny Cook at the settler's cost."

5 The sermon on this occasion, which discussed the subject of "Christian Churches Formed and Furnished by Christ," was preached by the Rev. John Barnard, of Andover, Mass. The charge to the pastor was by the Rev. Samuel Phillips, pastor of the South Church of the same town, and the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. John Brown, of Haverhill, Mass. Near the close of his sermon, Mr. Barnard thus alludes to some of the circumstances attending this remote settlement in the wilderness:—

"You, my brethren, * * * * have preposed worldly Conveniencies and Accommodations, in your engaging in the settlement of this remote Plantation. There is this peculiar circumstance in your Settlement, that it is in a Place, where Satan, some Years ago, had his Seat, and the Devil was wont to be Invocated by forsaken Salvages: A place in which was the Rendezvous and Head Quarters of our Indian Enemies. Our Lord Jesus Christ has driven out the Heathen and made Room for you, that He might have a Seed to serve Him in this Place, where He has been much dishonored in Time past."—*Mr. Barnard's Ordination Sermon, pages 28 and 29.*

6 March 15, 1738. "Voted that Mr. James Scales shall have liberty to build a pew in the one half of the hindermost seat at the west end of the meeting-house that is next the window."—*Town Records, Vol. 1, page 69.*

7 March 29, 1738. "Voted that Ensign Jeremiah Stickney and Benjamin Rolfe, Esq., be a committee to take care that galleries be built in the meeting-house, and that said meeting-house be well repaired at the town cost."

The nations of the old world built no such structures. The French erected none like it upon the shores of the St. Lawrence. Neither did the Dutch at the mouth of the Hudson, or the Spaniards in Florida, or the Cavaliers at Jamestown. Planted upon the line where advancing civilization met retiring barbarism, this was the seed-house from which have sprung the sixteen fairer structures which now adorn our city. When our forefathers laid upon the virgin soil the bottom logs of this block-house, they laid here the foundations not alone of a Christian civilization, but of a sovereign state capital as well. Their simple acts were of consequence far greater than they dreamed.

OUR SECOND MEETING-HOUSE.

1751–1842.

As time passed on, the population of the township so far increased as to imperatively demand a larger meeting-house, and in 1751 a new one was erected upon the spot now occupied by the Walker school-house. Its frame, mostly of oak, was composed of timbers of great size and very heavy. The raising, commenced on the twelfth day of June, occupied a large number of men for three days. The good women of the parish asserted their uncontested rights on the occasion, and afforded such refreshments as the nature of the arduous work required.[1]

This building was one of great simplicity and entirely unornamented. It was sixty feet long, forty-six feet wide, and two stories high. It faced the south, on which side was a door opening upon an aisle extending through the middle of the house straight to the pulpit. The seats were rude benches placed upon each side of it; those upon the west being assigned to the women, and those upon the east to the men. The deacons sat upon a seat in front of the pulpit and faced the congregation. A marked attention had been shown the minister by building for him a pew—the only one in the house. This simple structure was without gallery, porch, steeple or chimney.

As the town had, at this date, owing to its controversy with Bow, no organized government, it was built by a company of individuals, designated "The Proprietors of the Meeting-House," and not by the town, as was usually the case. Its erection, under these circumstances, is an important fact, showing conclusively the resolute character of our fathers; for, at this very time, all the fair fields which they had wrested from the wilderness were unjustly claimed by persons of high political and social influence in the province, who, through the agency of the courts, were seeking to seize them.[2]

Indeed, it was only after a long and expensive controversy of thirteen years, that our ancestors finally obtained, in 1762, at the Court of St. James, a decision securing to them the peaceable possession of their homes. A new spirit was infused into their hearts by this removal, by royal command, of the clouds

1 Bouton's History of Concord, page 220.

2 The Bow controversy, which lasted about twelve years, involved the title to more than two thirds of the entire territory of Concord. Our fathers held this under a grant of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, made in January, 1725. By the settlement of the boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in 1740, it became a part of the latter province.

Some nine years afterwards, by virtue of a grant by the government of New Hampshire, made in May, 1727, a company denominated the Proprietors of Bow, sought by writs of ejectment to dispossess the owners after a peaceable possession of more than twenty years. The parcels sued for were purposely so small as to preclude appeals to the higher courts in England; the object being to so harrass the occupants as to force them either to an abandonment of their lands or to a second purchase of them from the Bow claimants.

Our fathers regarded the whole scheme as a base swindle, and at once determined to resist its consummation. Defeated in every case brought before the provincial courts, then largely controlled by these claimants, they dispatched their minister, the Rev. Timothy Walker, as their agent, to London, to seek redress of their wrongs in the home courts. For this purpose, he went to England no less than three times, once in the fall of 1753, once in 1755, and once in 1762. On the twenty-ninth day of December of this last year he obtained of the King in Council a decree reversing the decisions of the Province Courts and establishing the validity of their title,—a decree as just as the claims which it annihilated were wicked.

which had so long hung over them. This was manifested in the increased enterprise everywhere apparent. Improvements, long delayed, were immediately commenced, now that they felt quieted in the possession of their estates.[1]

It also appeared, some years later, in the general desire to finish the meeting-house, which the proprietors had hitherto but partially completed.

Measures were instituted as early as 1772 for the purchase of their interest by the town, but the distractions of the revolution so absorbed the time and thoughts of the people that nothing conclusive was done.[2] Seven years afterwards, however (1779), the town voted "to relinquish the pew ground to any number of persons who would finish the meeting-house and add a porch and the value of another porch." It also voted "to be at the expense of building the steeple, excepting the cost of a porch." Two years later, on the ninth day of July, 1781, a committee was appointed to secure the enlargement of the meeting-house LOT by the purchase of additional land upon the south of it.

The next year (March 5, 1782), another committee was chosen to negotiate with the proprietors of the meeting-house for the purchase of their interest therein.[3] The parish accepted their report, and, a month later, April 8, 1782, in accordance with its recommendations, the purchase was made.[4]

In June of this year, the parish decided to finish the house, and Col. Timothy Walker, Jr., Robert Harris and Lieut. Joseph Hall were constituted a committee for that purpose.[5] The inside was completed in 1783, and, in the course of the next year, the outside was finished.

It had an entrance porch at each end, twelve feet square and two stories high, containing a flight of stairs, in three runs, giving access to the galleries. The east porch was surmounted by a belfry and steeple, upon the spire of which stood, one hundred and twenty-three feet from the ground, a gilded weather-cock, of copper, four feet high and weighing fifty-six pounds. It had glass eyes and a proudly expanded tail. It always looked ready for a fight, ecclesiastical or civil. Our fathers thought much of it, and consulted its movements, in divining the weather, with almost as much confidence as do we the daily telegrams from the meteorological office at Washington.

The posts of this house, which were but partially concealed, were of white oak, and revealed plainly the marks of the hewer's broad-axe. They were twenty-eight feet long, twelve inches square at the bottom and twelve by eighteen inches at the top. Those of the bell-tower were of pine, sixty-four feet long and eighteen inches square. Two pitch pine timbers, each sixty feet long and eighteen inches square, pinned to the cross-beams, confined this tower to the main body of the building. The belfry roof was supported upon graceful arches and covered with unpainted tin. The bell-deck was surrounded by a hand-

1 The diary of the pastor for 1764, the year succeeding that of his last return from England, affords marked evidence of this fact. In it he says:
"*April 20.* Set out 20 apple trees in the Island orchard and in ye Joel orchard."
"*April 23.* Bot 40 apple trees of Philip Eastman, brot. ym. home and set ym. out."
"*April 24.* Set out about 60 young apple trees in ye house lot."
"*May 2.* Set out eight elm trees about my house."
"*May 5.* Sowed a bushel of barley and more than a bushel of flax seed and harrowed it in. N. B.—26th of March set out 63 young apple trees in a row, beginning next ye road; then set out two young plum trees; then 5 of best winter apples; then 9 of the spice apple, making 79 in ye whole."

2 *March 3, 1772.* "Voted that John Kimball, Henry Martin and John Blanchard be a committee to treat with the proprietors of the meeting-house, or such a committee as they shall choose, in order to purchase said house for the use of the parish."—*Town Records, Vol. 2, page 34.*

3 *March 5, 1782.* "Voted to choose a committee to treat with the proprietors of the meeting-house and see upon what terms they will relinquish the same to the parish."
"Voted that Peter Green, Esq., Capt. Benjamin Emery and Mr. Benjamin Hanniford be a committee for the purpose aforesaid."—*Town Records, Vol. 2, page 112.*

4 For a copy of the deed see Bouton's History of Concord, page 285.

5 *June 17, 1782.* "Voted to finish the meeting-house in said Concord."
"Voted to choose a committee to provide materials and finish said house."
"Voted that the committee consist of three."
"Voted that Col. Timothy Walker, Mr. Robert Harris and Mr. Joseph Hall be a committee for the purpose aforesaid."—*Town Records, Vol. 2, page 114.*

some railing, and, upon the belfry ceiling was painted, in strong colors, the thirty-two points of the compass; of sufficient size to be easily read from the ground. The walls were clapboarded and surmounted by a handsome cornice.

To the lower floor there were three entrances; one, already mentioned, upon the south side, and one from each porch. Over the two last were entrances to the gallery. There were two aisles besides that before alluded to. One extended from the east to the west door, and the other from one door to the other, between the wall pews upon the east, south and west sides of the house and the body pews.

The pews were square and inclosed by pannelled sides, surmounted by turned balusters supporting a moulded rail. The seats were without cushions and furnished with hinges, that they might be turned up when the congregation stood, as it did, during the long prayer. At the close of this they all went down with one emphatic bang, in response to the minister's "Amen!"

The pulpit which was a huge, square structure and had a semicircular projection in front, was constructed of panelling and loomed up like Mount Sinai, in awful majesty, high above the congregation. Behind it was a broad window of three divisions, above which projected forwards a ponderous sounding board, of elaborate workmanship, as curious in design as it was innocent of utility.

The pulpit was reached by a flight of stairs upon the west side, ornamented by balusters of curious patterns, three of which, each differing from the others, stood upon each step and supported the rail. The bright striped stair carpet, the red silk damask cushion, upon which rested the big Bible, blazing in scarlet and gold, were conclusive evidence that our ancestors lavished upon the sanctuary elegancies which they denied themselves.

At the foot of the pulpit stairs stood a short mahogany pillar, upon which on baptismal occasions was placed the silver font. Just beneath and before the pulpit, was the old men's pew,[1] to the front of which was suspended a semicircular board, which, raised to a horizontal position on sacramental or business occasions, formed a table. A wide gallery, sloping upwards from front to rear, extended the entire length of the east, south and west sides of this house. Next the wall were square pews like those below. In front of these the space was occupied in part by pews and in part by slips, with the exception of a section on the south side, immediately in front of the pulpit, which had been inclosed for the use of the choir. This had a round table in the centre, upon which the members placed their books, pitch-pipe, and instruments of music. At a later date rows of seats took the place of this enclosure. A horizontal iron rod was placed above the breastwork in front of these, from which depended curtains of red. These were drawn during the singing and concealed the faces of the fairer singers from the congregation. At other times they were pushed aside.

In the east gallery, next to and north of the door was the negro pew. It was plainer than the others, and, at most services, had one or more sable occupants. Still farther north, but at a later date, was another of twice the ordinary size, finely upholstered, furnished with chairs and carpeted. It belonged to Dr. Peter Renton, a Scotch physician, who came to Concord about 1822, and for some twenty years was quite prominent as a physician.

Such was our second meeting-house when finished in 1784, with but few, if any exceptions, the best in New Hampshire.

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1 It is remembered with pleasure that in the old meeting-house the venerable old men sat on a seat prepared for them at the base of the pulpit, wearing on their bald heads a white linen cap in summer, and a red woolen or flannel cap in winter. This practice continued as late as 1835 and 1836.

Among the ancient men who thus sat in the "old men's" seat, the following are distinctly remembered: Reuben Abbott, senior; Christopher Rowell, senior; John Shute; Capt. Joseph Farnum; Samuel Goodwin; Moses Abbott; Reuben Abbott, 2d; Nathan Abbott and Chandler Lovejoy."—*Bouton's Hist. Concord, p. 529.*

One object the town had in view, in lavishing so much upon it, was a very praiseworthy desire to accommodate the legislature, which met here for the first time (1782) two years before, and was evincing some disposition to make Concord the capital of the state.

Such it remained until 1802. It was our only meeting-house and to it the families of all sections of the town went up to worship—from Bow line to the Mast Yard, from Beech Hill to Soucook river.[1]

Many persons, owing to the want of good roads or of carriages, went to meeting on horseback. A man and woman often rode double, the former upon a saddle, in front, and the latter upon a pillion, behind.[2] Why this custom was confined to married and elderly persons tradition does not say. For the convenience of persons riding thus there was a mounting block, near the northwest corner of the meeting-house. This consisted of a circular flat stone, eight feet in diameter, raised about three feet from the ground. A few steps led to the top of it, from which many of our ancestors easily mounted their horses at the close of divine service. I am happy to say that this ancient horse-block, as it was termed, is in good preservation and doing kindred duty at the present time.[3]

The expenses incurred in the completion of this, our second meeting-house, were met by an auction sale of the pews, of which there were forty-seven upon the ground-floor and twenty-six in the gallery. By this sale, it became the joint property of the town and of the pew owners.[4]

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1 The population of Concord in 1800 was 2052. "The intermission was short—an hour in winter and an hour and a half in summer. The people all stayed, except those in the immediate vicinity; and hence, as *everybody* attended the same meeting, a fine opportunity was afforded for *everybody* to be acquainted. Old people now say that they used to know every person in town. Thus public worship greatly promoted social union and good feeling throughout the whole community. Whatever new or interesting event occurred in one neighborhood, such as a death, birth, marriage, or any accident, became a subject of conversation, and thus communication was kept up between the people of remote sections, who saw each other on no other day than the Sabbath."—*Bouton's History of Concord, page 549.*

Capt. Joseph Walker, who at a considerably later time commanded a large company of cavalry, resident in Concord and neighboring towns, was accustomed to notify meetings of his company by verbal notices to such members as he happened to see at the meeting-house, on Sunday. These were sufficient, although many were not present, and some lived in Canterbury and Northfield. J. B. W.

2 "'*Going to meeting,*' as it was called, on the Sabbath, was for seventy-five years and more the universal custom. Elderly people, who owned horses, rode *double*—that is, the wife with her husband, seated on a pillion behind him, with her right arm encircling his breast. The young people of both sexes went on foot from every part of the parish. In summer, young men usually walked barefoot, or with shoes in hand; and the young women walked with coarse shoes, carrying a better pair in hand, with stockings, to change before entering the meeting-house. The usual custom of those west of Long Pond was to stop at a large pine tree at the bottom of the hill west of Richard Bradley's, where the boys and young men put on their shoes, and the young women exchanged their coarse shoes for a better pair, drawing on at the same time their clean, white stockings."—*Bouton's History of Concord, page 528.*

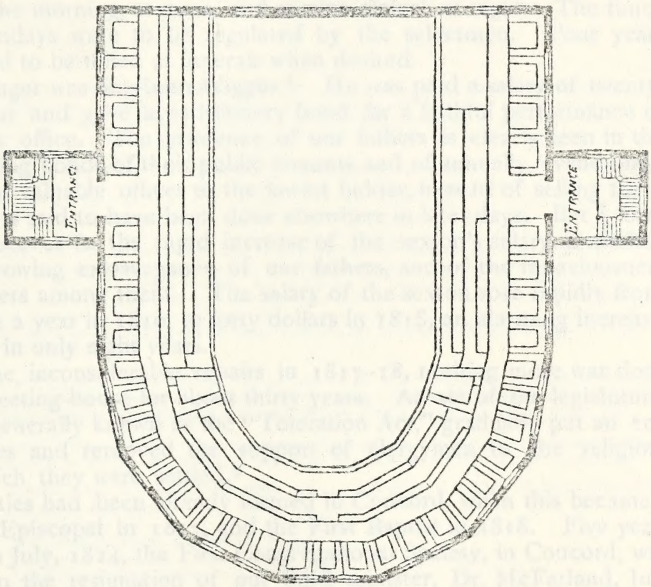
3 "On the west side of the old meeting-house was, and is, a horse-block, famous for its accommodations to the women in mounting and dismounting the horses. It consists in a large, round, flat stone, seven and a half feet in diameter, or about twenty-two feet in circumference, raised about four feet high, with steps. Tradition says it was erected at the instance of the good wives who rode on pillions, and that they agreed to pay a pound of butter apiece to defray the expense."—*Bouton's History of Concord, page 530.*

At a meeting of the Society, held on the 13th day of April, 1869, this horse-block was presented to the writer of this paper, as appears by the following vote in the clerk's records, viz.: "Voted that we present the old Horse-Block to Mr. Jos. B. Walker."

4 *March 2, 1784.* "Voted to choose a committee to vendue the pews and finish the meeting-house."
"Voted that this committee consist of three."
"Voted that Capt. Reuben Kimball, Col. Timothy Walker and Lieut. John Bradley be a committee for the purpose aforesaid."
"Voted to make an addition of two to the committee aforesaid."
"Voted that John Kimball and James Walker be the additional committee."
"Voted to choose a Treasurer to receive the notes for the pews."
"Voted that Dr. Peter Green be Treasurer."
"Voted to choose a committee to settle with Treasurer."
"Voted that this committee consist of three."
"Voted that Capt. Benjamin Emery, Peter Green, Esq., and Capt. John Roach be the committee for the purpose aforesaid."
"Voted to reconsider the vote choosing Dr. Peter Green, Treasurer."
"Voted that the committee appointed to finish the meeting-house proceed to finish the outside of the same the ensuing summer."—*Town Records, Vol. 2, pages 132 and 133*

At the opening of the present century, the congregation had so increased as to require its enlargement. At a meeting holden on the first day of December, 1801, the town accepted a plan for that purpose, presented by a committee previously chosen.[1] This provided for an addition of two stories to the south side. At the same time Richard Ayer and others were authorized, upon furnishing suitable bonds for the faithful performance of the work, to make this addition, at their own cost, and take in compensation therefor, the new pew ground thus acquired.[2]

This addition, which stood upon two courses of finely hammered granite ashler, was a semi-polygon, having the same length as the house and a middle width of thirty feet. The ridge lines of its roof, starting from a common point, on the ridge of the old structure, half-way between its two extremes, terminated at the several angles of the cornice. The style and quality of the work corresponded to that to which it was an addition. Upon completion, March 1, 1803, it was approved by the town and the bond of the undertakers was surrendered.[3]



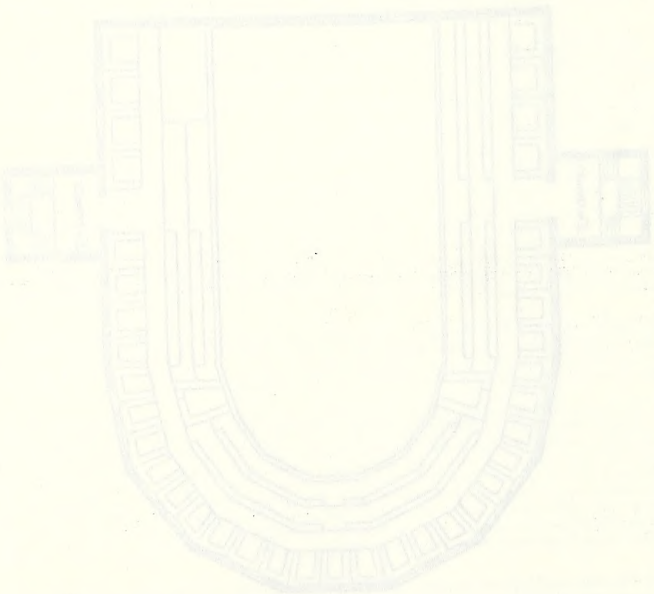
PLAN OF GALLERY, 1803.

1 "Voted to choose a committee of seven persons to propose a plan to the town, viz.:—Jacob Abbot, Richard Ayer, Paul Rolfe, William A. Kent, Benjamin Emery, Stephen Ambrose, Abial Virgin."

"Voted to accept the report of the above committee, which is as follows, viz.:—'The committee appointed to report a plan for an addition to the meeting-house report that a plan exhibited before the town, being a semi-circle projecting thirty feet in front of the house, and divided into seven angles, and the gallery upon the plan annexed be accepted, and that the owners of pews in the front of the house below have their choice to remain where they are or go back to the wall the same distance from the front door; and that the present front wall pews be placed on a level with the other body pews, that the owners of wall pews in front of the gallery have as good wall pews in front of the addition.'"

2 "Voted to choose a committee of five to take bonds of Capt. Richard Ayer and others who came forward at this meeting, and offered to make the addition on the plan exhibited by the committee and accepted by the town, viz.: Jacob Abbott, John Blanchard, Benja. Emery, John Kimball and Enoch Brown, the committee, for the above purpose."—*Town Records, Vol. 2, page 266.*

3 *March 1, 1803.* "Voted to accept the report of the committee appointed to inspect the building and finishing the addition to the meeting-house, viz: 'We aforesaid committee having carefully inspected the materials made use of in the making the addition to and alterations in the meeting-house in Concord and the workmanship in erecting and finishing the same, hereby certify that it appears to us that



The cost of this addition was met by the sale of the new pews, for which it afforded room. These, unlike the old ones, were long and narrow and denominated slips.

A few years later (1809), the selectmen were directed to remove the two front pews, in the old part of the house, and have erected upon their site four slips. These, upon completion, were sold at auction for the sum of three hundred and twenty-two dollars and twenty-five cents, which was set aside as the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of a bell, in accordance with a vote of the town authorizing this work. Nearly ten years before this (March 31, 1800), the town had offered, with a prudence worthy of highest admiration, "to accept of a bell if one can be obtained by subscription." This liberal offer had lain neglected for nine entire years until now, when private subscriptions increased this nucleus to five hundred dollars, and the long wished for bell was procured. It weighed twelve hundred pounds, and as its clear tones sounded up and down our valley, the delight was universal.

The next year the town ordered it rung three times every day, except Sundays, viz.: at seven in the morning, at noon, and at nine o'clock at night. The times of ringing on Sundays were to be regulated by the selectmen. Four years later it was ordered to be tolled at funerals when desired.

Our first bell ringer was Sherburn Wiggin.[1] He was paid a salary of twenty-five dollars a year and gave a satisfactory bond for a faithful performance of the duties of his office. The prudence of our fathers is clearly seen in the practice of requiring bonds of their public servants and of annually "venduing" some of their less valuable offices to the lowest bidder, instead of selling them to the highest, as is said to have been done elsewhere in later days. But I have been sorry to discover in the rapid increase of the sexton's salary, a marked instance of the growing extravagance of our fathers, and of the rapaciousness of the office-holders among them. The salary of the sexton rose rapidly from twenty-five dollars a year in 1810, to forty dollars in 1818, an alarming increase of sixty per cent. in only eight years.

Excepting some inconsiderable repairs in 1817–18, nothing more was done to our second meeting-house for about thirty years. An act of the legislature, passed in 1819, generally known as the "Toleration Act," gradually put an end to town ministries and removed the support of clergymen to the religious societies over which they were settled.[2]

Two new societies had been already formed in Concord, when this became a law, viz: the Episcopal in 1817, and the First Baptist in 1818. Five years later, on the 29th July, 1824, the First Congregational Society, in Concord, was formed, and upon the resignation of our third minister, Dr. McFarland, July 11, 1824, the town ministry in Concord ceased.

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the materials made use of for each and every part were suitable, and of good quality, and that the work is done in a handsome, workmanlike manner.

Committee. { JACOB ABBOTT, BENJAMIN EMERY, JOHN BLANCHARD, JOHN KIMBALL, ENOCH BROWN."

CONCORD, June 3, 1803

—*Town Records, Vol. 2, page 276.*

1 Among our early sextons was Sherburn Wiggin in 1810; Benjamin Emery, Jr., in 1811 and 1812, to whom the bell ringing was vendued as the lowest bidders. Subsequently the appointment of sextons was left to the selectmen. Among the later incumbents of this office were Peter Osgood, Thomas B. Sargent and Joseph Brown.

2 An act of the legislature "regulating towns and town officers," passed February 8, 1791, provided, "That the inhabitants of each town in this state, qualified to vote as aforesaid, at any meeting duly and legally warned and holden in such town, may, agreeably to the constitution, grant and vote such sum or sums of money as they shall judge necessary for the settlement, maintenance and support of the ministry."

A subsequent act approved July 1, 1819, repealed this provision of the act of 1791 and left the support of the ministry to be provided for by the religious societies of towns.

This important change, together with the organization of new societies, made advisable the disposal of the town's interest in the meeting-house, meeting-house lot and bell.[1] A committee of the town, appointed March 11, 1828, for this purpose, accordingly sold the town's interest in these to the First Congregational Society, in Concord, for eight hundred dollars.[2] In consideration of the fact that the bell was to be very largely used for the benefit of all its citizens, the town subsequently remitted three hundred dollars of this amount.[3]

But still again, in 1828, the congregation had outgrown its venerable sanctuary and the demand for more room became imperative. After much discussion, a committee was appointed on the sixteenth day of April of this year, to alter the square pews, on the lower floor of the old part of the house, into slips.[4]

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1 *March 13, 1826.* "Voted, that William A. Kent, Joseph Walker and Abel Hutchins be a committee to take into consideration the subject relative to selling the interest or right the town may have in the meeting-house to the First Congregational Society in Concord and report the expediency and terms at the next town meeting."—*Town Records, Vol. 3, page 58.*

2 This committee reported recommending the sale of the

Land on which the house stands for,	$300.00
Town's interest in the meeting-house,	200.00
Town's interest in the bell,	300.00
	$800.00

March 11, 1828. "Voted, that Samuel Herbert, Benjamin Parker and Isaac Eastman be a committee to sell and convey to the First Congregational Society in Concord the interests the town have in the meeting-house, the land on which it stands, and the bell, aggreeably to the report of the committee to the town at the last annual meeting, and that they be hereby authorized to sell and convey the same to said society."—*Town Records, Vol. 3, page 96.*

July 25, 1828. The town of Concord, by Samuel Herbert, Benjamin Parker and Isaac Eastman, a committee duly authorized, conveyed to the First Congregational Society in Concord, "all the right, title and interest we have in and unto a certain tract of land situate in said Concord, being the same land on which the meeting-house occupied by said society now stands, described as follows, to wit: Extending from the south side of said house as first built, six rods south; from the east end of said house, six rods east; from the north side of said house, six rods north; and from the west end of said house to the original reserve for a road by the burying ground, including the land on which said house stands, together with said house and the bell attached to the same, reserving a highway on the south side of said house where it now is not less than four rods wide, and also at the west end of said house, and reserving the right to have said bell tolled at funerals and rung as usual on week days and on public occasions; no shed to be erected on said land except on the north side of said house."—*Merrimack Records, Vol. 15, page 330.*

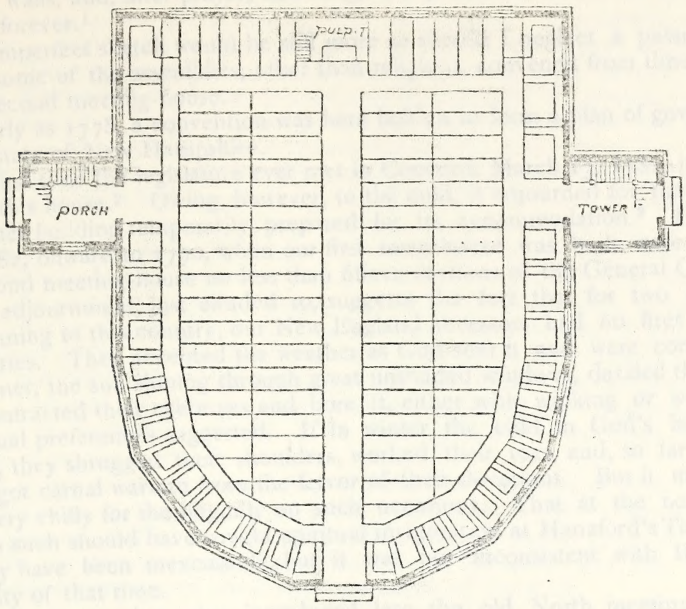
3 *November 14, 1828.* "Voted that the selectmen be and are hereby authorized to endorse the sum of three hundred dollars on a note the town holds against the First Congregational Society in Concord, being the same which was relinquished for the bell."—*Town Records, Vol. 3, page 121.*

4 Number and owners of pews on the lower floor of the First Congregational Society's meeting-house in Concord, in June, 1828, together with the time when and to whom transferred:

Nos.	NAMES OF OWNERS IN 1828.	WHEN AND TO WHOM TRANSFERRED.
1	Society's free pew.	
2	Jacob A. Potter.	Society's pew.
3	Jonathan Eastman & William West.	
4	Mary Ann Stickney.	
5	Abial and Henry Rolfe.	
6	Richard Herbert.	
7	John Eastman.	
8	Ephraim Abbott.	
9	Isaac Virgin.	
10	Hazen Virgin.	
11	Timothy Chandler.	Samuel Fletcher.
12	John Odlin	
13	Charles Walker.	Oliver L. Sanborn.
14	Laban Page.	
15	Thomas D. Potter & Lucy Davis.	Thos. D. Potter & D. L. Morrill.
16	John West & Theodore French.	
17	Rhoda Kimball.	
18	Patty Green.	
19	Moses Bullen.	D. N. Hoyt.
20	E. and C. Emery's heirs.	
21	Nathan Chandler, Jr.	
22	Harriet Breed.	James Sanborn.
23	Abel Baker.	
24	Reuben Goodwin & Samuel Carter.	Sewell Hoit.
25	Nathaniel Eastman & Isaac Emery.	
26	Nathaniel Ambrose & Simeon Virgin.	
27	Henry Chandler & John Corlis.	
28	Henry Martin & Isaac F. Ferrin.	Benjamin Parker.
29	Ephraim Farnum.	
30	Robert Davis.	
31	Isaac Farnum.	

This change increased the number of pews from ninety-nine to one hundred and ten, and raised the number of sittings to about twelve hundred and fifty. The east, south and west wall pews remained as they were. The following plan shows the arrangement at this time of the aisles and seats upon the ground floor.

Nos.	NAMES OF OWNERS IN 1828.	WHEN AND TO WHOM TRANSFERRED.
32	Asa Abbott.	Robert Davis.
33	Thomas B. Sargent.	
34	Nathan Ballard, Jr.	
35	Susanna Walker.	
36	Robert Davis.	Wm. Abbott.
37	Abial Walker.	
38	Abial Walker & Nathaniel Abbot.	A. B. Kelley.
39	Benjamin H. Swett.	
40	Society's Pew.	Nathaniel Abbott.
41	Joseph Farnum.	Abial Walker.
42	Ezra Ballard.	
43	Timothy Carter.	
44	Abner Farnum.	
45	Moses Farnum.	
46	Moses Carter.	
47	Samuel B. Davis & A. B. Davis.	
48	James Buswell.	Proctor.
49	Richard Ayer.	E. S. Towle.
50	Charles Eastman.	
51	Isaac Dow.	
52	James Eastman.	
53	Daniel Fisk.	
54	Richard Flanders & Sons.	
55	Betsey & Hannah Whitney.	
56	John Dimond.	S. A. Kimball.
57	John George.	
58	Moses Shute.	
59	George Hutchins.	James Straw.
60	Jonathan Ambrose.	
61	John Lovejoy.	
62	Thomas Potter.	
63	Eliza Abbott.	
64	Isaac Shute.	
65	Jonathan Wilkins.	Ivory Hall.
66	Abial Eastman.	
67	John Eastman.	
68	Millen Kimball.	
69	John Putney.	State of New Hampsh're.
70	Margaret Dow.	Dr. Colby.
71	Samuel Morrill.	
72	Samuel A. Kimball.	
73	Asaph Evans.	
74	Samuel Fletcher.	
75	Richard Bradley.	
76	Moses Hall.	
77	Jeremiah Pecker.	
78	Enoch Coffin.	
79	Joseph Low.	
80	Isaac Hill & Wm. Hurd.	
81	Charles Hutchins.	
82	Abel Hutchins.	
83	Joseph Eastman.	Jacob Clough.
84	Joseph Eastman.	Simeon Farnum.
85	Jacob Holt.	
86	Frye Williams.	
87	Samuel Herbert.	
88	William A. Kent.	
89	William Stickney.	
90	John Glover.	
91	Orlando Brown & Sarah Dearborn.	
92	Richard Ayer.	
93	Nathaniel Abbott.	
94	Elizabeth McFarland.	
95	George Kent.	
96	Stephen Ambrose.	
97	Simeon & Benjamin Kimball.	
98	Jonathan Wilkins.	
99	Parsonage.	



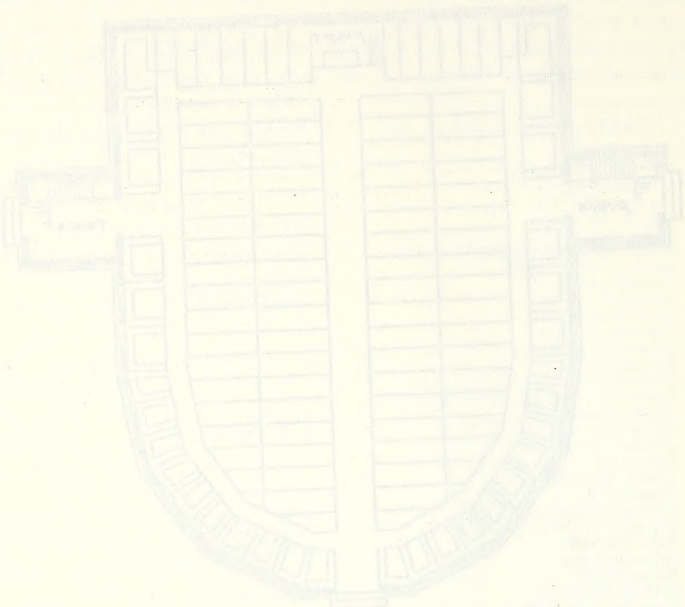
PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR IN 1828.

It is a notable fact that very soon after the meeting-house had attained its greatest capacity, its congregations began to rapidly diminish. This was due to the formation of other religious societies. The number of regular members which in 1825 was two hundred and twenty-two, had fallen in 1833 to one hundred and seventy-three, and the audiences had decreased correspondingly. Besides those who had withdrawn to form new organizations of other denominations, there began, in the year last named, a farther exodus of members to form the West Concord society. This was followed by another in 1837, to lay the foundations of the South society. These had reduced its membership in 1841 to one hundred and five. The next year, the East Concord members left and formed the Congregational society in that village. Thus, quartered and diminished in its membership more than one half, we can readily see that the remnant, with its families, was insufficient to fill the great structure of which it now found itself the sole possessor.

Its fifty great windows, each with its forty panes of glass, looked more staring than ever before, and rattled, when the wind blew, as they had never rattled before. The voice of the minister reverberated through the vast area, and his eye sought in vain, upon the floor and in the galleries, the dense ranks of men, women and children, numbering some ten or twelve hundred, which had been wont to greet him.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find, as we turn over the well kept records of the society, that there came one day (March 17, 1841), before a meeting of its members, a proposition to leave the old sanctuary and build a new and smaller one. This, after long consultations and various delays, caused in part by differences of preference as to location, resulted in the erection of our third meeting-house, at the corner of Main and Washington streets.

But before leaving the old house for the new one, the members of the several societies which, from time to time, had gone out therefrom, met within its con-



secrated walls, and, after prayer, and song, and pleasant reminiscences, bade it farewell forever.[1]

This imperfect sketch would be still more so should I neglect a passing allusion to some of the assemblies, other than religious, convened from time to time in our second meeting-house.

As early as 1778, a convention was here holden to form a plan of government for the state of New Hampshire.

The first time the legislature ever met in Concord, March 13, 1782, it assembled in this house.[2] Owing, however, to the cold, it adjourned for that session to another building temporarily prepared for its accommodation.[3] From the year 1782, onward to 1790, when our first town-house was built, were held in our second meeting-house no less than fifteen sessions of the General Court.

The adjournment, just alluded to, suggests the fact that for two centuries after coming to this country, our New England ancestors had no fires in their sanctuaries. They accepted the weather as God sent it and were content. If in summer, the sun shining through great unshaded windows, dazzled their eyes, they contracted their eyebrows and bore it, either with winking or without, as individual preferences suggested. If in winter the cold in God's house was intense, they shrugged their shoulders, worked their toes, and, so far as they could, got carnal warmth from the fervor of their devotions. But it must have been very chilly for the ungodly on such occasions. That at the noon intermission such should have sought spiritual invigoration at Hanaford's Tavern near by, may have been inexcusable, but it was not inconsistent with the native depravity of that time.

Means of warming were introduced into the old North meeting-house in 1821.[4] A moderate sized box-stove was placed in the broad aisle, which had a very long funnel, which was taken through the ceiling to a very short chimney in the attic.

This central warmer proved but partially satisfactory, and may have operated like a similar one in the meeting-house of another town, which was said

1 "Previous to leaving the old North meeting-house as a place of public worship, a union meeting of the four Congregational churches in town was held in it. The meeting was attended two successive days, viz.: Thursday 27th and Friday 28th of September, in which the several pastors took part, viz.: Rev. Asa P. Tenney of the West church; Rev. Daniel J. Noyes of the South church; Rev. Timothy Morgan, preacher at East church; and the pastor of the First church. In the forenoon of Friday, the pastor preached a discourse on reminiscences of the old meeting-house. In the afternoon, about five hundred and fifty communicants, belonging to the four sister churches, sat down to the Lord's Supper. It was a season of tender and affecting interest. Many wept at the thought of a separation from the place where they and their fathers had so long worshipped."—*Bouton's History of Concord, page 452.*

2 The General Assembly, in session at Exeter, voted on the twelfth day of January, 1782, "That when the business of this session is finished, the General Court be adjourned to meet at Concord, at such time as shall be agreed upon by the said General Court."—*Provincial Papers, vol. 8, page 930.*

The tradition is that Col. Timothy Walker, then a member of the House from Concord, remarked to some of the members who were complaining of the treatment which they had received at their boarding-houses, that if the General Assembly would hold its next session at Concord they should be as well accommodated as at Exeter and for half the money. Thereupon the Assembly adjourned to Concord.

Upon his return home, the Colonel informed his neighbors of his promise and the consequences thereof, and that at its next session all must open their houses for the accommodation of the members of the General Court. This they at once agreed to do, and subsequently did, to general satisfaction. Since then, fourty-four sessions of the General Court have been held in Concord, up to 1816, when it became the capital of the state.

3 The hall fitted up for this occasion was in the second story of the house now standing on the west side of Main street, next north of the house of Enoch Gerrish. At that time, it stood upon the east side of the street and a few rods south of its present location.

4 As I can never forget the faces within, so I never can the furious winds which howled about the ancient pile, the cold by which it was penetrated, and the stamping of men and women when within the porches, as they came from afar, and went direct from their sleighs to an immense apartment in which there was no fire, except that carried thither in foot-stoves. The rattling of a multitude of loose windows, my tingling feet, the breath of people seen across the house, as the smoke of chimneys is discerned on frosty mornings, the impatience of the congregation, and the rapidity of their dispersion,—are they not all upon the memory of those who worshipped in that house previous to the year 1821? Then my father suggested that in winter there be only one service, which led to the purchase of a moderate-sized box-stove, and its erection half way up the central aisle. This, strange as it may seem, was a departure from old custom which encountered some opposition.—*Biography and Recollections by Asa McFarland, page 104.*

to have driven all the cold air from the middle of the house to the sides, rendering the wall pews more uncomfortable than ever before. The introduction of a stove into a meeting-house often met great opposition and caused serious commotion. The excitement raised by the setting up of a stove in the meeting-house at Webster, in 1832, was quieted only by a general agreement, embodied in a vote passed at a regular meeting of the society, "to dispense with a fire in the stove the first Sabbath in each month through the cold season."[1]

Before the introduction of the stove, many among the more delicate portion of the congregation had sought a slight mitigation of the frosts in God's house by the use of "foot-stoves." These continued in quite general use so long as our society worshipped in this house. The heat of such a warmer came from a pan of coals inclosed in a box of tin. No man here present, who was a boy forty or fifty years ago, will ever forget the Sunday labor imposed upon him in cold weather by the filling and carrying back and forth of one of these. The stern fathers of the previous generation may, very likely, have regarded them as vanities, and this Sunday labor as unnecessary and sinful. To this good Puritan opinion, I doubt not that the boys who had mastered the catechism, and the families in the immediate vicinity of the meeting-house levied upon for coals, would have readily assented.

It was in our second meeting-house that the New Hampshire State Convention was holden, on the 21st day of June, 1788, which, as the ninth assembled for that purpose, ratified the Federal Constitution and started upon its glorious career the government of the United States. In this house was also held the conventions of 1791–2, to revise the constitution of the state.

Fourteen times from 1784 to 1806 did the legislature march in formal procession to this house, to hear the annual election sermon, which preceded its organization, and every year afterwards, until 1831, when the sermon was discontinued. Thirty-nine of all the election sermons preached before the legislature of New Hampshire were delivered in this house, and three of them by pastors of this church.[2]

From 1765 to 1790, a period of twenty-five years, all annual and special town-meetings were held in this meeting-house. Here our townsmen, many of whom rarely, if ever, met on other occasions except for divine worship, assembled to exchange friendly greetings and discharge their civil duties as American citizens. Here, also, protracted religious meetings were held from time to time, the most memorable of which was that of 1831. Here important addresses were delivered to large assemblies on fourth of July and other occasions of general interest. Here in 1835 was delivered before the General Court a eulogy on Gen. Lafayette, by Nathaniel G. Upham. Here were held conventions for the promotion of temperance. Here occurred, in 1834 and 1835, the memorable trials of Abraham Prescott, for the murder of Mrs. Sally Cochran, of Pembroke. Here was had that sharp political encounter between Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale upon the latter's leaving the Democratic party in 1845. The walls of no other house in New Hampshire resounded to so many lofty flights of eloquence as did those of our second meeting-house, from 1751 to 1842

A few years after its abandonment, this ancient structure was sought by the trustees of the Methodist General Biblical Institute as the seat of that institution, which it was proposed to remove from Newbury, Vermont, to this city. This society and the pewholders cheerfully conveyed to them their several interests in the building and lot, and public-spirited citizens of Concord subscribed some three thousand dollars for so remodelling the house as to suit the new

1 Coffin's History of Boscawen and Webster, page 238.

2 The election sermon was preached by our second pastor, Rev. Israel Evans, in 1791; by our third pastor, Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland, in 1803; and by our fourth pastor, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, in 1828.

purpose to which it was to be devoted. The pulpit, pews and galleries were removed; a second floor was introduced, and the two stories, thereby secured, were divided into dormitories and lecture rooms.[1] It continued the seat of the institute until its removal to Boston, when, in accordance with terms of its conveyance, twenty years before, it reverted, with the land upon which it stood, to the First Congregational Society of Concord. It was subsequently sold to private parties, and the proceeds of its sale were devoted to the purchase of the society's parsonage. With sad hearts its many friends afterward saw it degraded to a tenement house of a low order. But its desecration was brief. On the night of Monday, November 28th, 1870, the purifying angel wrapped a mantle of flame about it and transported it heavenward upon a chariot of fire.

Not long afterwards the Union School District purchased the site of it, and reared thereon one of the fairest school-houses of which this, or any other New Hampshire town, can boast. It bears upon its south facade a tablet with the following inscription:

WALKER SCHOOL.

ON THIS SPOT,
CONSECRATED TO RELIGION AND LEARNING,
WAS ERECTED IN 1751,
THE FIRST FRAMED MEETING-HOUSE
IN CONCORD,
WHICH WAS USED FOR NINETY-ONE YEARS
AS A PLACE OF WORSHIP BY
THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY
OF THE TOWN,
AND WITHIN WHOSE WALLS ASSEMBLED
IN 1788
THE NINTH STATE CONVENTION WHICH RATIFIED
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM 1847 TO 1867
IT WAS OCCUPIED BY
THE METHODIST GENERAL BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.
BURNED IN 1870,
ITS SITE WAS PURCHASED BY
THE UNION SCHOOL DISTRICT,
WHICH HAS CAUSED TO BE ERECTED
THEREON THIS STRUCTURE,
A. D. 1873.

OUR THIRD MEETING-HOUSE.
1842–1873.

Our third meeting-house was a less imposing edifice than our second one. The diminished membership of the society called for a smaller house of worship. Rarely before, and never since, has its pecuniary ability been less than at that time. The general drift of population also demanded a more southerly location. But many had a strong attachment to the old spot and to the old sanctuary. Some, therefore, proposed the remodelling of the latter, while others suggested the erection of a new house upon the site of it. But the majority opinion favored both a new location and a new house. Two subscription papers, which were then circulated, indicate the preferences of different members of

1 A portion of the pulpit is in possession of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

to which it was to be devoted. The pulpit, pews and galleries were removed; a second floor was introduced, and the two stories, thereby secured, were divided into dormitories and lecture-rooms.[1] It continued the seat of the institute until its removal to Boston, which, in accordance with terms of its conveyance, twenty years before, it reverted, with the land upon which it stood, to the First Congregational Society of Concord. It was subsequently sold to private parties, and the process of its sale was devoted to the purchase of the society's parsonage. Well, and hearty its many friends agree, was it devoted to a temperance house of a low order. But its destruction was brief. On the night of Monday, November 28th, 1870, the purifying angel stepped a mantle of flame about it and transported it heavenward upon a chariot of fire.

Not long afterwards the Union School District purchased the site of it, and reared thereon one of the finest school-houses of which this or any other New Hampshire town, can boast. It bears upon its south facade a tablet with the following inscription:

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1 A portion of the pulpit is in possession of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

the society. That for a new house upon the old lot, dated November 20th, 1841, contains the names of forty-three persons, subscribing for eighty-two shares.[1] The other, dated April 7, 1842, for a new house at the corner of Main and Washington streets had upon it the names of thirty-nine signers, agreeing to take one hundred and three shares.[2]

After repeated meetings and protracted deliberations, the new location was adopted. The deed of it to Nathaniel Abbot, Shadrack Seavey, James Buswell, James Moulton, Jr., and Jonathan E. Lang, the committee to build the new house, bears date May 16, 1842. The sum paid for it was thirteen hundred dollars.

The plan of our third meeting-house was in general conformity to the style of such structures then prevailing in New England. It was of one story with a bell-tower and steeple forming a part of the façade. It faced the east and was eighty feet in length and fifty feet in width. It had long, square-topped windows upon the sides and a slightly projecting porch in front, whose roof rested upon four plain, round columns, some twenty-five feet high. The corner-stone was laid and the frame raised July 4, 1842. It was dedicated on the twenty-third day of November of the same year. When completed, it was a comely enough structure of wood, in a ubiquitous coating of white paint, which, we are happy

1 This subscription paper reads as follows, viz.: "We the undersigned, inhabitants of Concord, believing that the interests and future prosperity of the First Congregational Society in Concord requires the erection of a new house for public worship, do hereby agree to aid in the erection of a new house of worship for said society by taking the number of shares set against our names respectively, and pay the sum of fifty dollars for each and every share we may have subscribed for to a committee, hereafter to be chosen by the subscribers, for the purpose of purchasing materials and making all necessary contracts for the erection of a new house of worship. The house to be located on land now owned by said society and the same on which the house now occupied by said society now stands.

Concord, Nov. 20, 1841.

Subscribers' names.	*No. of shares.*	*Subscribers' names.*	*No. of shares.*
Abiel Walker,	10	D. N. Hoit,	2
F. N. Fisk,	10	L. Roby,	2
R. Bradley,	6	James Woolson,	1
S. Coffin,	4	Ivory Hall,	1
Nath. Abbot,	4	James Buswell,	1
R. E. Pecker,	2	Lawrence Cooledge,	1
Jona. E. Lang,	2	Benja Farnum,	2
Sarah A. Virgin,	1	Shadrack Seavey,	2
Samuel Herbert,	2	Jacob Flanders,	1
Albert Herbert,	1	Moses Shute,	1
Ezra Ballard,	1	John Corlis,	1
Nathan Ballard,	2	Isaac Proctor,	1
John Flanders,	1	Joseph S. Abbot,	1
Eben Fisk,	1	Nathan K. Abbot,	1
Abira Fisk,	1		—
Samuel Morrill,	2		69"
Daniel Knowlton,	1	$3,450.00.	

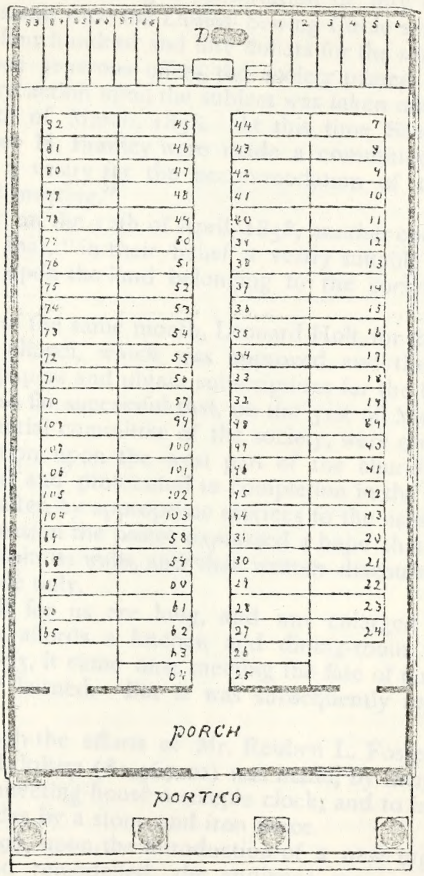
Original on file in Society archives.

2 Upon this paper were the following names and number of shares, viz.:

" Samuel Coffin,	8 shares.	J. C. Ordway,	1 share.
Richard Bradley,	10 "	Mary A. Stickney,	2 "
F. N. Fisk,	4 "	Danl Knowlton,	1 "
Nathl Abbot,	5 "	B. Farnum,	4 "
J. E. Lang,	4 "	D. A. Hill,	2 "
S. Seavey,	4 "	Porter Blanchard,	2 "
Samuel Morrill,	4 "	Jno. Eastman,	1 "
James Buswell,	3 "	Sarah Kimball,	1 "
R. E. Pecker,	4 "	Joshua Sanborn,	1 "
D. N. Hoyt,	2 "	G. W. Ela,	1 "
James Woolson,	3 "	A. Fowler,	1 "
J. Cooledge,	3 "	H. M. Moore,	3 "
S. Herbert,	2 "	Sewell Hoit,	3 "
N. Bouton,	4 "	James Buswell for C. A. Davis,	6 "
B. Whitney,	2 "	Ira Perley,	1 "
E. Hall,	1 "	Franklin Pierce,	1 "
E. Philbrick,	1 "	Mary C. Herbert,	1 "
Albert Herbert,	2 "	Jos. Eastman,	2 "
Ivory Hall,	1 "		—
Joseph Low,	2 "		34
	—	Brot forward,	69
	69		—
			103 shares."

Original on file in Society archives.

to know, is no longer the only orthodox color for an orthodox meeting-house. It had an audience room seventy feet long, forty-eight and a half feet wide, and twenty-four feet high. A broad aisle extended through the middle of it, from the vestibule to the pulpit, and there was one of a less width, but of the same length, next to the north and south walls. The singing gallery was over the vestibule. Its length corresponded with the width of the church. It was ten feet deep and about fourteen feet high. The pulpit was a neat, mahogany structure.[1] On each each side of it was a single tier of pews extending to the wall. In front of it were four tiers. The whole number of pews was eighty-eight, affording about four hundred and fifty sittings. The following floor plan shows the arrangement of pews, aisles and vestibule:



FLOOR PLAN OF OUR THIRD MEETING-HOUSE.

In 1848 this house was enlarged by an addition of fifteen feet at the west end. This gave room for twenty additional pews and raised its seating capacity to about six hundred. A little later, its glaring white walls were frescoed, and the blaze of the sun through the windows was softened by the introduction of inside blinds. On the front of the gallery was a round-faced clock, which rarely kept

1 This, which was made by Porter Blanchard and Sons, was a few years since given to the East Concord Congregational society and is still in use.



the ninth commandment, and fortunately was visible only to the minister, except during the singing, when the congregation arose, turned their backs to the pulpit, and "faced the music."

Until the formation of the South Congregational Society, in 1837, evening religious meetings were held in the town hall. After the withdrawal of persons belonging to that society, this room was found too large for such meetings and they were ere long transferred to rooms in the Merrimack County Bank building, now belonging to the New Hampshire Historical Society. These, however, proved as much too small as the town-hall had been too large, and the want of a suitable chapel became so imperative that, on the fourteenth day of March, 1855, the pastor, Dr. Bouton, addressed to the society a communication setting forth its importance and tendering a subscription of fifty dollars towards its erection. About the same time the Ladies' Sewing Circle sent another, tendering a contribution of four hundred and fifty dollars for the same object.

In response to these generous offers, the society passed a suitable vote of thanks; but no decisive action upon the subject was taken until its annual meeting on the seventeenth of March, 1858. At this time Shadrack Seavey, Dr. Ezra Carter and Moses H. Bradley were made a committee "to consider the subject of providing a vestry for the accommodation of the society and to report at an adjourned meeting."

About a month later, on the 12th of April, 1858, another committee, previously appointed, reported that, "in their belief a vestry suitable for the use of the society can be erected upon the land belonging to the society in rear of the church."

On the twenty-sixth of the same month, Leonard Holt, for the last committee, submitted a plan for a chapel, which was approved, and the committee were directed "to circulate papers and obtain subscriptions for the building."

The committe were so far successful that, on the 31st of May following, they, together with the prudential committee of the society, were directed to proceed to its location and erection upon the west part of the church lot. The work was at once commenced and prosecuted to completion in the autumn of 1858. It was dedicated, soon after, by appropriate services to the uses for which it was intended. On that occasion the pastor expressed a hope that extemporaneous speech might prevail within its walls, and that written discourses might attract attention by their absence only.

It became too small for us ere long, and was enlarged by an addition to the north end, which affords a kitchen and dining-room, for use on social occasions. In June, 1873, it came near meeting the fate of our third meeting-house, and was partially burned. But it was subsequently repaired, and is in active service still.

In 1855, largely through the efforts of Mr. Reuben L. Foster, a subscription of nearly fifteen hundred dollars ($1,467.10) was made, by members of the society, to provide for the meeting-house a steeple clock, and to inclose its lot upon the east and south sides by a stone and iron fence.

Some years later (1869), upon the introduction of a new organ, the singer's gallery was lowered and remodelled, the audience room was ventilated, the pews were repainted, and the walls and ceilings frescoed anew.

By these alterations and repairs the interior of our third meeting-house was made both convenient and agreeable. It continued without further change until the morning of Sunday, June 29th, 1873, when, like its predecessor, it was seized by devouring flames and translated.[1]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

1 The fire was communicated to the meeting-house from the carriage shops of Mr. Samuel M. Griffin, near by upon the north, which had been fired by an insane person possessed with the idea of clearing a site at the corner of Main and Washington streets for a splendid Spiritual temple. He was soon after arrested and committed to the Asylum for the Insane.

RICHARD TAFT.

RICHARD TAFT was born in Barre, Vt., March 14, 1812, and died at Littleton, N. H., February 14th, 1881. At the age of nine, he removed to Alstead, N. H., where he remained on a farm till 1830, when he was employed in a hotel at North Chelmsford, Mass. In two years he became a partner. He was afterwards landlord of the Washington House, Nashua, N. H., and then of a hotel in Tyngsborough, Mass. From 1844 to 1849, he was the lessee and landlord of the Washington House in Lowell, Mass. Since June 30, 1849, his life has been closely associated with the history of the Franconia mountain country. At that time he opened the Flume House. Travel had then hardly began. Bristol was the nearest point that could be reached by rail, and there were only a few small hotels in the whole region. The Lafayette House at Franconia Notch had been opened but a short time by the elder Gibbs and his son. The price of board was then $1.50 per day and the whole receipts of his first season were only $1800.

Says Mr. William C. Prime in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce: "Mr. Taft was a man of exceedingly quiet demeanor, but of great ability, foresight and cautious energy. New Hampshire owes to him a debt which it will never be able to repay, for the results accomplished by his example, advice and personal labor in the mountain country. He was withal a man on whom every one relied; a man of the most unswerving probity of character. To use an expression which was constantly applied to him, 'Mr Taft was never known to go back on his word.' He commanded the respect and confidence of all men. For many years past, though enfeebled by constant illness, he has continued to lead in all the improvements of the White Mountain hotels."

He was always keenly alive to the wonderful beauties of the Franconia Notch and never for a moment wavered in his faith in their attractions. It was one of the compensations of his last illness that he was permitted to again behold its glories and to inhale its pure and vivifying air.

Business at the Flume House increased from year to year, and in the fall of 1852, with his associates, he began the building of the Profile House, which was completed and opened to the public in July the following year, since which time he has been one of the principal managers and the largest owner in both hotels. The Profile House has been greatly enlarged from its original dimensions, and is now one of the largest mountain houses in the country. The wonderful success which has attended it the public generally know. Probably no man in the United States has ever really enjoyed hotel keeping any better than Mr. Taft, and very likely few as well. His modesty of deportment was extreme, and only a few of the multitude who visited the Profile House ever saw him to know him. His chosen field of action was the interior of the house, away from the busy bustle of the front office, and where as general manager, and especially as steward, he displayed those conspicuous abilities which have made him a prince among landlords. The hotel firm for four years, beginning in 1865, was Taft, Tyler & Greenleaf, but for the past twelve years has been Taft & Greenleaf. Mr. Taft was one of the proprietors of the Profile and Franconia Notch Railroad, and at his death was the president of the company. He was recognized by all as a man of great worth and sterling integrity, kind and just in all his intercourse with his fellowmen, generous and benevolent to a fault. His memory will live long in the hearts of his friends and associates. Being an invalid for many years he became a great student. He was familiar with the poets, and was well read in history and in the arts and sciences. For the past nine months, he was confined to the house. Deceased leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Charles F. Eastman of Littleton, N. H., two sisters, and a brother, Denison Taft of Montpelier, Vt.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. S. Black of Montreal, at the house of his son-in-law, where he died. He left a legacy of $1000 to the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at Franklin, the income only to be used.

THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM.

(ON HEARING THEM IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, SEPTEMBER, 1880.)

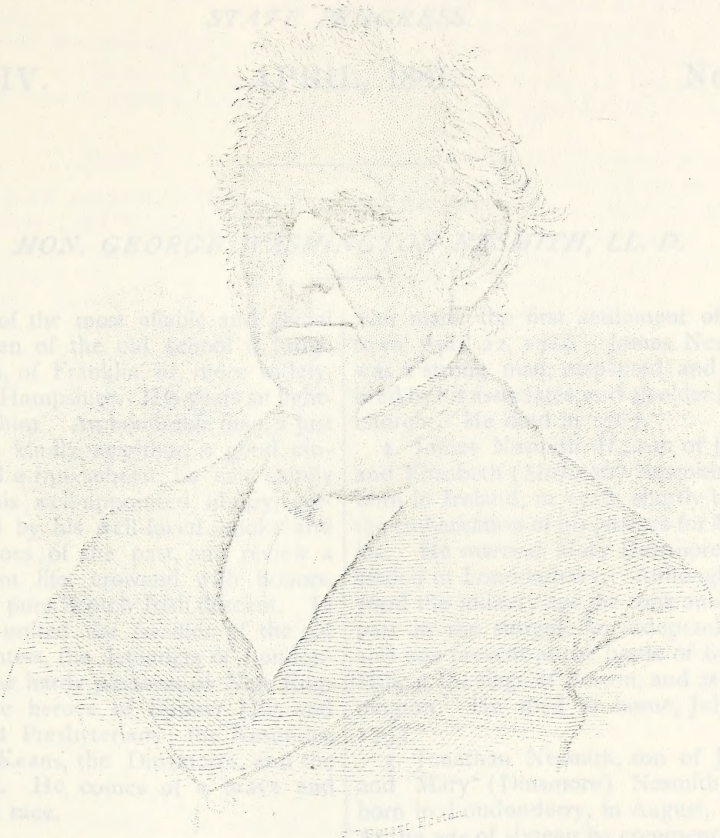
BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

"The far-off sound of holy bells."

How sweet the chimes this Sunday morn,
'Mid autumn's requiem,
Across the mountain valleys borne,—
The bells of Bethlehem!
"Come join with us," they seem to say,
"And celebrate this hallowed day!"

Our hearts leap up with glad accord—
Judea's Bethlehem strain,
That once ascended to the Lord,
Floats back to earth again,
As round *our* hills the echoes swell
To "God with us, Emmanuel!"

O Power Divine, that led the star
To Mary's sinless child!
O ray from heaven that beamed afar
And o'er his cradle smiled!
Help us to worship now with them
Who hailed the Christ at Bethlehem!



Geo. W. Nesmith.



—THE—

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VOL. IV. APRIL, 1881. No. 7.

HON. GEORGE WASHINGTON NESMITH, LL. D.

One of the most affable and genial gentlemen of the old school is Judge Nesmith, of Franklin, or, more widely, of New Hampshire. His years sit lightly upon him. An honorable man, a just judge, a kindly neighbor, a good citizen, and a ripe scholar, he can calmly sit in his well-appointed library, surrounded by his well-loved books and mementoes of the past, and review a well-spent life, crowned with honors. He is of pure Scotch-Irish descent. In him are united the families of the old Covenanters, the defenders of Londonderry, the hardy pioneers of New England, the heroes of Bunker Hill, and the strict Presbyterians; the Nesmiths, the McKeans, the Dinsmores, and the Dickeys. He comes of a brave and cultured race.

GENEALOGY.[1]

1. James Nesmith was born in county Antrim, Ireland, in the valley of the Bann, in the year 1692, about two years after his parents, coming from Scotland, had settled there. In 1714, he married Elizabeth, daughter of James and Janet (Cochran) McKean, who was his companion for nearly half a century. James Nesmith was one of the signers of the memorial to Gov. Shute, March 26, 1718, one of the proprietors of Londonderry, and one of the original sixteen who made the first settlement of that town, April 22, 1719. James Nesmith was a strong man, respected and honored by his associates, and an elder in the church. He died in 1767.

2. James Nesmith, Jr., son of James and Elizabeth (McKean) Nesmith, was born in Ireland, in 1718, shortly before the embarkation of his parents for America. He married Mary Dinsmore, and settled in Londonderry. Although beyond the military age, he took an active part in the struggle for independence, and was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, at the siege of Boston, and at Bennington. He died at home, July 15, 1793.

3. Jonathan Nesmith, son of James and Mary (Dinsmore) Nesmith, was born in Londonderry, in August, 1759. At the age of sixteen he commenced to clear a lot in Antrim, and permanently settled there in 1778. He was one of the leading spirits of the town, an elder of the Presbyterian church from its formation, a selectman for eleven years, and a representative four terms. For fifty years he missed but one communion. He was genial, jolly, good-natured, and enjoyed a joke; was very hospitable and benevolent; anxious for the public welfare; stoutly in earnest to maintain the faith of his fathers. He was a man of strong ability, good judgment, irreproachable character, and an honor to the town he helped to estab-

[1] This account is taken from the History of Antrim, by Rev. W. R. Cochrane.

lish. He married Elenor, daughter of Adam and Jane (Strahan) Dickey, of Londonderry, and grand-daughter of John and Margaret Dickey, of Londonderry, Ireland. She was born January 1, 1761, and died September 17, 1818. He died at the age of eighty-six, October 15, 1845.

4. George Washington Nesmith, son of Jonathan and Elenor (Dickey) Nesmith, was born in Antrim, October 23, 1800.

LIFE.

His father's residence in Antrim was situate a mile from the district school house, and the distance and his lameness interfered with his early attendance. Miss Katherine Miller, a sister of Gen. James Miller, later, wife of John Caldwell, of Antrim, led him through the rudiments as found in Noah Webster's spelling-book. She was an amiable and kind woman, well calculated to gain the affections of children. The other teachers who helped to mould his character were Miss Lucinda Lawrence, of Ashby, Mass., Miss Fanny Baldwin, afterwards wife of Dr. Israel Burnham, and Miss Anstress Woodbury, a sister of Hon. Levi Woodbury, who in later years married Hon. Nehemiah Eastman, and became the early friend and patron of Henry Wilson in his boyhood. In the winter of 1810 he received instruction from J. Miltimore, of West Newbury; in 1811, from Joshua Holt, of Greenfield; and in 1812, 1813 and 1814, from Daniel M. Christie. In early life, in the school room, Mr. Christie gave evidence of superior ability as an instructor, and ranked as a model schoolmaster. He was an able mathematician, and could lead a class through the intricacies of figures with consummate tact.

In May, 1814, the boy was sent from home and placed, at Jaffrey, under the instruction of Henry Cummings. His companions were Luke Woodbury and Samuel Dakin, of Utica, New York; the former for many years judge of probate, while the latter lived to see his five sons take degrees from his own *alma mater*, Hamilton College. To Rev. John M. Whiton, minister at Antrim, was he chiefly indebted for his rapid progress in the classics and his early preparation to enter Dartmouth College. His course of four years embraced the stormy, threatening period when the legislature of the state attempted to overawe the idomitable board of trustees. In the class of 1820, with Judge Nesmith, were Hon. Nathan Crosby, of Lowell, Hon. George P. Marsh, and Hon. Nathaniel G. Upham.

After graduation, he taught school at "the north end of Concord street" four months, and at the academy at Bradford, Vermont, eighteen months. He commenced the study of law with Parker Noyes in August, 1822.

By the income derived from schoolkeeping, he was enabled to pay off a large part of the expenses incurred at college. He commenced the study of the law under the depressing influence of poor health, but by adopting a rigid system of out-door exercise and manual labor, and strictly adhering to it for nearly two years, he regained his accustomed strength and vigor. The law business of Mr. Noyes was quite extensive, and required more than the ability and strength of one man to attend to, so that the hearty coöperation of the young law student was duly appreciated and handsomely recompensed. Mr. Nesmith was admitted to the bar in August, 1825, and immediately formed an equal partnership with Mr. Noyes which continued until, at the end of one year, the senior member of the firm withdrew from professional labor, on account of sickness, and surrendered the whole business to Mr. Nesmith. The kindness and liberality of Mr. Noyes to the young lawyer on the threshold of business life has ever been rightly appreciated by the recipient.

The old law office stood in the lower village of Franklin, then Salisbury, now known as the Webster Place. It was originally built about 1790, by Thomas W. Thompson. Its situation near the point where four of the five great counties of the state cornered was well selected for legal business. Mr. Thompson was a good lawyer, but not a great

advocate. His students acquired good, industrious habits and correct principles. They were: Moses Eastman, Daniel Webster, Ezekiel Webster, Daniel Abbot, Jeremiah H. Woodman, Jacob McGaw and Parker Noyes. Ichabod Bartlett, D. C. Atkinson, John A. Harper, Josiah Houghton, Peabody Rogers, and William C. Thompson studied with Mr. Noyes. To the last named Mr. Nesmith owed his invitation to leave his school in Bradford, Vermont, and enter the office consecrated to legal lore, as a student. Parker Noyes was Thomas W. Thompson's brother-in-law, and law partner from 1801; and, about 1807, succeeded to the business, when Mr. Thompson removed to Salisbury south road.

In April, 1829, Mr. Nesmith gave up the office at the lower village and removed to the upper village, where he has ever since resided. The old office is still in existence, reduced from its lofty station, and now doing duty as a neglected back kitchen, the law-tomes being replaced by the more humble pans and kettles.

Mr. Nesmith at once took an active part in the affairs of his adopted home, and entered eagerly into the scheme to incorporate the territory from the four towns of Northfield, Sanbornton, Andover and Salisbury, into a township, when there would be a community of interest—the town of Franklin. The first petition was presented in 1824. The following year a viewing committee, consisting of William Plumer, Jr., Caleb Keith and Abel Merrill, examined the territory, and reported favorably in 1826. The legislature of that year rejected the application on the ground that a majority of the inhabitants within the territory in question were not in favor of the new town. In June, 1828, there was more union and consequently more strength, and the petition was presented under more favorable auspices. Although opposed by the strenuous efforts and influence of three towns, the charter was granted in December, 1828. Judge Nesmith wrote the charter and gave the town its name. The three opposing towns at the June session, 1829, asked that the several tracts of territory taken from them should be restored. An order of notice was obtained for a hearing of this subject, returnable at June session, 1830. To the legislature of that year Mr. Nesmith was elected to represent the young town, and advocate the inviolability of its territory. The struggle came on in June. The first hearing was before the committee on towns and parishes, of which Hon. Franklin Pierce was chairman. The committee, by a majority of one, reported adversely to the towns; but their report, after a long and well contested debate, was rejected by the house, by two majority. The territory taken from Northfield was restored to her on a final vote, the matter being settled by the casting vote of the speaker. Twenty-six years afterwards this disputed territory, with more added, was quietly ceded to Franklin. His first legislative experience was arduous and repulsive to Mr. Nesmith, and by the division of the town he saw his majority fade away. However, he entered into the canvass of 1831 with vigor, and had the satisfaction of being reëlected by a majority of fifty—an increased majority over that of the previous election. Judge Nesmith represented Franklin in the legislature in 1832, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1838, 1839, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1854, 1871 and 1872; and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1850 and 1851.

From the first, he took advanced grounds on the subject of extending the system of railroads through the state and in granting to them the right of way, which was for a long time bitterly contested. From its organization in 1845 he has been actively interested in the Northern railroad, having been a director on every board, and for eight years president of the corporation. In 1852 and 1853 he became interested in manufacturing in the village of Franklin, and was an owner and director in the woolen factory, destroyed by fire in 1858.

December 31, 1859, he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme judicial court, which responsible trust

he exercised until October, 1870, when, having reached the age of seventy years, the constitution of the state relieved him from further duty. The last term of court over which he presided he brought to a close on the day before his seventieth birthday.

In the cause of education, and especially in Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, in all its departments, he has ever been deeply interested. Since 1858, he has been a trustee of that venerable institution; since 1870, a trustee of the New Hampshire agricultural college; since 1877, its president.

In 1871, Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. The incorporation and establishment of the New Hampshire orphan's home in 1871 (of which institution he has been president since its organization), and its maintenance since, has occupied much of Judge Nesmith's attention of late years, and he takes a paternal interest in every little orphan received there. He has attended to the purchase of the property and its daily support since, to the employment of the labor necessary for carrying on the farm, and the other departments of the institution, disbursing all the money from the treasury.

In politics, Judge Nesmith was a whig, and has been a republican from the organization of the party. For many years he has been a member of the Congregational church of Franklin, and is a consistent if not an active member. As a lawyer, he has the reputation of closing more lawsuits and stopping more litigation than any lawyer in the state. His clients have always reposed the utmost confidence in his judgment. During his connection with the bar of Merrimack county he has been engaged in many heavy lawsuits. Among the students who have studied with him are Hon. Asa P. Cate, Hon. Stephen G. Nash, Hon. Austin F. Pike, Hon. Daniel Barnard, John Bell Bouton, and Frederick Bartlett. One of the most pleasant reminiscences of his life is his friendship and intimacy with the "Great Expounder," Daniel Webster.

September 26, 1826, he was joined in marriage to Mary M., daughter of Samuel and Annie (Bedel) Brooks, granddaughter of Gen. Timothy Bedel, of revolutionary fame. Mrs. Nesmith was born in Haverhill, July 8, 1799. Of their children, but one survives. Geo. Brooks Nesmith, born February 13, 1831, died October 26, 1852, while a member of the junior class of Dartmouth College. Arthur Sidney Nesmith, born March 30, 1833, served the state during the war of the rebellion in the quartermaster department, holding the rank of captain; married Mary E. Moulder, of Washington, D. C.; served as representative in the legislature for the town of Franklin for the years 1868 and 1869, and died deeply lamented August 18, 1877, from the result of disease contracted in the army, leaving two daughters, who still survive, aged respectively eleven and eight years. Annie Nesmith, born July 24, 1841, resides with her father.

In closing this imperfect sketch of Judge Nesmith's life, I will quote the summing up of his character in Rev. W. R. Cochrane's History of Antrim: "He is a man of noble principles and honored life, enjoying in his old age the highest confidence and esteem of men;" a lawyer of sound judgment, of good sense, a safe counsellor, and an honest man. J. N. McCLINTOCK.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DAVID DUNBAR'S CONNECTIONS.

BY REV. A. H. QUINT, D. D.

Regarding the appointment of this person, who was Lieut.-Governor of New Hampshire from 1731 to 1737, as well as surveyor of the king's woods, Belknap says (Farmer's ed., p. 227): "The only qualifications which appear to have pleaded in his favor were poverty and the friendship of men in power." He says also that the appointment was made upon the recommendation of the board of trade in England. In making notes upon the history of New Hampshire, curiosity led me to search for the connections of Dunbar, and although the matter is little more than a gratification of inquisitiveness, a publication of the results may keep some other inquisitive person from going needlessly over the same ground.

Belknap mentions Col. Bladen as an active member of the very important board of trade. In the manuscript letters of Gov. Belcher to Secretary Waldron, kindly placed in my hands by Rev. Father Waldron, of Maryland, Gov. Belcher refers, August 7, 1732, to recent advices from England, and says: "His [Col. Dunbar's] great patron at the Board of Trade (Coll[l] Bl-d-n) was just ready to embark as Envoy to Denmark. His absence will be of great service & ease. Sancho's Brother was rubbing off to the Jersey's, near New York, there to be a Deputy Sheriff (as I am told)." "Sancho" was one of Gov. Belcher's pet names for Dunbar, whom he heartily hated. This allusion by Gov. Belcher led me to search for Col. Bladen as Envoy. I confess that I did not know that this Col. Martin Bladen was editor of an elegant edition of Cæsar's Commentaries. But it appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in June, 1732: "Martin Bladen, Samuel Tuffnell, and John Drummond, Esqr's, to be his Majesty's Commissaries to treat with those of the Emperor and the States General of the United Provinces." Various other references are made to him. A speech of his in the House of Commons is preserved. In 1731, "Christopher Bladen, nephew to Col. Bladen," was appointed ensign in Col. Fielding's regiment of foot.

Col. Bladen's grandfather was Rev. Dr. Bladen, who married Sarah, daughter of the second Baron Blayney by his wife Jane, daughter of Gerald, Viscount Drogheda. The Rev. Dr. Bladen's son Nathaniel, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister, was the father of Col. Martin Bladen. The Colonel, I find by an English army list of that date, was Colonel of the 40th Foot (or infantry we should call it). He served in war under his old schoolfellow, the Duke of Marlborough. He was styled "of Aldborough Hatch, Essex." Research into Essex history showed that he married Frances Fouch, who inherited a moiety of the estate of Aldborough Hatch, Essex, from her uncle, Col. Jory. The wife conveyed the estate, apparently for life, to her husband, and, surviving him until 1747, gave it to her cousin, Anna Hodges. Col. Bladen was Member of Parliament for Portsmouth, and one of the privy council for Ireland. He died February 15, 1745-6. A sister of Col. Bladen, Elizabeth, married (2d) Edward Hawke, and was the mother of that famous Edward Hawke, an admiral in the British navy, who was created Baron Hawke, May 22, 1776.

What made Col. Bladen the patron of David Dunbar I do not discover. Probably it was some common military service. Dunbar was a Lieut.-Colonel, but the accessible army lists do not show me his regiment. But I find connections of Col. Dunbar, by his marriage, which at once explain his appointment to office.

Gov. Belcher's letters (from Boston to Portsmouth) frequently refer to Dunbar, but not by name. His favorite ep-

ithets for him are, "Sancho Panza," "His Pemaquid-ship," and the like. A sentence in a letter of August 28, 1732, says: "If the Death you speak of be so, it brings Sancho's Wife (for life) two hundred Pounds St. a year. I say that was the outside of what I could learn it was worth when I was in England, which will by no means allow his Living any way otherwise than *In Cog.* Upon his return, which I believe he knows is just at hand, I think he'll not be seen in your [N. H.] Province."

This plainly referred to Dunbar. Somebody had died, and, in consequence of the death, Dunbar's wife came into some property. Fortunately, Gov. Belcher, in a letter dated October 30, 1732, gives us the clue: "Sancho's Death Warrant is daily expected." And, in reference to a rumor that Mrs. Dunbar had inherited £2,500 a year, he says: "But when I was in England, I was told, when Lord Blesington dyed, It would be a Benefit Ticket of £200 a Year for Madam's Life, and then to her children, which is but a pittiful Pittance for St. Patrick."

Dunbar being an Irishman, "St. Patrick" was clearly another pet name!

It was some trouble to find this Lord Blesington. The indexes were at fault, and two extinct peerages of that name were traced in vain, to find any Dunbar connection. But, finally, it appeared that Charles, second and last Viscount Blesington, died in Paris, June 2, 1732; and a search into the family showed that *Mary*, daughter of Sir John Lissmullen by his wife Mary, daughter of Murrogh, first Viscount Blesington, married, in August, 1708, Capt. *David Dunbar*. Thus, the wife of Dunbar was niece of the Lord Blesington who died in 1732.

Other influential connections by this marriage may be seen by tracing some lines of descent from Mrs. Dunbar's ancestor, Roger Boyle.

This Roger Boyle had two sons, *Roger* and *Michael*. *Roger*, the first son, had a son Richard, created Earl of Cork in 1620, Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and known in history as the "great Earl of Cork." He died in 1642, leaving two sons, (1) Richard, second Earl of Cork (created Earl of Burlington in 1664), and (2) Roger, created Earl of Orrery in 1660. At the time of Col. Dunbar's public life, Richard, fourth Earl of Cork, was living, and also his kinsman John, fifth Earl of Orrery. Eventually, the fourth Earl of Cork died without male issue; his daughter Charlotte married William, fourth Duke of Devonshire; but the title of Earl of Cork went to the fifth Earl of Orrery, and the two have been united ever since.

Going back to *Michael* Boyle, son of the Roger first mentioned above, and tracing the direct line of Mrs. Dunbar, —Michael's second son, Richard Boyle, became Archbishop of Tuam, May 30, 1638. *His* son Michael (Mrs. Dunbar's great grandfather) became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, February 27, 1678, and was also Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. *His* son, Murrogh (Mrs. Dunbar's grandfather) was created Viscount Blesington, August 17, 1673. He was Governor of Limerick, Commissioner of the Great Seal, and of the Privy Council. He was twice married; first, to Mary, daughter of Rev. Dr. John Parker, Archbishop of Dublin; she died September 13, 1668, and Lord Blesington married, second, Lady Anne Coote, daughter of Charles, second Earl of Mountrath, by which marriage he had Charles, second Viscount Blesington, who died in 1732, as narrated by Gov. Belcher. The only child of the first Viscount Blesington's first wife was Mary, who married, December, 1684, Sir John Lissmullen, of Meath, and had only *Mary, who married Capt. David Dunbar.*

The title of Blesington was twice revived. Murrogh, first Viscount Blesington, had a daughter, Anne Boyle (aunt to Mrs. Dunbar), who married Wm. Stewart, second Viscount Mountjoy, and their son William was, in 1745, created Earl of Blesington, but the title died with him, in 1769. The second revival of the title was through the Stewarts, but not in the Boyle blood, and it was last heard of in Lady Blesington, who married Count D'Orsay.

I have stated above that Mrs. Dun-

bar's grandfather, Murrogh, first Viscount Blesington married, second, Lady Anne Coote. She was granddaughter of Charles, first Earl of Mountrath, whose brother Richard was created Baron Coote. Baron Coote was father of Richard, created *Earl of Bellamont* in 1696, afterwards Governor of New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. The third Earl of Bellamont, second cousin to Mrs. Dunbar's uncle, Lord Blesington, was living when Dunbar was appointed Lieut.-Governor of New Hampshire.

If Mrs. Dunbar's relatives of high rank undertook to provide for her impecunious husband, it is clear why Gov. Belcher failed to prevail against his lieutenant for New Hampshire. In addition to the above mentioned peerages and alliances, it serves to show the success of the Boyle family, that when Charles Dunbar, only son of Lieut.-Governor David Dunbar by his wife Mary, died (in 1778) without issue, he bequeathed his great property to three peers, viz., Wills, Earl of Hillsborough, Thomas, Viscount DeVesey, and Edward-Michael, Lord Longford,—all lineal descendants of Primate Boyle, Mrs. David Dunbar's great-grandfather. I think that David Dunbar became Lieut.-Governor of New Hampshire, and kept his place, because his wife was of the fortunate and powerful Boyle family, and her uncle was Lord Blesington.

DEAD?

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

You say our friend is dead: and yet we see
The work of her deft fingers all about,
The happy words she penned for you and me—
We read them still; no line has fa le l out.

And memory holds her in such close embrace
Her graceful form is present with us still;
We note the changing light on her dear face,
And her low voice has yet a power to thrill.

Life is not just to breathe, to sleep and wake,
Be grave and gay through certain lengths of years;
And as we come and go to give and take
Naught to or from the world but smiles and tears.

We put ourselves into our work and thought,
And he lives longest who toils most and best;
For works live on while the frail hands that wrought
Are cold and still in their last, changeless rest.

When earth and air no longer hold her form,
When every vestige of her life is fled,
When no heart beats that kept her memory warm,
O, not till then will our loved friend be dead!

CAPT. ROBERT NEAL, SENIOR, AND HIS WIFE, MARGARET LEAR NEAL.—THEIR DESCENDANTS AND FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

BY HON. THOMAS L. TULLOCK.

Robert Neal was born at Portsmouth, N. H., July 17, 1755, and died in that town August 17, 1822. He was the son of Andrew Neal, who died about the year 1800, "an husbandman and house carpenter, an excellent workman and a loveable man."

The family probably were originally from Wales, England. Robert was a master-mariner, following mainly the coasting trade. February 12, 1778, he married Margaret Lear, who was born in Portsmouth, October 13, 1753, and died there November 22, 1845. After their marriage they resided for a short time at New Castle, N. H. The forts which commanded the mouth of the Piscataqua river for the protection of Portsmouth were liable to be attacked by the British fleet during the revolutionary war, and most of the women left the island for places of safety, more remote from the seaboard. Mrs. Neal remained, notwithstanding the exposed position of the place, until after her husband sailed from Portsmouth in a privateer, which was captured by a British man-of-war. The crew was carried to England and incarcerated in Mill prison, situated on a promontory projecting into the sound between Plymouth and Plymouth Dock, two considerable towns in Devonshire. Formerly wind-mills stood on this eminence which gave it the designation of Mill Hill, from which the prison took its name. As many Americans were confined in this place, a description of it may be interesting. There were three buildings, one of which was built in Queen Anne's time. The largest was one hundred feet long and twenty wide, situated at the north end of the yard. It was two stories high, built of stone, and without windows on the north front. There was a space of about twenty feet between this building and the commissary's office, which stood at the west, having no windows in the east end. A wall on the north as high as the eves of the prison extended to the office; a similar wall on the south joined the two buildings. In this wall was a gate leading into the main yard. The commissary's office and the cook-room made the sides of the outer yard, which was separated from the large prison yard by a strong wooden gate. In January, 1782, there were about one thousand American prisoners of war confined in this prison; among them were John H. Seawards, Andrew Toombs, Daniel Huntress, Michael Hooker, Richard S. Tibbetts, Nathaniel Kennard, John Briard, Andrew Sherburne, John Bodge and Robert Neal, of Portsmouth, N. H., Mark Fernald, James Hooper, Richmond Perry, James Brown, and others, from Kittery, Maine, a town on the Piscataqua, opposite to Portsmouth.

John Bodge was quite an expert in making punch ladles of apple-tree wood, some of which he sold while in prison for nearly half a guinea; also, wooden spoons, busks and knitting sheaths very curiously wrought. He married Capt. Neal's sister, Abigail, December 27, 1785. She was born in 1753 and died May 10, 1836, aged 83. Capt. Bodge died April 13, 1820, aged 66. They were the parents of the late William Bodge, Esq., who was born June 25, 1793, and died November 19, 1874, aged 84, a highly respected citizen of Portsmouth, formerly a merchant and more recently surveyor of customs at that port, 1863-7. While in his minority he learned the trade of chaise maker, and was president of the Mechanics' Association, 1851-2—a notable in-

stitution of Portsmouth, instituted November 4, 1802, and incorporated June 10, 1803, by the name of "Associated Mechanics and Manufacturers of New Hampshire"—the oldest incorporated mechanics' association in the country. He was one of the founders of the Howard Benevolent Society, February 19, 1829, and a director from almost its organization to the day of his death. He enlisted in Capt. William Marshall's company for the protection and defense of the town and harbor of Portsmouth, August 13, 1814, and was stationed at Little Harbor and Fort Constitution. He married (1) Eliza, daughter of Col. Joshua Wentworth, an eminent merchant and patriot, March 16, 1823; she died September 30, 1825, aged 38; (2) Phebe H. Sherburne, of Conway, N. H.; born April 10, 1804; married November 19, 1826, and is now living. Her parents were from Portsmouth, and descendants of the Sherburnes and Harts, who were prominent families in Portsmouth history.

A record on the inside of a parchment-covered book, now in my possession, reads: "Robert Neal. This book bought in Mill Prison. John Bodge intends to stay in Mill Prison two months from this date, October 29, 1781"—probably written in jest.

Capt. Charles H. Chase, the husband of the writer's sister, was a nephew of Capt. James Brown, who, while in Mill prison, taught navigation and employed his leisure hours in manufacturing nets for drying glue. He was born in Kittery, January 11, 1760, married Sarah Fernald in 1792, and died in his native town August 10, 1838, aged 78.

After her husband's capture, Mrs. Neal determined to visit her brothers, Joseph and George Walker Lear, who had moved previous to the war to Saville, now known as Goshen. It was a mountainous settlement in Sullivan county, on the "back-bone" of New Hampshire. At the time the two brothers signed the "Association Test," 1776, it had sixty-five inhabitants, all ages. The town of Goshen was incorporated December 27, 1791, and was taken from Newport, Newbury, Washington, Lempster, Unity and Sunapee. The tract of land which the Lears occupied and owned was included in the territory granted by the name of Saville, November 7, 1768, and was incorporated April 4, 1781, under the name of Wendell, in honor of John Wendell, one of the principal proprietors, and a resident of Portsmouth. The name was changed to Sunapee, July 12, 1850. Mrs. Neal accomplished the journey of more than one hundred miles on horseback with no companion but her only child, an infant son, whom she carried in her arms. The route, part of the way, was over roads made by the King's surveyors for the conveyance of trees for masts and spars for the royal navy, and at times through dense forests with no other path than that indicated by "blazed trees," marked probably by hardy trappers or adventurous scouts in the perilous times of Indian warfare. At one time, being chased by wolves, she took shelter in a friendly hut, opportunely in sight, and, at another, in a deserted one, the wild animals in the surrounding forests making the night hideous with their noises. Thus she pursued her lonely way through almost trackless woods, occasionally coming to a small village, until she arrived at Saville, having been several days on the road, resting at night in the log-cabins of the hardy settlers on the route. After encountering many dangers and hardships she at last reached the dwelling of her brother, Joseph Lear, the cellar of whose house is to be seen on the farm owned by his son, Tobias Lear, Esq., of Goshen, who was living, at an advanced age, in 1859, when I visited the homestead. On being questioned why his father selected that elevated position in preference to the rich intervale lands of the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers, he replied that the early pioneers felt more secure in locating on high grounds, the better for observation, and because the wild beasts frequented the low lands and the Indians pursued the water courses.

Mrs. Neal remained there two years or more, until after the declaration of peace, when she started for Portsmouth,

meeting her husband on the way, from whom she had not heard since his capture. He was accompanied by Capt. Bodge.

From exposure on the journey, the weather during part of the time being inclement, rheumatism resulted and the joints of both her hands were permanently enlarged. During the war of 1812, she could not be induced to leave her house on South School street in Portsmouth for an inland town with her two daughters, saying: "No; I would not leave if the enemy were at the door." Her husband's name appears in the "Test Oath" of 1776, which is published in the "Provincial Records." The two families, Neal and Lear, were among the early settlers of Portsmouth and vicinity, and owned and occupied land near Sagamore creek. I may in another sketch refer more particularly to them. Mrs. Neal died at the age of 93, retaining her faculties in a remarkable degree to the close of her long life. She was frugal and industrious, short in stature and spare in form herself, while her three children were of commanding presence, large and symmetrically proportioned.

(*Portsmouth Journal*, November 24, December 14, 1866, January 5, 1867.)

Capt. Robert Neal, Jr., the infant son who accompanied his mother to Goshen, was born at Portsmouth, September 28, 1779, and died in that city January 2, 1852, full of years, of honors and of goodness. He was a captain in the United States 40th regiment of infantry during the war of 1812, and commanded Fort McClary in Portsmouth harbor, opposite to Fort Constitution, with the late Hon. Daniel P. Drown as his first lieutenant, and the late venerable William B. Parker, Esq., as second lieutenant. Capt. Neal was allowed a pension for injuries received while in the performance of his duties. Prior to entering the regular army, Capt. Neal enlisted, June 29, 1812, and commanded a company of thirty days' men for the defense of Portsmouth harbor. (Adjutant General's Report of New Hampshire, 1868.) At a public town meeting held July 15, 1813, to consider the exposed situation of Portsmouth and to adopt measures for the more effectual defense of the town, harbor and seacoast in the vicinity of the Piscataqua, Hon. Clement Storer was chosen moderator. William Gardner, John F. Parrott, Daniel Austin, William Rice, William Ladd, William Flagg, Edward J. Long, Samuel Larkin, William Ham, Jr., *John S. Davis* and *Robert Neal, Jr.*, were appointed a committee to consider the subject, and on the 22d of said month they submitted a long report. Their recommendations were adopted. Capt. Neal held many responsible offices under the town, state and general government,—selectman, overseer of the poor, chairman board of firewards, surveyor of wood and lumber, superintendent of the alms house, chief marshal on several public occasions, commissary general of New Hampshire, captain of the Portsmouth artillery, inspector of the customs, and other positions. He was a prominent member of all the Masonic bodies, both grand and local, a member of the Mechanics' Association forty-eight years, and its president in 1849-'50.

He learned the trade of cooper with the late Dea. James Day, but did not continue in the business long after the close of his apprenticeship. He was an exemplary member of the South Parish, and held, for many years, official relations to the church, as warden, collector and treasurer. Capt. Neal was a man of great kindness of heart and genuine benevolence, and possessed many ennobling characteristics. He was married, September 11, 1802, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel McClintock, of Greenland, N. H.—a distinguished chaplain at the battle of Bunker Hill—to Mary Fields, who died December 11, 1812, aged 32; aunt to the gifted and scholarly James T. Fields, and the jovial and large-hearted George A. Fields, both "sons of Portsmouth," now resident at Boston. Mrs. Neal left three children: (1) *Hannah*, widow of the late Capt. Daniel Libbey, a well known and highly respected ship-master and ship-owner, who died August 23, 1878, aged 77. Mrs. Libbey is now living at

Portsmouth — beautiful in character, constant in her friendships, and possessing virtues which ennobles life and endears her to family and friends. Without children to share her love, she has had a motherly care for others who have composed her well-ordered home circle. (2) *Mary*, who was married to Capt. Charles H. Chase, October 17, 1835, died February 5, 1847, aged 36, leaving two children; one, Alexine, the wife of Col. George F. Towle of the United States army, an officer whose military record is conspicuously meritorious — they were married December 29, 1864; the other, Mary, married to James T. Simes (January 28, 1864) a merchant of New York city, and son of the late Hon. William Simes, ex-mayor of Portsmouth. Their only child, Robert Fields Simes, born October 31, 1864, survives them. (3.) The youngest daughter, *Margaret*, died at Manchester, January 1, 1868, aged 56. Margaret married George W. Cheney, a native of Derry, since deceased. The marriage was without issue.

Capt. Neal's second wife was his cousin, Mary Bodge, who died July 9, 1824, aged 36. His third wife was Mary, daughter of the late Capt. John Stavers Davis; born January 27, 1800; married July 13, 1825, and is now living—an affectionate and loving aunt, intelligent, kind and sympathetic. Her father was a most excellent citizen, a ship-owner and an accomplished ship-master. During the war of 1812, he commanded a company of enlisted men raised for the defense of Portsmouth harbor, and was stationed at Fort Constitution.

The company of "Sea Fencibles," enlisted under the authority of the war department, in 1814, for the further defense of the sea-coast of New Hampshire, was commanded by Capt. Davis. Before becoming a seaman he learned the trade of sail-maker, and was president of the Portsmouth Mechanics' Association in 1834-5. He was born November 9, 1776; married Mary Moses, September, 1797; died September 14, 1843. His grandfather, John Stavers, was proprietor of the "Earl of Halifax" and "William Pitt" hotels, noted hostelries in their times, and well described in "Rambles about Portsmouth," vol. 1, pages 187-195, and elsewhere in that volume.

Margaret, the eldest daughter of Robert and Margaret Lear Neal, was born June 9, 1785; died December 25, 1832. She was married in 1803 to Capt. Caleb Holyoke Hopkins, who was lost in a violent snow storm off Point Alderton, Boston harbor, January 11, 1816. She afterwards married, December, 1824, Ephraim Coleman, familiarly called and widely known as "Squire Coleman," of Newington, who died in that town, May 10, 1851, aged 84. He maintained a good report through life, and was an exemplary and honored citizen. His name is associated with every christian enterprise of his native town for upwards of half a century. He never failed to attend religious service, during his connection with the church, for upwards of forty-two years, excepting on one or two occasions when absent from home. His house was called the "Pilgrim's Hotel," and sheltered the early pioneers of Methodism. Brodhead, Pickering, Metcalf, Merritt, Mudge, Adams, and other itinerants, frequented his dwelling, and found repose and sympathy beneath his hospitable roof. As president of the first temperance society in Newington, he endeavored to extend its usefulness. The anti-slavery cause also found in him an early sympathizing friend. His example was radiant with a heavenly influence, and sweet memories of his virtues dwell in the recollection of those who knew and loved him.

One of Caleb and Margaret Hopkins's children, John Edward, died at sea, on a voyage to Liverpool as first officer of the brig *Aquila*, August 4, 1831, aged 24 years. He made several voyages to the East Indies and was mate of the ship *Sachem*, commanded by Capt. Abel Coffin, of Newburyport, when that vessel brought the Siamese twins to this country. They always evinced a special fondness for him, and visited his family connections in Portsmouth and Newington when in that

vicinity. He was noble and athletic, intelligent and jovial, a young officer of great promise. Richard, another son, was killed September 17, 1812, aged 3 years and 6 months. His death was occasioned by a kick from a horse which was allowed to go at large in the streets.

The other child, Mary E. B. H. H., married Thornton Betton, Esq., of Derry, N. H., a well known counsellor-at-law, a graduate of Dartmouth College (1820), and the son of Hon. Silas Betton, a member of Congress from New Hampshire in 1803-7, and the grandson of Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and first president of New Hampshire. He was born at Salem, N. H., April 3, 1800, and died at Derry, September 16, 1841, aged 41, leaving a widow and three children.

The eldest son, Frank H. Betton, when a young man, was employed in mercantile pursuits, as a clerk, in Boston; afterwards in the same capacity at Petersburg, Va., from which place he went to Kansas. He was one of the "Free State men" who helped to secure that territory to freedom. Arrived at Kansas early in May, 1856, and was at Lawrence about the time that settlement was sacked and destroyed by the "Border State men." He is now a resident of Pomeroy, Wyandotte county, Kansas, and owns and operates a flouring mill. He was recently the grand master of the R. W. Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. of that state, and has been its grand representative to the General Grand Lodge of the United States; also, the grand chancellor of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias of the state of Kansas, and its representative to the Supreme Lodge of the United States. He married, July 16, 1861, Susanna Mudeater, an accomplished and educated lady, daughter of Matthew Mudeater, head chief for a number of years of the Wyandotte nation. He made frequent visits to Washington in the interest of his tribe, and was, for many years, elected to the councils of his nation. He was educated at the Wyandotte mission school of the Methodist Episcopal church at Upper Sandusky, Ohio. He married Nancy Pike, also educated at the same mission. Both "exceedingly fair and handsome." They emigrated with the Wyandottes to the Indian Territory in 1843. He was born in 1813; died August 20, 1878. Susanna's sister, Mary, was educated at a private school in Portsmouth, N. H., and on her return to Kansas was married to Scott Armstrong, son of Silas Armstrong, formerly a chief of the Wyandottes.

The second son, Col. Matthew Thornton Betton, entered the Union army as captain of Co. K, 13th New Hampshire regiment of volunteers, and served with credit during the war of the rebellion. He entered Richmond, Va., in command of the 81st regiment New York volunteers, and was assigned to duty as military commandant of Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, having the honor of raising the stars and stripes of his regiment over the same after the surrender. He was the first provisional grand commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for New Hampshire, has been grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias for the state, an alderman of the city of Portsmouth, and has held other creditable positions. He is married, and resides at Portsmouth.

The other son, Thornton Betton, is a respected citizen of Portsmouth, and prominent in the orders of I. O. O. F. and Knights of Pythias, and has been actively connected with the fire department as one of its engineers. Mary, their mother, is now living at Portsmouth, the wife of William Fabyan, to whom she was married November 29, 1846.

The other daughter of Robert and Margaret Lear Neal, *Mary*, was born in Portsmouth, June 25, 1789, and was married to Capt. John Barnes, October 3, 1809. He was born in Portsmouth, and died in Havana, Cuba, July 8, 1810, aged 27 years. Their only child, John E. H. Barnes, was born August 7, 1810, and died September 5, 1858, aged 48. Mrs. Barnes was subsequently married to Capt. William Tullock, April 17, 1815 (*Granite Monthly* for May, 1880), and

died at Portsmouth, July 25, 1846, a christian lady of exemplary piety, and possessing rare and most excellent traits of character. Her three children: Robert Neal Tullock, born June 25, 1817, resides at Charlestown, Mass.; Thomas Logan Tullock, born February 11, 1820, now residing at Washington, D. C., and Mary Jane, wife of the late Capt. Charles H. Chase, born September 8, 1823, died at Portsmouth, December 28, 1872.

Another son of Robert and Margaret Lear Neal, Richard, born December 23, 1791, was lost at sea, on passage from France, in December, 1806.

Robert Neal, Sr., had two sisters. Abigail, married to Capt. John Bodge, as heretofore named; the other, Margaret, born April 19, 1751, married John Shortridge in 1770, died at Greenland, N. H., in 1840, aged 89.

I have heard it related that sometimes when the parents had occasion to go to the "Bank," as Portsmouth was then called, and leave the children at home, they would from fear of the Indians fasten the doors and hide under the table, behind a large, deep leaf which reached almost to the floor.

They had two half brothers; one, James, who married Abigail Colfax, and lived and died at Portland, Maine. The other, Samuel Neal, who married Sarah Whidden, of Portsmouth, August 22, 1790. He died September 27, 1807, aged 42; she died in September, 1836, aged 86. They were the parents of Abigail, widow of Gideon Beck, Esq., for many years editor and proprietor of the *New Hampshire Gazette*, established October 7, 1756, and now the oldest newspaper in America. She died April 24, 1878, aged 87. Her brother, Samuel Neal, Jr., a merchant tailor, was the father of Sarah, the late wife of Hon. Marcellus Bufford, of Portsmouth. Another daughter, Isabel, was the first wife of Capt. Joshua Kenney, who sailed from Portsmouth in the *Sarah Atkins* on a sealing voyage and was lost, no tidings ever having been received from the vessel. Mary married John Gould, Esq., of Dover, N. H., a well known baker of that city.

I have traced the descendants of Robert Neal, Sr., and Margaret Lear Neal, his wife, almost to the present time, and may furnish another sketch of the families of Neal and Lear prior to the revolutionary war, including Col. Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary; Benjamin Lear, the hermit of Sagamore; and Capt. George Walker, whose name is engraved on the massive silver waiter which belonged to Hon. Theodore Atkinson, and is now owned in the family of the late Hon. Asa Freeman, of Dover. On this waiter is inscribed the names, ages and time of death of forty-eight individuals who were his particular friends. The sixteenth name is "*Geo. Walker, Dec. 7, 1748. 86.*" (Rambles about Portsmouth, vol. 2, page 62.) He "left property to his wife, Abigail, and to Walker Lear, son of his sister, Elizabeth Lear." Walker Lear was undoubtedly the father of Margaret Lear Neal. His name was Walker, and his sons and their children bear the names of Tobias, George Walker and Walker Lear.

NOTE.—I regret that my attention was not directed to the subject of family history until after those who could have given full and authentic information had passed away. I was young when the principals lived whose history and character I have attempted to delineate, and have therefore relied mainly on my own recollection, verified by inquiry and research. The few sketches I have written for publication are collated from records made at different times, and which are, generally, more minute than the published sketches. A busy life and absence for several years from my Portsmouth home have prevented a more complete and satisfactory record,—a record which I was incited to commence by my esteemed friend, the lamented Charles W. Brewster, of Portsmouth, who, when publishing the "Rambles about Portsmouth," said to me: "I propose giving one or more chapters on the early navigators of this section, and I want you to write up your father's history." I replied: "I cannot; his papers are scattered: all the members of the family who could give information are dead, and the surviving children have limited knowledge concerning him." He answered: "Everybody talks as you do, at first, but I have secured the material for my Rambles by conferring with one and another, frequently, especially the old folks, and by awakening their recollection have rescued many interesting reminiscences from oblivion. Now, just note all you know, and have heard and can learn from others about your father and family connections, and you will be surprised at the result." I followed his suggestion. The sketch of Capt. William Tullock in the *Granite Monthly* for May, 1880, communicated by Rev. Silas Ketchum, was prepared from a manuscript furnished by me, for him to select such parts as were within the scope of his Dictionary of New Hampshire Biography. I consented to his request to publish it entire in your valuable monthly. I could have given a more complete record had I known at the outset that the manuscript would be printed. The demise of Mr. Brewster and Mr. Ketchum deprives us of much information they had collected and purposed contributing to our New Hampshire historical literature. T. L. T.

HISTORY OF THE FOUR MEETING-HOUSES OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN CONCORD.

BY JOSEPH B. WALKER.

OUR FOURTH MEETING-HOUSE.
1874.

The pulpit, with some other furniture of the church which had escaped the flames, was removed, soon after daylight, to the city hall. Here the society worshipped that day, and had a temporary home until March, 1876, when this, our fourth meeting-house, was ready for occupancy.

On the evening of the day following that of the fire (June 29, 1873), an informal meeting of the society, fully attended, was held at the City Hall to consider the existing situation, and to take such action in relation thereto as might be deemed advisable. While the meeting was in some degree a sad one, there were apparent no signs of despondency. After prayer by the pastor, the former pastor, Dr. Bouton, venerable in years and strong in the affections of the people, arose and said, "Let us rise up and build," and all the people responded, "Amen!" The resolutions, which he offered, deploring the loss of our third meeting-house and pledging the society to the erection of a new one, passed without a dessenting vote.[1] The keynote was struck, and the settled purpose of the people was expressed.

Immediately afterwards a committee was raised to investigate the title to the lot upon which the late meeting-house had stood, and to suggest a scheme for raising means for the erection of a new one, with instructions to report at a legal meeting to be called as soon as possible.[2]

At the same time, another was appointed to procure plans and estimates of the cost of a new house of worship.[3]

At a legal meeting, duly called and holden some three weeks later (July 21), the action of the informal meeting, just mentioned, was confirmed, and it was "Voted unanimously that we rebuild upon the old site, if no legal disabilities be found." It was also decided that the money arising from insurance of the organ be set aside and used, when needed, in the purchase of a new one.[4]

The question as to the location of the contemplated house gave rise to considerable discussion, but the prevalent opinion favored building upon the old lot. A difficulty, however, presented itself in the fact, that the title of the lot was found to be not in the society but in the pew holders of the old house, who

1 "Resolved that we deeply deplore the destruction by fire on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-ninth instant, of the beautiful house in which we and our fathers have worshipped during the period of an entire generation."

"Resolved that while we humbly acknowledge the providence of God in this great loss, we gratefully acknowledge the many blessings conferred on us as a church and religious society; and, trusting still in Him, resolve with united hearts to arise and build another edifice for His worship and to the honor of His name."—*Society Records, Vol. 3, page 80.*

2 "Voted that a committee of three be appointed to examine into and report at a future time in regard to the question of pew-holder's title to the land on which the house stood. Messrs. J. B. Walker, Enoch Gerrish and Sylvester Dana were appointed said committee."

"The best means to be adopted for procuring the means to erect the proposed new house of worship was referred to Messrs J. B. Walker, Gerrish and Dana, with instructions to report on the same at the next regular meeting of the society."—*Society Records, Vol. 3, page 84.*

3 This committee, which consisted originally of Shadrach Seavey, M. H. Bradley and James Hazelton, was subsequently enlarged by the addition of William G. Carter, Benjamin S. Warren, Edward A. Moulton, Joseph B. Walker, Abner C. Holt, John Abbot, Samuel S. Kimball, Isaac N. Abbot, George F. Page, and Mark R. Holt.—*Society Records, Vol. 3, page 85.*

4 On motion of Dr. William G. Carter, it was "Voted that the insurance money on the organ, when received, be set apart and kept intact for the purchase of a new organ, and that it be placed in the hands of the Financial Agent of the society."—*Society Records, Vol. 3, page 86.*

erally had in it an undivided interest proportioned to the original values of their pews. Some of these were not members of the society and felt no special interest in the erection of a new house. Those who contemplated doing so were unwilling to build upon land to which they had no title. This embarrassment was finally removed by a transfer by the former pew-owners, for nominal considerations, of their several interests in the lot to the First Congregational Society in Concord. Nearly all signed the conveyance[1] which bears date

1 Know all men by these presents, that we, the subscribers, chiefly of Concord in the county of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, proprietors of pews in the meeting-house recently occupied by the First Congregational Society in Concord, and owners of the lot of land in said Concord on which said house was situated, in consideration of one cent and of other valuable considerations, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, do hereby remise, release, and forever quitclaim unto the First Congregational Society in Concord, a legal corporation, our respective undivided shares in the said lot of land appurtenant to and equal to the proportioned value of the pews in said house, according to the original appraisal thereof, whose numbers are prefixed to our respective names; which said said lot is bounded easterly 85 feet by Main street, southerly 200 feet by Washington street, westerly 106 feet and northerly 198 feet, by lands of Samuel M. Griffin.

To have and to hold the same, with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, to the said society, its successors and assigns forever; provided, however, that this deed shall not take effect until the proprietors of at least seventy-two pews in said house shall have executed the same; and provided further that the said society, within two months after the delivery to it of this deed, shall execute and deliver to an association of persons who may then undertake to erect a new house of worship on said lot, a lease of the same, for a nominal rent and for such period of time as said house may remain upon said premises.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hands and affix our seal this eleventh day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of us: [SEAL.]

	No.	
B. S. Warren, I. N. Abbott.		35. J. B. Walker.
M. H. Farnum, Charles C. Neal.		77. Chas. P. Blanchard.
P. H. Larkin, Caleb Brown.	23, 36,	65. F. A. Fisk.
P. H. Larkin, Caleb Brown.	24, 43,	97. Moses H. Bradley.
J. M. Hoyt, S. M. Hurd.	11,	12. Rebecca A. Davis.
Caroline B. Roby, Luther Roby.		9. Mary Ann Roby.
Abby H. Sweetser, Ada J. Clark.		52. H. P. Sweetser.
Henry S. Dunlap, S. E. Straw.		108. Andrew Bunker.
Byron Moore, C. T. Huntoon.		½ 71. Geo. H. Marston.
Mary E. Lang, M. H. Bradley.	48,	59. Clara P. Morrill.
Frances M. Abbot, W. S. Abbot.		102. John Abbot.
John C. Thorn, M. H. Bradley.		95. Calvin Thorn.
A. J. Herbert, M. H. Bradley.		32. Nancy B. Herbert.
H. Campbell, J. D. Johnson.		103. J. C. Tilton.
Mrs. J. E. Lang, Ella S. Lang.	30,	76. Mary E. West.
Almira Silsby, Mrs. C. F. Stewart.		49. Emeline A. Pecker.
Charles A. Robinson, Mrs. C. F. Stewart.		37. Fannie P. Robinson.
Helen P. Stearns, Moses H. Bradley.		15 L. A. Walker.
Moses H. Bradley, M. O. Gerrish.		53. Enoch Gerrish.
Hattie E. Carter, Moses H. Bradley.		33. Ezra Carter.
Hattie E. Carter, Moses H. Bradley.		63. W. G. Carter.
Warren E. Freeman, M. H. Bradley.		101. J H. Stewart.
E. A. Moulton, Mrs. M. C. Moulton.		82. B. S. Moulton.
S. R. Moulton, Mrs. M. C. Moulton.		107. E. A. Moulton.
C. F. Nichols, E. A. Moulton.		56. A. M. Grant.
Chas. P. Hoyt, E. A. Moulton.		51. C. W. Moore.
Edna A. Bean, E. A. Moulton.		54. James Hazelton.
W. H. Pitman, W. Odlin.	57 &	70. Daniel A. Hill.
Geo. D. B. Prescott, C. R. Greenough.		14. Charles E. Ballard.
Sarah E. Jones, M. H. Bradley.		34. Harriet F. Coffin.
D. S. Palmer, M. H. Bradley.		45. Sylvester Dana.
J. B. Walker, C. F. Stewart.		1. G. W. Ela.
B. S. Warren, Butler Jones.		8. Mrs. J. C. Ordway.
S. F. Buswell, C. F. Stewart.		Mrs. J. D. Buswell.
C. F. Stewart, H. Campbell.		Lowell Brown.
H. Campbell, Isaac N. Abbot.		98. Charles F. Stewart.
Jeremiah S. Abbot, Isaac N. Abbot.		19. Daniel Knowlton.
Isaac N. Abbot, Lucia A. Flanders.		5. Jacob N. Flanders.
N. K. Abbot, I. N. Abbot.		106. Albert Saltmarsh.
John Ballard, I. N. Abbot.		78. Daniel Farnum.
David Farnum, I N. Abbot.		13. John Ballard.
Joseph S. Abbot, E. A. Flanders.		17. Esther Abbot.
C. P. Blanchard, Laura Roby.		29. Mrs. W. Roby.
N. J. Guild, C. P. Blanchard.		99. Anne A. Kimball.
Fanny Kittredge, C. P. Blanchard.		94. Mrs. J. Kittredge.
C. P. Blanchard, George Simonds.		7. David Simonds.
L. W. Durgin, C. P. Blanchard.		89. John Burgum.
E. H. Paige, Chas. P. Blanchard.		100. Cyrus W. Paige.
M. J. Utley, C. P. Blanchard.		6. Samuel Utley.
John C. Thorn, Chas. P. Blanchard.		96. Andrew S. Smith.
B. S. Warren, John C. Thorn.	4 pews.	Benjamin Farnum.
Mrs. Mary C. Gove, J. B. Walker.		61. Sylvester Dana.
Chas. R. Walker, Abby H. Jones.	5–18	75. William Abbot.
Chas. R. Walker, Clara E. Chase.	5–18	75. Moses B. Abbot.

August 11, 1873, and thereby the lot became the property of the society, which subsequently, June 1, 1874, executed a lease of the same to the pew owners of the present house during the period of its continuance.[1]

The duties devolved upon the committee appointed to present a plan for a new house proved onerous and perplexing. The subject interested every member of the society, and the ideas in regard to it were as various as they were vague. Two plans carefully matured were rejected. As time was passing and little progress making, some signs of impatience were occasionally shown, but it

John W. Ford, Chas. P. Blanchard.	No.	46.	W. F. Ford.
C. P. Blanchard, C. A. Woolson.		40.	M. C. Herbert.
M. C. Herbert, C. P. Blanchard.	73 &	85.	C. A. Woolson.
A. M. Kelly, E. A. Moulton.		88.	Harriet N. Hook.
M. F. Moore, C. W. Moore.		38.	H. M. Moore.
John C. Thorn, B. S. Warren.		42.	Sylvester Dana.
John C. Thorn, B. S. Warren.		44.	Sylvester Dana.
Sylvester Dana, Mary C. Colby.	8-10	75.	Phebe C. Lund.
O. L. Shepard, M. H. Bradley.		3.	Joseph Eastman.
C. F. Stewart, J. B. Walker.		10.	Dorcas M. Stickney.
S. H. Stevens, Sylvester Dana.		39.	Sarah E. Hamilton.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
MERRIMACK SS. SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Personally appeared the above named Joseph B. Walker, Charles P. Blanchard, Moses H. Bradley, Andrew Bunker, George H. Marston, William G. Carter, Edward A. Moulton, Charles W. Moore, Charles E. Ballard, Charles P. Stewart, Daniel Farnum, John Ballard, Benjamin Farnum, Enoch Gerrish, Calvin Thorn, Francis A. Fisk, and Phebe C. Lund, and July 22, 1874, Sarah E. Hamilton, and severally acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be their voluntary act and deed.

Before me, SYLVESTER DANA, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
MERRIMACK SS. SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Personally appeared the above named Mary E. West, Emeline A. Pecker, Fannie P. Robinson, Rebecca A. Davis, Henry P. Sweetser, Cyrus W. Paige, Judith D. Boswell, Daniel A. Hill, Lowell Brown, Ezra Carter, Harriet N. Hook, J. Kittredge, John Burgum, Clara P. Morrill, John Abbot, Anne A. Kimball, Andrew S. Smith, William P. Ford, Nancy B. Herbert, David Simonds, Joseph C. Tilton, W. Roby, George W. Ela, Dorcas M. Stickney and Mary C. Herbert, J. C. Ordway, Charlotte A. Woolson and Henry M. Moore, and severally acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be their voluntary act and deed. Before me,

CHAS. F. STEWART, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
MERRIMACK SS. SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Personally appeared the above named Mary Ann Roby, Lyman A. Walker, Betsey S. Moulton, Andrew M. Grant, James Hazelton, Daniel Knowlton, Harriet F. Coffin, Jacob N. Flanders, Albert Saltmarsh, Esther Abbot, Samuel Utley, William Abbot, Joseph Eastman, Sylvester Dana and John H. Stewart and acknowledged the foregoing instrument by them subscribed to be their voluntary act and deed. Before me,

MOSES H. BRADLEY, Justice of the Peace.

1 "Know all men by these presents, that the First Congregational Society in Concord, in the County of Merrimack, and State of New Hampshire, by Abner C. Holt, George F. Page and John C. Thorn, the prudential committee of said society, duly authorized and empowered, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid to said society by Joseph B. Walker and others, of Concord aforesaid, signers of a certain agreement or articles of association for the erection of a meeting-house for the use of persons worshipping with said society, do hereby lease to the said Walker and others, the lot of land situate at the junction of Main and Washington streets in Concord aforesaid, bounded easterly 85 feet by Main street, southerly 200 feet by Washington street, westerly 106 feet and northerly 198 feet by lands of Samuel M. Griffin.

To have and to hold the same with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging, to him and them, the said Walker and others, their heirs and assigns, in trust for the pew owners in said contemplated meeting-house, their heirs and assigns, for and during such period as said meeting-house shall stand and remain upon said premises, at the expiration of which said premises shall revert to the said First Congregational Society in Concord; excepting and reserving from the operation of this lease so much of said premises as contains the chapel thereon, and also so much as may be necessary for the erection of any other chapel with its appurtenances hereafter upon the said premises.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and affix our seals in behalf of said society, this first day of June, 1874.

Signed, sealed and delivered
in the presence of
G. H. MARSTON.
SYLVESTER DANA.

ABNER C. HOLT, }
GEORGE F. PAGE, } L.S. } Prudential Committee
JOHN C. THORN. } of said society.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
MERRIMACK SS. JUNE 1, 1874.

Personally appeared the above named Abner C. Holt, George F. Page and John C. Thorn and acknowledged the foregoing instrument by them subscribed, to be their voluntary act and deed.

Before me,
SYLVESTER DANA, Justice of the Peace."
Society Archives.

was not until two months or more after their appointment that the committee were able to offer to the society a design which was satisfactory to all.

On the ninth of September they presented a report recommending a modified gothic, cruciform, brick church, with a principal facade upon Main street, having a bell-tower and spire upon the southeast corner, and an organ loft at the west end, with an audience room of sufficient capacity to seat six hundred persons; to be built for a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars.[1] These points met with general favor, and were shortly afterward embodied in general floor plans and elevations by Mr. A. P. Cutting, architect, of Worcester, Mass.

But one of the seven fundamental points given him the architect failed to secure in his design—the cost limit of $25,000.

When, therefore, on the ninth of March, 1874, the committee on plans and estimates reported the estimated cost of the structure proposed as thirty-two thousand dollars, there was manifest a general feeling of despondency. It was thought that so large a sum could not possibly be raised. At the same time, it was the almost universal feeling that the design proposed must not be relinquished or materially altered.

At that particular time the position of the committee on plans and means was not an enviable one. On one side they saw figures, based upon careful estimates, as inexorable as fate, reading $32,000. On the other the general determination of the society to have the meeting-house of their choice, whether it could be paid for or not.

However, it has ever been a fortunate characteristic of this old society that its membership has been a happily united one. It has always been able to concentrate whatever of pecuniary or other strength it had upon points unanimously acceptable. While its faith in its own powers has been modest, it has always been abiding. The shock caused by the figures above referred to was but brief.

At a society meeting held three weeks after their announcement, when the subscription for the new house had reached the sum of ($19,250) nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, the venerable Dr. Ezra Carter, who had been deeply interested in the enterprise from the begining, arose, and with flashing eye proposed in nervous tones that, "when the subscription shall amount to ($22,500) twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, the building committee shall proceed immediately to make contracts for the erection of the church."[2] The proposal was adopted, and the culminating point in the undertaking was passed.

Contracts were soon afterwards executed and the work advanced with such rapidity that the foundations were completed and ready for the corner-stone on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1874. This was laid with appropriate services of exhortation, prayer and song, on the afternoon of that day. God's people, emerging from the wilderness upon the banks of the Jordan, did not contemplate with greater joy the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," than did this people then see in imagination rising before them the walls and roof which shelter us to-day.

The work progressed with such rapidity as secured the erection of the walls,

1 "Report of the committee on 'Plans and Estimates,' reported through J. B. Walker, Esq.

The points decided on by the committee were as follows:

1st. That it be a brick church.
2d. To face Main street.
3d. To have a tower and spire on S. E. corner.
4th. That it be cruciform in shape.
5th. To seat about six hundred on floor.
6th. To cost $25,000.
7th. That the organ be in rear of pulpit.

On motion of Charles E. Ballard, and seconded by Charles F. Stewart—

Voted that the report be accepted and approved, and that the committee be allowed to modify the same at their discretion."—*Society Records, Vol. 3, page 91.*

2 Society Records, Vol. 3, page 106.

roof, bell-tower and spire by the close of the autumn of that year (1874). The money raised, amounting to nearly twenty-five thousand dollars ($24,875) just sufficed for their completion, and the building was closed for the winter.

A careful estimate, subsequently made, of the cost of finishing the interior, showed clearly the necessity of a farther subscription of ten thousand dollars. Every one had already paid as much as he had intended to give, but, realizing the importance of completing the work, and entertaining a wholesome dread of incurring a society debt, the subscribers came forward with supplementary promises exceeding by a thousand dollars that amount.[1] This sufficed to substantially

1 The subscription paper for the erection of this house embodied eleven articles of mutual agreement, and was as follows, viz.:

"We, the undersigned, subscribers for the purpose of erecting a meeting-house on the lot of land situate at the junction of Main and Washington streets in Concord, New Hampshire, for the use of persons attending religious worship with the First Congregational Society in Concord, hereby mutually covenant and agree to and with each other to pay the several sums set against our respective names to Francis A. Fisk, George H. Marston and Isaac N. Abbot, appointed for this purpose, such subscriptions to be subject to the terms and conditions following, to wit:

First. A lease of the interest of the Society in said lot of land, for a nominal consideration is to be executed by said Society, within two months from the time when this agreement shall become binding, to the subscribers hereto, in trust for the pew-owners in said house, their heirs and assigns, for the period during which said house may stand thereon.

Second. The payments of said subscription are to be made, one fourth on the fifteenth day of February, one fourth on the first day of May, one fourth on the fifteenth day of July, and one fourth on the first day of October, 1874, and notes given therefor when this subscription shall have become binding, payable to said Fisk, Marston and Abbot, or their order, to be held by them in trust for the purposes aforesaid, and the avails thereof are to be expended agreeably to the directions and on the written draft of the building committee, consisting of Shadrach Seavey, Mark R. Holt and Samuel S. Kimball, which committee is authorized to construct said house.

Third. The pews in said house are to be appraised by the building committee, and the selection of the same is to be determined by bids for choice thereof at an auction, notice of which is to be given by said committee; and the amounts of their several subscriptions shall be allowed to the subscribers and taken by them in pews, at the valuations at which they may be severally appraised as aforesaid.

Fourth. All pews remaining on hand after a sum shall have been realized from this subscription and from the sale of pews sufficient to defray the expenses of erecting said house, with its appurtenances, the grading and fencing the lot, shall become the property of the Society and shall be rented by it, and the rents are to be appropriated: 1st. To the insurance of all the pews in said house. 2d. To any necessary repairs of said house, and 3d, To the general purposes of the Society; and any balance of money realized by this subscription, together with the choice money arising from the selection of pews more than may be necessary for the object of said subscription, shall be similarly appropriated.

Fifth. Meetings of the pew-holders may be held at any time, upon at least two weeks' notice, posted in each vestibule of the meeting-house and signed by any ten pew-holders.

Sixth. At a meeting of the pew-holders duly called and held for the purpose, and by a two thirds vote of those present (each pew representing one vote), consent may be given to the Society, or to other parties, to construct in said house galleries, the pews remaining unsold in which shall become the property of the Society after the expense of constructing such galleries shall have been defrayed, and the rents of such pews shall be appropriated in the same manner as the rents of other pews of the Society.

Seventh. At a like meeting and by a like vote, at any time after five years from the dedication of said house, the pews in said house may be made subject to assessment, according to their valuation by the Society, for the general running expenses of the Society; and also at a like meeting at any time, for the expense of effecting insurance upon said pews; and the Society in either case shall have a lien upon said pews for the payment of such assessments.

Eigth. At a like meeting at any time, and by a majority vote of the pew-holders present and voting (each pew representing one vote), said pews may be in like manner assessed for such repairs on said house as may become necessary.

Ninth. Bills of sale of the pews in said house, with all appropriate and necessary provisions, shall be executed by said Fisk, Marston and Abbot, the committee aforesaid, after the completion of said house and the selection of pews; and the said committee are to retain a lien on the several pews for the benefit of the subscribers until all amounts due upon them respectively are paid.

Tenth. Any vacancy occurring in the committees herein named shall be filled by the Society.

Eleventh. This agreement shall be binding only upon the subscribers when the aggregate of their subscriptions shall amount to twenty thousand and five hundred dollars.

And in conformity with the foregoing terms and conditions, we hereunto set our hands and affix our respective subscriptions.

Joseph B. Walker, $2,000; Moses H. Bradley, $1,000; Enoch Gerrish, $1,000; E. and W. G. Carter, $500; Mark R. Holt, $500; H. Richardson, $250; Charles P. Blanchard, $200; Sylvester Dana, $250; G. F. Page, $250; S. Seavey, $300; John Abbot, $300; A. C. Holt, $300; Daniel Farnum, $250; Morrill Dunlap, $500; S. S. Kimball, $1,000; John Ballard, $250; Charles E. Ballard, $200; C. F. Stewart, $150; F. A. Fisk, $1,000; E. A. Pecker, $500; J. and G. H. Marston, $350; J. H. Stewart, $200; C. W. Moore, $200; M. C. Herbert, $250; Calvin Smart, $100; J. D. Bartley, $150; Calvin Thorn & Son, $300; D. A. Hill, $200; F. D. Ayer, $200; Benjamin Farnum, $500; G. H. Seavey, $200; Mrs. Robert Davis, $200; John H. Ballard, $200; Albert Saltmarsh, $200; Nancy B. Herbert, $300; Mrs. C. A. Robinson, $100; E. A. and S. R. Moulton, $150; R. G. Morrison, $150; Mrs. John Stickney, $100; J. S. and I. N. Abbot, $450; Jeremiah S. Abbot, $150; Jacob N. Flanders, $150; Andrew S. Smith, $150; Oliver Pillsbury, $200; John C. Pillsbury, $200; N. Bouton, $100; E. Jackman, $200; Perry Kittredge, $200; Mary F. Gibson, $200; J. C. Tilton, $100; The First Congregational Society of Concord, by John C. Thorn, clerk, $1,000; George J. Sargent, $500; A. M. Parker, $100; C. A. Woolson, by M. C. Herbert, $1,000; James C. Whittemore, $50; Andrew Bunker, $250; G. W. Emerton, $250; First Congregational Sabbath School, by C. W. Moore, superintendent, $400; William Abbot, $200; M. B. Abbot, $200; Irenus Hamilton, $200; Sarah E. Hamilton, $200; C. H. B. Foster, $100; S. Seavey, $300; John Abbot, $100; G. F. Page, $100; John Ballard, $50; Daniel Farnum, $50; A. C. Holt, $50; E. and W. G. Carter, $250; M. R. Holt, $250; C. and J. C. Thorn, $100; Charles E. Ballard, $50; Andrew Bunker, $50; W. P. Fiske, $25; J. and G.

finish the work. A small balance of one thousand dollars, found due the contractors upon final settlement, was met by an appropriation of a part of the choice money derived from the sale of the pews, which amounted to about thirteen hundred dollars.

When, therefore, on the first day of March, 1876, our fourth meeting-house was consecrated, it was given to Jehovah as a free will offering of our people, unincumbered by any debt.[1] On that day was gratefully realized the purpose expressed in the resolution offered by the venerable ex-pastor, on the day after our third house was burned: "We, * * * * trusting still in Him, resolve with united hearts to arise and build another edifice for His worship and the honor of His name."

H. Marston, $150; E. A. Pecker, $500; Calvin Smart, $25; C. W. Moore, $100; C. F. Stewart, $50; M. C. Herbert, $100; James C. Whittemore, $50; F. A. Fisk, $250; J. H. Stewart, $50; Isaac N. Abbot, $50; Mrs. C. L. Gerould, $50; Mrs. J. C. Ordway, $200; J. E. Clifford, $100; S. S. Kimball, $100; F. A. Fisk, $100; Abigail B. Walker, $200; A. A. Moore, $200; E. P. Gerould, $25.—$24,875.00.

In addition to former subscription above made, the undersigned hereby subscribe the further sums set against their respective names, and agree to give their notes therefor, upon the conditions and for the purposes herein before set forth, payable in four instalments of twenty-five per cent. each on the first day of June, August, October and December, 1875, said subscriptions not to be binding until they shall amount in the aggregate to the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Concord, April 26, 1875.

Charles F. Stewart, $75; Calvin Thorn, $150; H. Richardson, $125; E. and W. G. Carter, $250; M. H. Bradley, $500; J. B. Walker, $1,000; S. Seavey, $150; S. S. Kimball, $400; G. F. Page, $125; F. A. Fisk, $150; M. C. Herbert, $125; Isaac N. Abbot, $100; D. A. Hill, $50; Mrs. Robert Davis, $100; J. H. Stewart, $50; Enoch Gerrish, $500; C. W. Moore, $100; Sylvester Dana, $50; J. H. Ballard, $50; Morrill Dunlap, $105; E. Jackman, $100; E. A. Pecker, $250; H. S. and E. F. Ordway, $100; W. P. Fiske, $50; C. P. Blanchard, $100; H. P. Sweetser, $50; Calvin Smart, $50; N. Bouton, $25; Andrew S. Smith, $150; Sylvester Dana, $25; A. C. Holt, $50; E. A. Moulton, $50; Benjamin Farnum, $300; Charles A. Woolson, $500; First Congregational Sabbath School, by C. W. Moore, superintendent, $200; Mrs. H. Elizabeth Holt, $150; F. D. Ayer, $50; Charles Woodman, $200; D. A. Hill, $50; Perry Kittredge, $50; E. and W. G. Carter, $100; Isaac N. Abbot, $100; S. Seavey, $100; S. S. Kimball, $100; M. R. Holt, $100; A. S. Smith, $100; Andrew Bunker, $100; C. W. Motte, $100; E. Jackman, $100; Benjamin Farnum, $100; George J. Sargent, $100; F. A. Fisk, $100; John Abbot, $100; E. A. Pecker, $100; G. F. Page, $100; John Ballard, $50; Webster and Morgan, $1,100; Charles M. Gilbert, $300; Walter C. Sargent, $400; First Congregational Society, by M. H. Bradley, in accordance with a vote passed December 20, 1875, $1,000; $11,055.00

Amount of collections paid by C. F. Stewart, ... 38.86

Amount of first subscription, ... 24,875.00

——————$35,918.86

1 The order of exercises on this occasion was as follows, viz.:

Organ Voluntary, selection; Invocation, Rev. L. C. Field; Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. S. L. Blake; Hymn (Te Deum Laudamus), choir; Historical Address, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D.; Prayer, Rev. W. V. Garner; Statement of the Building Committee, Shadrach Seavey; Hymn 1016; Sermon, Rev. F. D. Ayer.

DEDICATION. (*Pastor.*) To the praise and glory of God our Father in Heaven, by whose favor we have been strengthened, encouraged, and guided in this work of our hands;

To the name and faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, head over all things to the church, in whom we trust as our Leader, Teacher, and Redeemer;

To the honor and praise of the Holy Spirit, our divine comforter and sanctifier;

To the worship of the Triune God, in song and prayer and devout meditation upon his word;

To the promulgation of the Evangelical faith, bequeathed us by the Pilgrims, and to the propagation of their church polity;

To the culture and progress of our own souls in grace and in holy living; to the loving service of our fellow-men, seeking to do them good in all things as we have opportunity, and thus to the building up of the Redeemer's Kingdom;

With humble entreaty for God's blessing, praying that He will accept our offering, and invoking His sanctifying Spirit to abide with us always,—

(*People.*) We, the members of the First Congregational Church and Society of Concord, do now dedicate this house, in the name and to the worship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

(*Choir.*) Gloria Patri.

Dedicatory Prayer, Rev. J. G. Davis, D. D.; Hymn, choir and congregation.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
And as the ages come and go,
Let temples, fair in every land,
Adorned with grace and glory stand.

Praise Him, all creatures here below,
While mountains rise or oceans flow;
Let every household swell the song,
And myriad choirs the notes prolong.

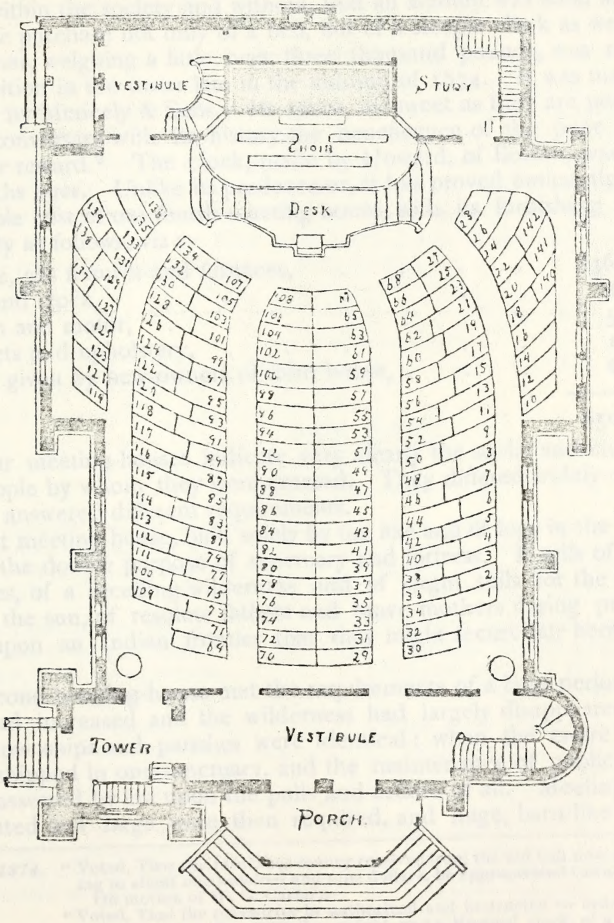
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Who know Him best and love Him most;
Let heaven with joy catch up the strain,
And earth repeat the sweet refrain.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Amid whose glories we are lost,
As, gazing on the eternal throne,
We see Jehovah's glorious form.

Benediction.

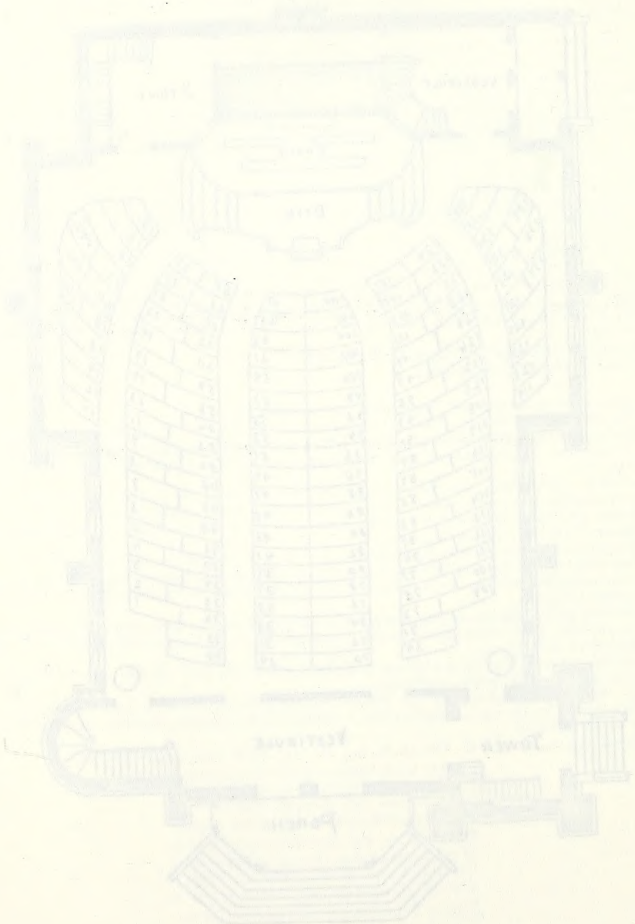
I must not omit to mention that the carpets, pew-cushions, and some other articles of furniture, which cost about seventeen hundred dollars, were presented by the ladies of the society. The elegant pulpit bible was the gift of George A. Blanchard, Esq., of Concord.

This house has an outside length of one hundred and six feet and six inches. Its width across the transept is seventy-one feet and four inches, and across the nave fifty-seven feet and four inches. The height of the ridge is fifty-two feet and six inches, and that of the spire is one hundred and forty-nine feet and three inches. The audience room is finished to the apex of the roof, displaying the beams and rafters. The wood work is of ash and the pulpit and pews of black walnut. It is plainly frescoed, lighted by windows of stained glass, and seats comfortably about seven hundred persons, none of whom, except those in the gallery, sit more than sixty feet from the pulpit.[3] The following floor plan shows its general arrangement:



FLOOR PLAN OF OUR FOURTH MEETING-HOUSE.

3 The plan of this meeting-house embraces also that of a chapel to adjoin it on the west. This will contain a convenient audience room for small meetings, a ladies' parlor, and such other apartments as the wants of the Society have suggested. That this will, at no distant day, take the place of our present chapel, there is little reason to doubt.



This society has had two bells. The first, to which allusion has already been made, was moved from our second to our third meeting-house not long after its erection. There for a generation it called the living to worship, and tolled for the dead. When this building was burned, it shared its fate. A portion of it found among the ruins was subsequently sold, and the proceeds set apart towards the purchase of another.

But so completely did the erection of the new house absorb the efforts of our people that the subject of a bell gained slight attention until a good woman, of slender means, called upon Dr. Bouton, and expressing a desire to contribute something for a new bell, handed him fifty dollars. When the honest Doctor, astonished at the magnitude of her gift, mildly intimated a fear that her liberality might be surpassing her pecuniary ability, she quietly replied that she "had earned the money with her own hands," and therefore further remonstrance was withheld. This disinterested act touched many hearts. A subscription was soon after opened, and solicitations, made largely by Mr. Mark R. Holt, met with such a response, within the society and without, that an amount was soon secured sufficient for the purchase not only of a bell, but of a steeple clock as well.[1]

The former, weighing a little over three thousand pounds, was raised to its present position in the tower late in the autumn of 1874. It was made in Troy, New York, by Meneely & Sons. Its tones, as sweet as they are ponderous, recall to all conversant with its history the beneficence of the poor woman now gone to her reward.[2] The clock, made by Howard, of Boston, was introduced some months later. Unlike its predecessor, it has proved eminently truthful.

The whole cost of our fourth meeting-house, with its furnishing and lot, was substantially as follows, viz:

House, gas fixtures and furnaces, ...	$36,083.86
Bell and clock, ...	1,800.00
Organ and motor, ...	5,300.00
Carpets and upholstery, ...	1,700.00
Land given by pew-owners of third house, . . .	6,000.00
	$50,883.86

Our four meeting-houses indicate very clearly the social and civil conditions of the people by whom they were erected. They differed widely one from another and answered different requirements.

Our first meeting-house, built solely by the axe and of logs in the forest shade, answered the double purpose of sanctuary and fortress. It tells of exposure to Indian foes, of a receding wilderness and of virgin soils for the first time upturned to the sun, of resolute fathers and brave mothers daring privations and dangers upon an Indian frontier that they might secure fair heritages to their children.

Our second meeting-house met the requirements of a later period, when population had increased and the wilderness had largely disappeared; when the limits of townships and parishes were identical; when the entire people of a town worshipped in one sanctuary, and the maintenance of public religious service was assessed by law upon the polls and estates of all. Meeting-houses centrally located and large were then required, and huge, barn-like structures of

1 *Nov. 9, 1874.* "Voted, That the insurance money received from the old bell now on hand, amounting to about one hundred and nine dollars, be appropriated towards the new bell."

On motion of W. G. Carter,—

"Voted, That the committee be authorized and instructed to order at once a metal bell, of not less than 2,400 lbs. weight, and a Howard clock, at a price reported by the committee."

On motion of S. Dana,—

"Voted, That the Society will stand by the committee in making up any deficiency that may occur."—*Society Records, Vol. 3, pages 118, 119.*

2 Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hall, who died September 25, 1878.

two stories everywhere arose, as uninviting as they were capacious. These gradually disappeared after the passage of the toleration act, as town societies gave place to denominational associations.

The characteristics of our third meeting-house were fixed by the wants of the denominational period, when small societies called for small houses of worship, and the hitherto prevailing pattern of huge, cubic structures of two stories was changed to parallelogram-shaped houses of one story. The modest facades of these, with their tapering spires and long side windows, indicate the dawn of esthetic culture and a desire for architectural advancement.

Our fourth meeting-house, in which we are now convened, was intended to meet the necessities of the present period, when, in populous towns, small denominational organizations have grown to large ones, and esthetic and social culture has called for increased conveniencies and a better architecture. The skill of the hardy axe man of 1730, or of the village carpenter of later times, no longer suffices to plan our houses of worship. Higher skill, and taste more elevated are sought, that God's house may be fair and fit for the indwelling of His Spirit.

But the characteristics of these four meeting-houses are not peculiar to Concord or to New Hampshire. They belong as well to similar periods and like communities throughout New England. And we must not forget that the rough house of logs and the huge building upon the bleak hill, and the modest structure of a single story and the gothic fane, with lofty spire and high resounding arches, all alike express the one great thought of man's instinctive need to worship God, and that the same benignant Spirit cheered the hearts and nerved the arms of our ancestors in their rude block-house beside the brook, which beams in love upon us, their successors, here to-day.

THE RING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Once, through foreign lands straying,
I climbed a mountain wild;
Below, with ripening harvest,
A fertile valley smiled.

I drew from off my finger,
In quiet dreaming there,
A ring a loved one gave me,
A parting souvenir.

I held the magic circle
Within my wand'ring gaze,
To view the charming picture
Through Love's alluring haze.

Lo! hillsides verdure-covered,
And fields with harvest gold,
Framed in a lover's token;
Beautiful to behold!

Here, white-walled, red-roofed hamlets;
A mountain's rugged crest;
There, scythe and sickle flashing;
A river's heaving breast.

Through yonder distant valley,
A proud stream sweeps and falls;
Beyond, a line of granite hills,
Like battlements and walls.

With snow-white domes, a city,
With shadowy forests near,
And cloud-land in the distance,
To my longing eyes appear.

Earth and Heaven together,
The people and the land;
A landscape universal,
In Love's encircling band!

O, beautiful sight, to behold
Through Love's encircling band,
Together, Earth and Heaven,
The people and the land!

F. W. LANE.

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

When some discerning Romans saw how many statues were reared in the city to persons of but indifferent merit, while Cato, their wisest, bravest, best, had none, they wondered. But the great man answered for himself: "I had rather posterity should ask why Cato has *not* a monument, than why he has."

In the cemeteries of Concord are many memorial stones, some of great beauty and cost, with proportionally elaborate, and perhaps appropriate inscriptions. But situated among them is one lot, of the ordinary family size, protected by no granite embankment, nor even iron railing, and whose smooth surface would seem never to have been invaded for burial or any other purpose.

And yet, to that hallowed spot I have conducted many devout pilgrims. For there, since Sunday, the eighteenth day of October, 1846, have slumbered the mortal remains of one of the brightest, noblest, truest, and every way most gifted sons, not only of the Granite State, but of any state of this Union, departing at the early age of only fifty-two years. And no visitor, from remote or near, ever fails to ask me, with sometimes stunning emphasis: "*But why has Nathaniel Peabody Rogers no monument?*" Should that almost lost grave speak out from its silence of nearly forty years, I have no doubt its answer to the question would be like that of Cato, which has been remembered and admired more than twenty centuries.

The like of Rogers never die. They need no marble monuments, no inscriptions in brass. Time mows down the one, tramples out the other. And so such registries are evermore lost. It has been said of the immortal Senator Sumner and his humble tombstone in Mount Auburn, and it is indeed very humble:

> "The grass may grow o'er the lowly bed
> Where the noblest Roman hath laid his head;
> But mind and thought, a nation's mind
> Embalm the lover of mankind."

Scarcely of any man, departed or still visible to mortals, could this be sung more justly than of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers.

He was born in Plymouth, N. H., graduated with honors at Dartmouth College in 1816, studied law with the eminent Richard Fletcher, then settled down to its practice in his native town, and continued there through about twenty quite successful years. He married a daughter of Hon. Daniel Farrand, of Burlington, Vermont, a most estimable person, who still survives; as do most of their children, seven or eight in all.

As student in books of general literature, especially history and poetry, none were before him. I never heard Shakespeare, Burns, Byron and Sir Walter Scott read so finely as at his fireside, when surrounded by his own family and perhaps a few invited friends. But general reading never detracted in the least from the duties of his profession. At the time of his death, an intimate friend who knew him long and well wrote of him, that "so accurate was his knowledge of law, and so industrious was he in business, that the success of a client was always calculated upon from the moment that his assistance was secured."

The great mission of his life, however, was neither literature nor law. He was subsequently ordained and consecrated as a high priest in the great fellowship of humanity, and most divinely did he magnify his office in the ten last years of his life on earth. In 1835, he es-

poused the cause of the American slave, and marshalled himself by the side of William Lloyd Garrison and his then hated, hunted and persecuted discipleship. From that time, the anti-slavery enterprise, the temperance and peace causes and the equal rights of woman had no firmer, braver, and most certainly, no *abler* advocate and champion than was he.

In 1838 he removed from Plymouth to Concord, and became the sole editor of the *Herald of Freedom*. He had, from its establishment in 1834, furnished many most trenchant and brilliant articles for its columns. To the readers of the *Herald of Freedom* (now, alas! with its editor, registered with the departed, the most of them), nothing need be said of his power with the pen. His friend to whom I have already referred wrote of him, and I think with no exaggeration, that, "as a newspaper writer, we think him unequalled by any living man. And in the general strength, clearness and quickness of his intellect, we think that all who knew him will agree with us that he was not excelled by any editor in this country. And his articles were always written with a rapidity, too, which few can ever attain." Only a single duodecimo of his editorial writings has been separately published and preserved, and that has long since disappeared from the market. I think ten dollars have been offered and refused for a single copy. His description of "Ailsa Craig," and of his "Jaunt to the White Mountains" with Garrison in 1841 are unsurpassed by any writers of that period, or of any period, as well since as before.

To do justice to the memory of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, to his character and work, would require genius and inspiration equal to his own. Nor, I greatly fear, could this cheap age understand, nor comprehend it, were it written. It manufactures shoddy and sham at too many of its mills,—political, literary, social, moral and religious. It can quote Pope and Burns about "an honest man is the noblest work of God," but it seems not to know him when he comes. It celebrated the birthday of the poet Burns, in less than one month after it had hung John Brown. Socially, morally, and religiously it had hung Rogers years before, in the same persecuting spirit that burned his illustrious ancestor, John Rogers, at Smithfield, in 1555.

No two portraits of brothers ever painted much more resemble each other than do those of Nathaniel Peabody and John Rogers. I am familiar with both, and there is truly most startling resemblance. And doubtless that resemblance reached to soul and spirit, so that in an important sense, both braved the Smithfield flames. Both believed in God and truth, in justice and right, alike. Having espoused a divine idea, in full faith and love of it, what to them were crosses or faggot fires?

"Cannot I kill you?" said the enraged persecutor to his victim. "And cannot I die?" was the heroic reply to the maddened monarch. So ever is it with such invincibles. They do not die,—cannot be killed.

In such devotion our Rogers espoused the anti-slavery cause in its most perilous hour. And preëminently in such, did he and Mrs. Rogers join the Congregational church of Plymouth a few years before, they supposing that the church existed not for herself, but for truth, humanity, God and his children, especially the outcast and oppressed. And to serve all these the better, was the only reason for uniting with the church. And they labored faithfully and well. The Sunday School, the Bible, Missionary and Tract societies were their constant regard. Nor did they forsake that Congregational communion, till they saw that Southern slaveholders were more welcome to the pulpit and the sacramental supper than were the most faithful and honest abolitionists. Then did Rogers take the church, the true spiritual element as he understood it, the tabernacle of the Most High as it existed to him, out of that then deceived and misled body at Plymouth, and bore it down to Concord. And there, under a nobler, mightier name—*Herald of Freedom*—he set it up anew. And in a few short

years, results were achieved which the world can now never be told; and in the face of obloquy and opposition such as no philanthropic enterprise ever encountered before.

New Hampshire politics were at that time almost unanimously democratic. And Democracy meant a diabolical devotion to slavery. Nor was its rival, the Whig party, but little better. And the clergy, with a few honorable exceptions, were still in full sacramental communion with the churches and pulpits of the South. American Missionary Boards, Bible and Tract Societies, Presbyterian General Assemblies, the Methodist General Conference, were all *national*, and kept their solemn anniversaries together; North and South, — slave breeder, slave broker, slave holder with the rest, — one Lord, one faith, one fellowship, one spiritual baptism!

Anti-slavery meetings were everywhere mobbed and broken up. Garrison had been seized in broad day by a mob of "gentlemen in broadcloth" — driven from an anti-slavery concert of prayer, then seized, stripped of most of his clothing, and with a rope about his body, was pulled along some of Boston's principal streets until rescued by the mayor and police and shut in the strongest jail to save his life. Here in Concord, a meeting attended by George Thompson, of England, John G. Whittier, and other eminent abolitionists, was most ignominiously broken up, and Thompson only missed the tar kettle by being spirited away out of the village and concealed by his friends. Whittier narrowly escaped the baptism of tar and feathers by being mistaken for Thompson by the rioters. A Methodist minister, engaged to give an anti-slavery lecture in Northfield, in this state, was arrested as a common *brawler*, and dragged from his knees and the pulpit as he was opening his meeting with prayer. The churches of innocent colored people, and school-houses, too, were burned in Providence and Cincinnati, in New York and Philadelphia, and their dwellings as well; twelve in New York, more than forty in Philadelphia, each in a single pyre, and some of their owners were murdered in defending them. Pennsylvania Hall, an elegant structure in Philadelphia, consecrated to anti-slavery uses, and during an anti-slavery congress, was surrounded four days and four nights by a yelling troop of ruffians, unrebuked, unnoticed by the city authorities. At length they broke in, took possession, piled up the furniture, many books and other property, in the centre, and then setting a fire, consumed the building and all its contents in one grand funeral pile!

James G. Birney was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, an eminent lawyer and judge, and a rich slaveholder. But becoming convinced of the sinfulness of slaveholding, he liberated his slaves, sent them to Ohio, and settled them on some of its richest soil. Then he removed his family into Cincinnati, established an anti-slavery journal, published a pamphlet entitled, "*The American Church the Bulwark of American Slavery*," a most unanswerable argument at the time, was mobbed twice, and his press and types were thrown into the Ohio river.

Elijah Parish Lovejoy, a young Congregational minister in Alton, Illinois, editor and publisher of an anti-slavery paper, was shot and killed by an infuriated gang while attempting to defend his property, five bullets being found in his lifeless corpse. And all these are but small part of a most tragic history.

But such was the popular sentiment towards slavery, when Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, with wife and family of seven young children, removed to Concord and became editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, a small, unpretentious sheet, without capital, or many subscribers; but commissioned to speak with voice to be heard round the world and down the ages.

Rogers had most unshaken faith in the people; never doubting that wisely taught and led, they would gladly abolish slavery and cease to oppress and enslave one another. And so, like the great Emancipator of Nazareth, he aimed all his sternest strokes and rebukes at the priests and rulers, who "bound

the heavy burdens and laid them on men's shoulders," and then, in church and state alike, claimed and held spiritual and political overseership among the masses of the people. And surely, never was human agency more signally successful. He and his immediate associates relied solely on the power of moral and spiritual truth. They formed no political party. They abjured the ballot altogether as a reforming agency; and still more essentially *the bullet*, the only specie redemption of the ballot. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, and many of their most active coworkers, were members and officers of the Non-Resistance Society of New England, and adorned the doctrine of their profession in letter and spirit, in word and action.

And Rogers lived to see the downfall of that old Democratic dynasty in his native state, and in many other states; and the rending in twain of the Methodist General Conference and some other powerful ecclesiastical associations, and a revolution in ecclesiastical, especially clerical control and leadership, whose glorious results are clearly seen to the present hour, all over New Hampshire, if not all over the land. And none acknowledge it more readily than the clergy themselves. As one with vision annointed to see all moral and spiritual truth, he stood almost alone. His writings are witness to this, and will be to another generation,—another century. His words to-day are fresh and new. None of their age are like them.

The Temperance cause had no more firm and consistent friend. The cause of Peace had good reason to be proud of his association. To him human life was as sacred as the life of God. Once, at a great Peace Society gathering, it was strenuously argued that human life could and should be taken at command of God And the president of the society justified all the slaughters of the Canaanites, men, women, and children, on that ground; and intimated that he should have done just as did Moses and Joshua! It was at one of the last meetings Rogers ever attended, and he was then too feeble to take any active part. But after listening a good while to scripture text and logic, he rose to his feet, and, in low voice, asked: "Does our brother, yonder, say that if God commanded him, he would take a sword and use it in slaying human beings?" "O yes, if God commanded," was the answer. "*Well, I would'nt,*" responded Rogers, and sunk back into his seat amid loud cheers of admiration and approval. Woman, too, was in all rights, privileges and prerogatives, to him the equal of man. Consistent, non-resistant as he was, her right of suffrage did not trouble his thought so much as did her degradation in many other ways, not least of which at that time, was in the church through the dictation of its priesthoods. He was a Christian in the highest, divinest sense of that mysterious, much-abused word; and as such, "his kingdom was not of this world." And so he could neither vote in, nor fight for a government of military force.

As a husband and father, I never knew one in whom his family were more supremely felicitated. As companion and friend, blessed were all they who enjoyed his confidence and esteem. All the elements of a divine and sanctified friendship, seemed in him harmoniously to meet. Gentle, simple, tender, kind, ever ready to sacrifice his own comfort, sharing, on occasions, like Gen. Washton, his own room and bed with a colored man,—a fugitive slave,—not always of the Frederick Douglass quality; and yet always discriminating in high degree, with tastes most refined; always ready to criticise as well as to serve a friend, however dear, if he saw cause, but never in way to offend; running over with music, poetry, and culture of every kind, he was one the like of whom I have not since seen; and may never look on his like again.

His remains repose under a little clump of oaks in the old cemetery of Concord, fit sentinels for him, as trees were always his delight. One of the most delightful descriptive articles he ever wrote was on *Trees*, for the *Herald* of August 6, 1841, and these are its closing words:

"It is virtue to set out trees. It is loving our neighbor as we love ourselves. Set out trees,—not to make your home outshine your neighbor's, but for him to look at, and walk under; and to beautify God's earth, which he clothed with trees, and you cut them down. Every tree is a feather in the earth's cap, a plume in her bonnet, a tress upon her forehead. It is a comfort, an ornament, a refreshing to the people. And when Peace and Liberty prevail, we will have an Eden of them from one end of the land, and of the world, to the other."

EASTER.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

List! On the stillness of the Sabbath morning
Peals forth the harmony of Easter bells,
The joyful cadence of their swelling music
To all, the story of the season tells,—
Lo, Christ is risen!

O Church, with fairest flowers bestrew your altars;
Put off your solemn forms of Lenten gloom,
And sound abroad that all may pause to listen,
"Our Christ no longer sleeps within the tomb.
For He is risen!"

O children, whom the loving Christ did gather
Within His arms when here on earth He dwelt,
Lift, lift your voices in a glad hosanna
And make the hardest heart in softness melt,
For Christ is risen!

O Christians, who so long have known the Saviour,
Swell the glad song, His blood atoned for you;
And in the glory of His resurrection
Your vows of worship, love and faith renew,
For He is risen!

O unbeliever, in your heart of darkness,
Is there no bright, sweet token of the dawn?
Does no small voice within your bosom stirring
Whisper the tidings of this Easter morn.—
The Christ is risen?

O earth, send forth your brightest buds and blossoms,
Clothe hill and valley in the robe of spring,
And let the trees from leafy branches wafting,
The message of this happy morning bring,—
Our Lord is risen!

" It is virtue to set out trees. It is loving our neighbor as we love ourselves. Set out trees,—not to make your home continue your neighbor's, but for him to look at, and walk under; and to decently Gods earth, which he clothed with trees, and you cut them down. Every tree is a teacher as the earth's cup, a plume in her bonnet, a cross upon her torehead. It is a companion, an ornament, a refreshing to the people. And when Peace and Liberty prevail, we will have an Eden of them now one and of the land, and of the world, to the other."

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THE FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE.—No. 2.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY.

The New Hampshire managers in the turnpike enterprise seem to have recovered confidence in themselves; for at the meeting held by adjournment on July 6, 1801, the following votes were passed:

"Voted that Elisha Payne, Bezaleel Woodward, Ben. J. Gilbert, and William Woodward, Esquires, be a committee to report at the next meeting a system of bye laws for the government of this corporation."

"Voted that it shall be the duty of the clerk to warn meetings of the proprietors upon the application of the owner or owners of one sixteenth part of the shares in said road, provided said application be made to him in writing, in which writing the purpose for calling said meeting and the business to be done thereat shall be stated, and the manner of warning such meetings shall be by advertisement in the Dartmouth Gazette, three weeks successively, commencing four weeks previous to the meeting, and any meeting held pursuant to such warning and any business done thereat relating to any article in the warning shall be legal."

"Major Constant Storrs having declined serving the corporation as their treasurer,—

Voted and chose Bezal. Woodward, Esq., treasurer."

"Voted that Ben. J. Gilbert, Esq., clerk of the prop's, procure at the expense of the corporation a bound book for records, also three hundred blank forms for deeds, and procure the same to be formed in a book wherein to record deeds given by the original grantees of said turnpike, and transfers made by said grantees."

"Voted that a committee of five members be appointed either three of whom shall be a quorum to examine and survey so many as they shall judge advisable of the various routs proposed for the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire so as to be able to report to said proprietors on the twenty-fourth day of September next the various routs they shall survey as connected with each other, their distances, the terms on which lands can be had through which they pass, what the owners or others will give to the proprietors to have it pass in particular directions, their estimate as to uneveness of ground, costs of making the road &c. in the several directions, combining in their view shortness of distance with the most practicable ground agreeably to the grant which committee is to proceed so soon as a sufficient [sum] shall be obtained for the purpose of defraying the expense thereof & lay their report in writing before the proprietors at their meeting on the 24th day of Sepr. next; and that said committee be authorized to employ such assistants as they shall judge necessary and the amount advanced on the subscription aforesaid shall be remitted out of the first monies in the treasury to those who subscribed & advanced the same, each one

his proportion of monies advanced by him, whenever the rout of said road shall be laid out & established by said proprietors."

"Voted that Colº. Elisha Payne, Colº. Aaron Kinsman, Col. William Johnson, Colº. David Hough, and Capt. Ashur Allen compose the committee in the foregoing vote mentioned."

"Voted that this meeting be adjourned to the twenty-fourth day of September next, then to meet at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at this place."

The committee thus appointed promptly attended to the duties assigned them, and examined and surveyed a variety of routes shown them.

Through their chairman they made their report in writing at the same place, at Lebanon, Sept. 24, 1801.

The record of this important meeting is as follows:

"The meeting was opened according to adjournment."

"The committee appointed at the last meeting to examine and survey so many as they should think adviseable of the proposed routs for the 4th turnpike road in New Hampshire and to report their doings at this meeting reported as follows:"

'The committee appointed to view & survey the different routs for the establishment of the 4th turnpike road in New Hampshire exhibit a plan of the several routs by them surveyed and make the following statements & report, viz., from the mouth of White river to Mr. Simeon Peck's by Mascoma river, we surveyed two routs, and find by admeasurement the northern to be 1010 rods, the southern is 908 rods, which is 102 rods the shortest; your committee recommend the southern (provided the town of Lebanon will support a reasonable part of the bridges). From Mr. Simeon Peck's to Packard's bridge, but one rout which is 634 rods, from said Packard's bridge to Enfield pond two routs,—the northern is 990 rods, the southern 816 rods which [is] 174 rods the shortest, we are of opinion the southern is best. From the College bridge we surveyed three routs; the old county road which intersects by the pond is 9 miles 116 rods—the rout through the great valley which intersects near Alden's bridge continued to the pond is 9 miles 64 rods which is 52 rods nigher than the county road—the rout over Mount Support & intersects by said Alden's bridge continued to the pond is 8 miles 220 rods, which is two hundred & sixteen rods nearer than the county road. The committee think the center or valley road will be levelliest & best for the public. From the intersection by the pond eastward to the foot of George hill but one rout which is 6 miles 86 rods. From the foot of George hill by Capt. Kinsman's to Fifield's mill in Andover is 14 miles 22 rods. From the foot of said hill through the gulf in Springfield to Fifield's mill is 14 miles 55 rods which is 33 rods further than the Kinsman road; yet your committee recommend the rout through the gulf as the best. From said Fifield's mill to Horse Shoe pond is 3 miles 284 rods. From said pond through Salisbury two routs—the northern by Major Gale's to Colº. Gerrishes is 9 miles 113 rods; from said Gerrishes to Boscawen meeting house is 2 miles 240 rods—from Horse Shoe pond through the south vale in Salisbury by Esqr. Bean's to Boscawen meeting house is 10 miles 226 rods which is 1 mile 113 rods further than to Colº. Gerrishes but is 1 mile 107 rods nigher than the north rout by Colº. Gerrishes to Boscawen meeting house. Your committee recommended the south by Esqr. Bean's, provided there is no particular embarrasments in procuring the land. All which is submitted by your committee, & signed.

ELISHA PAYNE,
in behalf of the committee.'

"Which report being read it was

Voted that the respective routs therein mentioned be taken up and acted upon seperately."

"Voted that the routs from Connecticut river opposite to White river to Simeon Peck's & from thence to Packard's bridge be considered and acted upon as one rout."

"Voted that so much of the report of the committee as reccommends the

southern rout from Connecticut river opposite to White river to Simeon Peck's & from thence to Packard's bridge, be accepted & said rout established, on condition that the town of Lebanon will build, support and keep in repair all the bridges necessary to be supported over Mascoma river on said rout & westerly of said Packard's."

"Motion was then made & seconded that so much of the report of the committee as recommends the rout from the College bridge through the great valley & intersects near Alden's bridge, be accepted; the votes being taken there was 150 yeas & 247 nays, so it was negatived. Motion was then made & seconded that the rout from said College bridge over Mount Support which also intersects at Alden's bridge be established; the votes on this motion were 174 yeas & 222 nays, so it was negatived. Motion was then made & seconded that the rout from said College bridge on the old county road which intersects by the pond be established; the votes being taken there were 206 yeas & 191 nays, so it passed in the affirmative."

"Voted [to] adjourn this meeting to meet again to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, at this place."

"Sepr. 25th, 1801. The proprietors met according to adjournment.

Voted and chose B. Woodward, Esqr., clerk *pro tempore*, who was sworn in meeting."

"The question made & seconded shall the report of the committee on the road from Packard's bridge to Enfield pond (which is in favor of the rout south of Mascoma river) be accepted as part of the turnpike road; and the votes being taken were 89 yeas & 216 nays & so it passed in the negative."

"The question was then put shall the rout which the comee. have surveyed from Packard's bridge to Enfield pond on the north side of Mascoma river be accepted for part of the turnpike road; and the votes being taken were 284 yeas and 21 nays & so it passed in the affirmative."

"The question was then put shall the report of the committee on that part of said road which is from the westerly end of Enfield pond to the foot of George hill be accepted; and the votes being taken were 305 yeas & no nays."

"On report of said committee respecting said road from the foot of George hill in Enfield to Fifield's mills in Andover and their recommendation of the rout through the gulph so called in Springfield the question was made & seconded shall the rout recommended by committee be accepted? and the votes being taken there were 216 yeas & no nays & so it passed in the affirmative."

"On the report of said committee respecting said road from Fifield's mills in Andover to Horse Shoe pond so called in said Andover the question was made & seconded shall the rout recommended by the said committee be accepted; and the votes being taken were 355 affirmative & none negative & so it passed in the affirmative."

"On the question, shall the north rout surveyed by the committee from Horse Shoe pond in Andover through Salisbury to Col°. Gerrish's in Boscawen be accepted for the turnpike road, the votes were 284 affirmative & none negative & so it passed in the affirmative."

"On review of the conditions stated in the vote of the proprietors for acceptance of report of our committee in favor of the southern rout (vote 3d)."

"Voted that Bezal. Woodward & Russell Freeman, Esqrs., be a committee on the part of the proprietors to confer and agree on the subject with the town of Lebanon, their select men, or any committee they shall appoint for the purpose & report at our next meeting."

"Voted to proceed to the choice of directors."

"Voted to choose five directors, three of whom should be a quorum, and the ballots being taken, Russell Freeman, Henry Gerrish, John C. Gale, David Hough & Elisha Payne were duly elected."

"Voted that this meeting be adjourned to the first Tuesday in October next at ten o'clock in the morning, then to be held at this place."

This long and protracted meeting had a marked effect upon the fortunes of the corporation. Everybody could not have this "great highway of commerce" pass by their doors; and consequently many were dissatisfied, and withdrew for a time from the active support of the scheme. The battle as to the location in various places, though nominally settled, had only begun. It was renewed from time to time, and marked changes were ultimately made.

There was no serious difficulty about the location of the route from George hill in Enfield to Fifield's mills in Andover. Fifield's mill or mills were located at West Andover, on the westerly side of one of the forks of the Blackwater river, a short distance above what has long been known as the "Harriman bridge." There was no difficulty about the route from Fifield's mills to Horse Shoe pond.

The old Kimball tavern stand was then where Benjamin F. Pettengill has long lived. The turnpike in fact never ran to the Kimball stand, or to the pond. A cut-off about a third of a mile west of the pond became necessary in consequence of a change of the route through Salisbury.

John C. Gale, chosen a director at this meeting, was one of the most prominent citizens in Salisbury. His tavern stand was at what has long been known as the Richard Pevare place, on "the north road." The route adopted by the corporation led from near the Kimball stand across "the plain" in Andover, over "Boston hill" to near where Joseph A. Rowe now lives, and then followed "the north road" past the Gale stand to the Gerrish place at North Boscawen. This ignored Salisbury Center and Salisbury south road, whose leading men had both personal and political influence and money, and the necessary consequence was a struggle between the two sections of the town for the mastery.

The plan exhibited by the committee, in all probability, ceased to exist long ago. In consequence, the precise location proposed through Salisbury and Boscawen cannot be distinctly traced out, but the path of the old "range road" between the Rowe place before referred to and the "Rano (or Reyno) corner," on "Shaw hill," is still plainly to be seen. The probabilities are very strong that the route preferred by the committee passed over the plain not far from where the Boston hill school-house is now located, and thence through the great valley between the north road and Raccoon hill, coming out near Bean's place, which was near the Boscawen line about a mile below the south road.

There was but one troublesome hill on this whole route. The difficulty was not in the route, but in the fact that there were no interests except those of the corporation in favor of it. The route was afterwards changed, as we shall hereafter see, so as to pass just to the west of Raccoon hill, and thence striking the same point as the route through the south vale. The precise location of this cannot now be traced, but its general course is sufficiently apparent. It passed near the base of the westerly slope of Raccoon hill, and easterly from the "Captain Pet. Webster place" (so called), and thence on in that valley, and easterly from both the center and south road villages until it touched the point before stated.

This route was nearly as unsatisfactory to the Salisbury "quality,"—as Webster called the ruling power there,—as the others; and, as we shall hereafter see, the route over the top of Salisbury and Boscawen hills was substituted for it. The objective point of all these routes was the meeting-house at Boscawen plain.

The record of the meeting held at Lebanon, October 6th, 1801, is as follows:

"The meeting was opened according to adjournment.

Ben. J. Gilbert having resigned his office as clerk of the proprietors on motion it was voted that James Ralstone be appointed & he is appointed clerk of the proprietors in stead of said Gilbert.

Said Ralstone was accordingly sworn in meeting.

Col°. David Hough declining to accept his appointment as director, voted

that Capt. Clap Sumner be appointed a director in the place of said Hough.

Capt. Clap Sumner also declining to accept his appointment as director, voted that James Little be appointed director in his place.

Voted that the directors proceed as soon as may be to particularly survey, bound & lay out said road as established by the proprietors with power to make such particular alterations and variations as they in their judgement think proper to be made in said rout & also to receive assurance from the particular persons where said road goes that they shall make no demand on the proprietors for damage.

Voted that this meeting be adjourned to the 3rd Wednesday of Novr. next then to meet at James Little's in Lebanon at ten o'clock in the morning."

The record of the adjourned meeting is as follows:

"LEBANON, Novr. 18th, 1801.

This meeting was opened according to adjournment.

Voted in case the town of Lebanon do not agree to make & support the bridges over Mascoma river as far as the dugway near Ichabod Packard's or such part of them as shall be thought equitable the directors are ordered to lay out the road in said rout or otherwise as they shall think proper.

Voted to accept & establish the doings of the directors so far as they have proceeded in laying out the turnpike road and that they proceed to complete laying out the same and to make a report at the next meeting.

Voted that Col°. Henry Gerrish be appointed treasurer and that he be empowered as collector to collect the several assessments that are or may be laid on the shares of the proprietors.

Voted that the treasurer be directed to advertise in the Courier of New Hampshire & the Dartmouth Gazette commencing six weeks prior to the day of sale which shall be on the first Tuesday of Feby. next. for the tax of one dollar & fifty cents on each share.

Voted that the directors be ordered to adjust the accounts that may be laid against the proprietors and give orders on the treasurer for the payment thereof.

Voted that this meeting be adjourned to the first Tuesday of Feby. next then to be holden at Major John C. Gale's in Salisbury at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

The record proceeds as follows:

"SALISBURY, Feby. 2d, 1802.

Meeting opened according to adjournment.

Voted & chose Col°. Henry Gerrish moderator *pro tem.*

Voted that this meeting stand adjourned till the 25th day of Feby. instant then to be holden at Major John C. Gale's in Salisbury at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

"SALISBURY, Feby. 25th, 1802.

Met according to adjournment.

Col. Henry Gerrish moderator *pro tem.*

Voted and chose John C. Gale clerk *pro tempore.*

Voted that the meeting be adjourned to be holden at Mr. Stickney's, inholder in Concord on the second Wednesday in June next at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

"CONCORD, June 9th, 1802.

Meeting was opened according to adjournment.

Voted that Col°. Henry Gerrish continue moderator *pro tempore.*

Voted that this meeting be adjourned to be holden at Clap Sumner's in Lebanon on Thursday the first day of July next at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

This was an important meeting. The leaven had been working. We see the result in the following record:

"LEBANON, July 1st, 1802.

The meeting was opened according to adjourment.

Voted that so much of the votes passed since the 24th day of September last respecting the final establishment of the rout for the turn pike from White river falls bridge in Hanover and from the mouth of White river in Lebanon to Enfield line and from Horse Shoe pond (so called) in Andover to the easterly end of said turnpike be reconsidered.

Voted that the turnpike road from Horse Shoe pond (so called) be laid

out, made, & established, by the west side of Raccoon hill & by Esqr. Bean's in Salisbury to Boscawen meeting house and thence to Blanchard's ferry.

Voted that the turnpike road from near the mouth of White river be laid out, made, and established by Doct'. Parkhurst's & Lebanon meeting house to near Packard's mill.

Voted that the turnpike road from White river falls bridge be laid out, made, and established from said bridge by College plain over Mount Support (so called) till it intersects with the part established from the mouth of White river.

Voted that Asa Hazen, Isaac Partridge, & Joseph Loveland be a committee who are hereby authorized & empowered to examine the different routs proposed from Packard's mills in Lebanon to the westerly line of Enfield near the pond and decide whether the road shall be laid on the north or south side of Mascoma river and the determination of said committee or either two of them shall be final and conclusive; and in case either of the persons before named should fail of attending that Arthur Latham be appointed to join the two who may attend in said business as a substitute for the one who may fail.

Voted that five directors be now chosen by the proprietors; and David Hough, Ben. J. Gilbert, William Johnson, Timothy Dix, and Andrew Bowers were duly elected directors.

Voted that the sum of eight dollars and fifty cents be and hereby is assessed on each share in this proprietorship, to be paid into the hands of the treasurer, & that the treasurer be and hereby is directed to receive in payment for the said assessment & the former assessment if desired before vendue for the same, notes of hand with sufficient sureties to be approved of by the directors, or certificates from the directors that notes have been executed to the proprietors payable on or before the 1st day of Octr. next, provided two hundred shares shall be disposed of agreeably to the bye laws this day passed, by the 20th day of Sepr. next; and the directors are hereby authorized to receive notes with sufficient sureties & give certificates as aforesaid. The notes so by them received are to be lodged in the hands of the treasurer, the directors taking his receipt for the same.

Voted that the directors be and hereby are authorized and requested to proceed so soon as may be to survey and stake out the course of said turnpike within the limits established, confining themselves generally to the objects specified in the votes of the proprietors passed this day and exercising their best discretion as to the particular courses within those objects; and so soon as the committee this day appointed shall form their determination respecting the course from Packard's mill to Enfield line, that they proceed in the same manner to stake out said turnpike within those limits; and said directors are requested to proceed as soon as may be to making contracts for completing said turnpike, to be valid and performance enforced, provided two hundred shares are disposed of as prescribed in the bye laws, by the 20th day of Sepr. next.

Voted that Col. Hough & Col. Payne be appointed to wait on the committee who are appointed to establish the rout from Packard's mill to Enfield line when they shall come out on the business of their appointment.

Voted that those who make payments to satisfy the charges of the committee appointed to establish the rout from Packard's mill to Enfield line shall be allowed the same by the proprietors.

N. B. The following gentlemen paid for that purpose as hereafter mentioned. D. Hough, one dollar, B. J. Gilbert, Wm. Woodward, R. Lang, Jas. Ralston, & Clarke Aldrich one dollar each.

James Ralston declining to serve any longer as clerk, voted and chose Wm. Woodward, Esq., clerk in his stead who was sworn in open meeting.

Voted that this meeting be adjourned to Monday the 12th day of July current then to meet at this place at one o'clock afternoon."

Before the choice of directors a code of six by-laws had been adopted. The record proceeds as follows:

"LEBANON, July 12th, 1802.

The meeting was opened according

to adjournment. The following report was read:

'The committee appointed by the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire to examine the different routs proposed from Packard's mills in Lebanon to the westerly line of Enfield near the pond and decide whether the road shall be laid on the north or south side of Mascoma river, having attended to the business of their appointment & examined the different routs as aforesaid do determine that said turnpike road from Packard's mills in Lebanon shall be laid on the north side of Mascoma river to near Payne's mills (so called), thence across said river to Enfield line above mentioned.

[Signed.]
ASA HAZEN,
JOSEPH LOVELAND, } Committee.
ISAAC PARTRIDGE,

July 7th, 1802."

Payne's mills were at the outlet of the lake near what is now called Lebanon City.

"Which having been read—

Voted that the same be accepted.

Voted that the directors in making contracts for completing the turnpike cause a regular arch to be raised across the road, the chord of which shall be twenty-four feet, and shall rise so high at the point above the center of the chord, as when settled to be two feet above the chord, which shall as nearly as possible be on a level; that in those parts which may require it they cause the road to be suitably casswayed and gravelled; that so far as it is practicable the unevenesses in the length of the way be reduced to a level, provided that where a level is not practicable an ascent may be allowed of not exceeding two feet in a rod's length; that suitable sluiceways be made across said road wherever necessary of the most durable materials conveniently to be had, & sufficiently covered, and the whole completion of said road in every respect shall be subject to the approbation and acceptance of the directors for the time being.

Voted that the sale at vendue for the assessment of one dollar and fifty cents on each share as advertised by the treasurer be adjourned by him & continued postponed until further direction from the proprietors.

Elisha Payne Esqr. declining to serve any longer as moderator—Voted, and chose David Hough Esqr. moderator.

Voted that this meeting be adjourned till the tenth day of August, next, then to be holden at the dwelling house of Beriah Abbott in Lebanon, at 1 o'clock P. M."

The record of this business meeting is:

"LEBANON, August 10th, 1802.

The meeting was opened according to adjournment.—

Voted that a further sum of twenty dollars be and hereby is assessed on each share in this propriety payment for which may be received in like manner as the assessment of eight dollars and fifty cents was directed to be received by vote passed July 1st, last, except that the twenty dollars hereby assessed shall in such obligations be made payable on or before the first day of April next provided two hundred shares are disposed of or subscribed for as directed by the proprietors, by the 20th day of Sepr. next.

Voted that in addition to the mode already prescribed by the proprietors for the distribution & sale of shares, a subscription or subscriptions be opened under the care of the directors, the subscribers to which as proprietors for the number of shares by them set against their respective names are severally to promise to pay to this corporation or to the treasurer for the time being thirty dollars for each share so taken by them after two hundred shares shall be subscribed for; ten dollars to be paid on or before the first day of Octr. next & the remaining twenty dollars on or before the first day of April next provided two hundred shares are disposed of or so subscribed for by the 20th day of Sepr. next; and on any individuals subscribing as aforesaid the directors or a majority of them are authorized to make out a certificate

assigning to such subscriber or subscribers the share or shares of which he may be entitled to a conveyance from said directors in consequence of such subscription, and such certificate shall be effectual & valid to entitle him or them to the same accordingly. And in case notes should be given as heretofore directed by the proprietors the same shall be allowed so far in satisfaction of said thirty dollars—and no sureties shall be hereafter required to notes given unless the directors shall think fit to require them—anything in any former vote to the contrary notwithstanding. And the directors are authorized to certify to the treasurer the payment of the assessments amounting to thirty dollars, on those shares which are subscribed for as aforesaid or for which notes may be received to that amount as directed by the proprietors, the subscription or notes received being considered as in payment of said assessments on the shares disposed of or so subscribed for.

Voted to adjourn to the 7th day of Sepr. next, at one o'clock P. M., then to meet at this place."

The record of the adjourned meeting is brief:

"September 7th, 1802.

Met according to adjournment. Adjourned to Friday, the first day of Octr. next, at one o'clock P. M., to meet at this place."

Further "reconstruction" of the routes was at hand. The record proceeds as follows:

"Octr. 1st, 1802.

Met according to adjournment.

Voted that the directors be requested to proceed as soon as may be to obtain releases from owners of lands on the rout, to take measures for laying out & making contracts for completing the turnpike road and so far as possible cause the new part of the rout from George Hill in Enfield to Blackwater river in Andover to be cleared this fall and to begin such other parts as may be convenient."

"William Woodward, Esqr., being obliged to leave the meeting, Ben. J. Gilbert, Esqr. was chosen clerk *pro tempore*.

DAVID HOUGH, Moderator."

"I, Ben. J. Gilbert, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully discharge all the duties incumbent on me as clerk *pro tempore* of the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire.

So help me God,

BEN. J. GILBERT.

Grafton, ss., Octr. 1st, 1802. Subscribed & sworn to before me,

DAVID HOUGH, Justice of the Peace."

"Voted that the directors be requested to run the road from Horse Shoe pond to Boscawen bridge in as strait a course as practicable."

"Voted that Elias Curtis be appointed as an assistant to attend on the rout and assist in staking out with any two of the directors whenever requested by them in cases where neither of the other directors can attend—and that the doings of any two of the directors, when neither of the others can attend in conjunction with the said Elias Curtis shall be as valid as if done by a majority of the directors, and that each director be allowed while he is actually employed in staking out the road two dollars per day and that the assistant be allowed the same sum and that they be allowed to employ such assistance as may be necessary and prepare & exhibit a plan of said road at some future meeting."

"Voted that Thomas [W] Thompson, Esqr., be treasurer."

"Voted as explanitory of a former vote passed July 12th, last, prescribing to the directors the width of the road & the proportionate ascent in certain cases—that the directors be at liberty to vary from the prescription in said vote so far that said road shall not exceed 33 feet nor be less than 18 in width & that the hills where the ground will admit of it shall be reduced so that the ascent shall not exceed two feet to a rod in length."

"Adjourned to the 3rd Tuesday in Novr. next, then to meet at the dwell-

ing house of Henry Clough in Enfield, at one o'clock P. M."

This was one of the most interesting epochs in the history of the corporation. The disappointed had been driven out or silenced. Those who could not or would not pay up had been "sold out under the rule." The strong men, who were to control it in the future, were coming to the front. The people were aglow with excitement. Stock solicitors, agents, committees and surveyors were busy.

The route between Fifield's mills in Andover and the Shaker "improvements" in Enfield was located and surveyed and the report put in form between the first of October and the sixteenth of November, 1802.

This report was submitted to the meeting held on the latter date and adopted.

The "post guide" at the foot of George hill in Enfield was the 96th station.

The first station was Stake No. 1 at Blackwater river at West Andover "about ten rods below" Fifield's mills. From that to the "post-guide" only points and distances were given. From the "post-guide" there were 23 stations ending at "the lower or northern part of the Quaker's improvements."

Station No. 14, in Enfield, is set down as "to Mr. Clough's."

The entire distance is 17 miles and $\frac{28}{100}$, from station No. 1 to the "post-guide" was 12 miles and $\frac{81}{100}$, and from the latter to station 23 was 4 miles and $\frac{47}{100}$.

The "Salisbury quality" made their heavy hand felt at the subsequent meetings—when the "War of the Roses," over the location in Salisbury, Lebanon, and Enfield, was again fought over.

The record of the meeting of Nov. 16, 1802 is as follows:

"The report of David Hough and William Johnson, two of the directors, and Elias Curtis, their assistant of the particular courses of the rout of the turnpike from near Fifield's mills on Blackwater river to the northerly line of land improved by the community called Shaking Quakers, in Enfield, being read."

"Voted that the same, so far as it extends be accepted."

"The report aforesaid is as follows:

'To the proprietors of the Fourth New Hampshire turnpike road:

The undersigned directors of said proprietors and their assistant having attended in part to their appointment, have surveyed & staked out the rout of the turnpike from Fifield's mills on Blackwater river to the northerly line of land improved by the community of Shaking Quakers in Enfield, and report the same as follows.'"

[Here follows the record of the points and distances of the survey referred to.]

The conclusion of the report as recorded is as follows:

"All which courses for that part of the rout are submitted as the determination of

DAVID HOUGH,
WILLIAM JOHNSON, } Directors.

Either of the other directors not having attended

ELIAS CURTIS, Assistant.

Novr. 16th, 1802."

The record of this meeting then proceeds as follows:

"Voted that Daniel Stickney be appointed assistant to any two of the directors in laying out any of the remaining part of the rout of the turnpike at the easterly end not yet staked out—and that Capt. Stephen Herriman be an assistant at the westerly end, to the first appointed assistant and any one of the directors, and the doings of any two when three only are present shall be valid—and that they be allowed therefor the same pr. day with the directors.

"Voted that instead of the general objects heretofore named at the easterly end of the rout, that the directors be requested to lay the road from the easterly end of the rout this day established, as straight a course as practicable to Blanchard's ferry in Boscawen.

"Voted that the directors be requested to procure to be made and engraved

a seal for this corporation, the device of which shall be a representation of a *curved section* of a turnpike road, with a gate over the same—and a turnpike at the right hand of the gate—and that the *motto* of the seal shall be in letters, or letters & figures.

"'N. Hampshire Turnpike Corporation' and that the same when made shall be the seal of this corporation."

"Voted that the adjournment of this meeting be advertised in the *New Hampshire Currier*, the *Dartmouth Gazette*, and the *Windsor Federal Gazette*, with a notice that bye laws are then to be adopted.

"Voted that this meeting be adjourned to the first Tuesday in Feby. next, then to be holden at Beriah Abbot's dwelling house in Lebanon, at one o'clock, afternoon."

At the meeting of Feb. 1, 1803, a code of by-laws was adopted consisting of 16 articles. The record of the meeting then proceeds as follows:

"Voted that the turnpike road be laid out from where it has been already particularly established by the proprietors, so as to pass by the meeting-houses in Salisbury.

"Voted that Samuel Robie, James Ralston and James Crocker be a committee to audit the accounts of the directors.

"Voted that the oral report of the directors and their assistant of the particular rout staked out by them from the mouth of White River by Mr. Webster's, and on the north side of Mascoma River be accepted.

"Voted that the oral report of the directors of the particular rout surveyed by them over Mount Support (so called), for the turnpike be accepted.

"Voted that the particular rout reported by the directors from Salisbury lower meeting-house to Boscawen bridge be accepted.

"Voted that the directors be nevertheless authorized & empowered to make such small alterations from their report, in the further laying out & completing the road as they may find necessary, confining themselves to the general objects mentioned in the preceeding votes.

"Voted that the committee this day appointed to audit the accounts of the directors, make their report on the same to the said directors, & that they thereupon draw orders, for balances found due, on the treasurer.

"Voted to adjourn without day.

The record of the next meeting is as follows:

"At a regular meeting of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike road in New Hampshire at the dwelling house of Benjamin Thompson, innholder in Andover on the 14th day of April A. D. 1803, at 2 o'clock afternoon. Chose David Hough, Esqr., moderator.

"Voted that the votes of the proprietors passed at their last meeting, relative to the course of said road through the town of Salisbury, be reconsidered.

"Voted that instead of the rout which has heretofore been pointed out by the proprietors for laying out the turnpike road through the town of Salisbury, the said road shall be laid out, made & established on the straitest course practicable through said town, any thing in any former votes of the proprietors to the contrary notwithstanding, and the same is hereby established as the same may be particularly surveyed & staked out by David Hough, Stephen Herriman & Elias Curtis or either two of them, to which purpose they are hereby fully authorized & empowered.

"Voted that this meeting [be] dissolved.

"Which took place accordingly."

Most important consequences were the result of this meeting. There were at this time but two or three houses at what is known as West Andover, and but one at what is now the Potter Place; but the old "Ben Thompson stand" was a noted hostelry even in those days. It was about one third of a mile easterly from the Potter Place. Herod Thompson now occupies the same premises, though there has been a slight change in the location of the buildings.

Most, if not the entire route surveyed, had been put under contract, and the wooded part had been pretty thoroughly cleared. There had been no attempt in the controversies which had arisen in regard to the location through Salisbury to change the route so that it would not pass by the "Kimball stand" and thence on over "the plain" and near to the base of "Raccoon hill." But all this was changed by the vote at this meeting. This vote meant that the road should be run from Fifield's mills, substantially over its present location to what was afterwards known as the old "Dearborn stand," built by the Kimballs, but nearly a quarter of a mile west of the old "Kimball stand," and thence to hew a way in the most direct path practicable along the eastern base of Beach hill crossing the Blackwater river twice and pushing through the wilderness till it reached the "Pet Webster" place in Salisbury.

The route surveyed and the greater portion of that from Fifield's mills was built and put in operation in the year 1803. Stephen Harriman was one of the foremost men in the enterprise. He was an original stock-holder and contracted largely for the building. He built the bridge over the Blackwater river at West Andover known as "The Harriman Bridge;" and also the bridge over the Blackwater between Horse Shoe pond and the premises now occupied by Silas C. Fifield. He built a large portion of the road through Andover as well as other towns. In carrying out his contracts he built a house for construction purposes, put it on wheels and moved it from place to place as necessity required. It was of the "story and a song" pattern; the lower story contained an immense oven made of brick and stone, with other facilities for cooking. There was a dining-room also. His two daughters, who did the housekeeping, had a small room below for their special accommodation. The father with twenty men slept in the attic. This house was the wonder of the region. People came from far and near to see the house on wheels. The huge oven was the admiration of the matrons of those days. After completing his contract, Harriman sold the house on wheels to Landlord Thompson; and what is left of it is now a part of the buildings on the Herod Thompson premises.

But the struggle over the location of the road through Salisbury was not yet over.

The record of the next meeting is as follows:

"The meeting of the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire at the dwelling house of Abijah Chandler in Lebanon in the county of Grafton on the 27th day of May A. D. 1803 pursuant to notification thereof.

"Voted and chose David Hough moderator.

"Voted that it is inexpedient to proceed to act on the articles as expressed in the application for this meeting.

"Voted to dissolve this meeting.

"Adjourned without day accordingly.

The next regular meeting was held at Lebanon. The record is as follows:

"At a regular meeting of the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire, at the dwelling house of Beriah Abbot, innholder, in Lebanon, on Friday the 22d day of July A. D. 1803, at one of the clock in the afternoon.

"Voted and chose David Hough moderator.

"The clerk being necessarily absent,

"Voted and chose George Woodward, clerk *pro tempore,* who was duly sworn in open meeting.

"Voted that this meeting be adjourned to Monday the twenty-second day of August next, then to be holden at the dwelling house of Abijah Chandler in Lebanon at one of the clock in the afternoon.

"Adjourned accordingly."

The record of this meeting is as follows:

"Meeting opened according to adjournment.

"David Hough Esqr. declines serving any longer as a director of this corporation.

"Voted to adjourn to the last Friday in October next then to meet here at one o'clock P. M.

"Adjourned accordingly."

The record of the adjourned meeting proceeds as follows:

"The proprietors met according to adjournment.

"Voted & chose Elias Curtis Esqr. moderator in the place of David Hough Esqr. who is absent.

"Voted by ballot and chose Joel Marsh Esqr. of Sharon a director in the place of David Hough Esqr. who has resigned.

"Voted that the votes of the proprietors passed at their meeting the 25th day of September 1801 and at their meeting the 12th day of July 1802 & also at their meeting the first day of Feby. 1803 & every other vote heretofore passed so far as said votes established that part of the rout of said road which extends from the bridge near Zenas Alden's, over Mascomme river in Lebanon to Matthew Stanley's in Enfield be reconsidered.

"Voted that the directors be authorized and directed to proceed to lay out a rout for the turnpike from the bridge near Zenas Alden's in Lebanon to Matthew Stanley's in Enfield crossing on to the south side of Mascome river so as to pass near by Capt. Aaron Cleavland's dwelling house, in such place and course as the said directors shall think best.

"Voted that Elias Lyman, Saml. Robie & James Crocker be a committee who, or either two of whom are empowered to settle & adjust the accounts of the directors.

"Voted to adjourn without day. Adjourned accordingly."

The troubles about the location in Lebanon and Salisbury were the subject of the next regular meeting, held at Chandler's, December 6, 1803.

The record is as follows:

"At a regular meeting of the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire holden at the dwelling house of Abijah Chandler, innholder in Lebanon on the sixth day of Decr. A. D. 1803 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Voted that a committee be appointed to examine the different routs which have been proposed for the turnpike from Dr. Phineas Parkhurst's in Lebanon to Enfield line and ascertain the practicability of making said turnpike in a different course from where it is at present laid, and also to receive any proposals the town of Lebanon or individuals may make the proprietors respecting the same and report at the next meeting.

"Voted that said committee consist of three persons and that Joel Marsh, Elias Stevens and Jesse Williams Esqrs. compose said committee.

"Voted that the same committee be appointed to examine the different courses which have been proposed for the turnpike through the town of Salisbury and ascertain the practicability of making it on a different rout from where it is at present laid, and also to receive any proposals the town of Salisbury or individuals may make the proprietors respecting the same and report at the next meeting.

"Voted to adjourn this meeting to the first Tuesday of Feby. next then to meet here at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

"Adjourned accordingly."

A movement had been set on foot early in 1803 for a turnpike from Orford for the purpose of intersecting the fourth. It was incorporated June 21, 1804. It passed from Orford through Lyme, cut across a corner of Hanover and then passed through Canaan, Orange, Grafton, Danbury and New Chester, and struck the fourth at West Andover, just opposite the old Dr. Tilton Elkins stand. The location of this turnpike was a matter in which the proprietors of the fourth had a deep interest.

The turnpike which had been built from Andover to Lebanon needed repairs. The controversies about the location in Lebanon, Enfield, and Salisbury had been a grave hinderance to the onward movement, and had been a great disadvantage and damage to the fourth. In order to settle these matters, if possible, both the adjourned and regular meeting of the corporation was held at the house of Abijah Chandler at

Lebanon, on February 7, 1804, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

The following is the record of this important meeting:

"Voted & chose Andrew Bowers Esqr. moderator.

"Voted & chose William Woodward Esqr. clerk of said proprietors the ensuing year, by ballot. Attest.

WM. WOODWARD propr. clerk.

"Grafton ss. Feby. 7th, 1804. Then Wm. Woodward Esqr. made solemn oath that he would faithfully discharge & perform the duties of a clerk of said proprietors. Before me. Ben. J. Gilbert J Peace.

"Voted by ballot and chose Thomas W. Thompson Esqr. treasurer for the ensuing year, who is sworn accordingly.

"Voted by ballot and chose Andrew Bowers Esqr. first director.

"Voted by ballot and chose Joel Marsh Esqr. second director.

"Voted by ballot and chose William Johnson Esqr. third director.

"Voted that the board of directors for the ensuing year shall consist of three persons only.

"Voted that the directors cause such repairs to be made on the turnpike road between Andover and Lebanon as they shall think adviseable.

"Voted that the directors be authorized to purchase for the use of this corporation of Andrew Bowers Esqr. the shares which he lately purchased at public vendue and to receive a deed of the same from him, provided he will sell them at the sum for which he bid them off and in that case that said directors give said Bowers an order on the treasurer for the same.

"Voted that from this time there be allowed upon all payments already made or which may be hereafter made towards the fourth, fifth, or any future assessments, a premium after the rate of eighteen pr. cent pr. *annum*, till the next annual meeting of the corporation, to be allowed them by the treasurer at the next annual meeting.

"Voted that an agent be appointed by this corporation to aid and assist by all necessary measures, in the support of the petition of William Johnson & others, which was preferred at the last session of the general court of New Hampshire, for the grant of a turnpike from Orford to intersect this turnpike west of the bighth of land, which serving as a branch of this turnpike, will, it is apprehended, supersede the necessity of any other turnpike road from said Orford to intersect this or any other part of its rout, by proving sufficiently beneficial to the public.

"Voted by ballot and chose Thomas W. Thompson Esqr. agent for the aforesaid purpose.

On application of Genl. Roswell Olcott for compensation for extra labor & expense bestowed in erecting the bridge near Lebanon meeting house, pursuant to the advice of David Hough Esqr. then one of the directors.

"Voted that a further consideration of this subject be postponed until the return of said Hough, that information may be given by him respecting it.

"Voted that the moving of any building or buildings on any part of the rout of the turnpike be left with the directors, who will act according to their discretion.

"The committee appointed by the proprietors on the sixth day of December last submitted to the meeting among others the following proposals received by them.

"'We the subscribers promise & engage to the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire in consideration that they should think proper to lay out and make said turnpike road by both of the meeting houses in Salisbury in the usual & ordinary way of making said road, that we will be answerable for all the extra expence in labor on the road to make the same so that it shall not rise more than eighteen inches in a rod in any part of said road from Esqr. Bean's to widow Fifield's land, to the satisfaction of the directors of said corporation.

JONATHAN FIFIELD,
AMOS PETTINGELL,
REUBEN TRUE,
ISAAC BLASDEL,
JAMES PETTINGELL.

Salisbury, Decr. 22d, 1803.

To which is added by way of N. B.

'Not to vary more than eight rods from a straight line.'"

"It is further verbally proposed that instead of the rise being eighteen inches in a rod it shall in the same condition be made to be only fifteen inches in a rod.

"'We the subscribers promise and agree with the props. of the fourth New Hampshire turnpike road provided they can consistently with the public good lay out and make said road in such a direction as to pass by the centre road meeting house, to pay them or the owners of the land all the damages which may be assessed by a committee from court in consequence of said road being made across any lands, from the place on widow Fifield's land where the road would vary from the direction where it has been heretofore laid out, to half the distance through Mr. Ephraim Colby's land.

JONATHAN FIFIELD,
AMOS PETTINGELL,
JAMES PETTINGELL.

Salisbury, Decr. 21st, 1803.

"'We the subscribers promise & agree to pay the damages which may be assessed on land from Ensign Moses Garland's to Esqr. Bean's in consequence of the fourth New Hampshire turnpike being laid out and made across said land, or to purchase said land of the owners and convey the same to the proprietors of said turnpike on condition said turnpike shall be laid out and made to pass between Capt. Luke Wilder's house and Mr. Josiah Rogers' in Salisbury and we further agree in case said road should be made through Ephraim Colby's land to pay one half of the damages, or to purchase the one half of the land necessary for said road & convey the same to the said proprietors for the use of said road.

SAMUEL GREENLEAF,
MOSES EASTMAN,
ANDREW BOWERS.

Salisbury, Decr. 19, 1803.'"

"The said committee report as follows:

We the undersigned a committee appointed by the proprietors of the fourth New Hampshire turnpike to examine the different routs which have been proposed for making said road in the towns of Lebanon & Salisbury and to receive proposals from the inhabitants of said towns.

Having viewed the different routs in both towns and heard the observations for and against each, taking into view the public corporation, and individuals, and giving all its due weight report as follows:

That in the town of Salisbury comparing the public claim to the shortest course, with the inconvenience and great damages to a very respectable part of the town, and the large sums to which the corporation would be subjected in damages we say that the road ought to be made by the two meeting houses provided the inhabitants fulfil their proposals and if the corporation in addition, would lay out a small part of what they will save in damages by the road going by said meeting houses, it would make such a road as, in our opinion, the public would have no cause of complaint.

"That in the the town of Lebanon from or near Packard's mill to the end of the road made by the Shakers we are of opinion that said road ought to be made on the south side of the river provided three, or four sharp ridges westerly and near Aaron Cleaveland's should be taken down in making the road so that in no place they rise more than one foot in sixteen. If not, we are in favor of the rout on the north side of the river from Packard's mill to Paine's mill notwithstanding the great odds in distance. We likewise having viewed the rout from Doctr. Phinehas Parkhurst's to Packard's mill on the northerly side of the river are of the opinion that a good road can be made to the satisfaction of the public.

ELIAS STEVENS,
JESSE WILLIAMS,
JOEL MARSH,
} Committee.

"To the proprietors of the fourth New Hampshire turnpike road.

"The said committee also exhibited

proposals which were made them in the following manner.

"'To the Honble. Joel Marsh, Elias Stevens, Jesse Williams Esqrs. committee appointed by the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road in New Hampshire for examining the different routs of said road from the mouth of White river to Merrimac river in Boscawen and to make their report relative to the same.

"'The inhabitants of the easterly part of Lebanon take the liberty of submitting the following proposals for the consideration of the gentlemen composing said committee, viz.:

1st. That in consideration of said road being laid out, made & completed on the north side of Mascoma river in Lebanon from Ichabod Packard's on or nigh the rout of said road as it is already staked out to the lower end of Enfield pond by Payne's mills (so called) & from thence to Enfield town line, that the proprietors aforesaid shall be exempted from the payment of all damages which they might otherwise have been subject to on the account of said roads passing through the lands belonging to the several owners thereof from said Packard's to where said road may cross said Mascoma river at the lower end of the pond before mentioned.

2d. That upon the fulfilment of the consideration above mentioned the proprietors aforesaid shall be paid the sum of two hundred dollars by the inhabitants aforesaid.

3d. That one or more sufficient surety or sureties shall become obligated to the proprietors aforesaid for idemnifying them against said damages and the payment of the sum above specified.

Dated at Lebanon Jany. 21st, 1804.'"

"The said committee further represent that they are informed by Daniel Hough one of the select men of the town of Lebanon that the town of Lebanon has voted to raise the sum of six hundred dollars to be paid said proprietors if said road should eventually be made to cross Mascoma river at Dr. Phinehas Parkhurst's, and twice more before it arrived at the meeting house & by said meeting house to Ichabod Packard's, thence on to the south side of Mascoma river as now laid to Enfield line.

"Which report and representations being heard,

"Voted that the report of said committee be accepted so far as it respects the rout of said road in the town of Salisbury, and that the directors cause the same to be so laid out, made & completed provided sufficient security be given for a compliance with the aforesaid proposals, it being considered that the corporation are to be indemnified for all extra expense in making said road there so that it shall not rise more than fifteen inches in one rod, and any vote or votes respecting the laying out said road in the town of Salisbury so far as they are inconsistent with this vote are hereby reconsidered.

"Voted that if there shall be paid or secured to be paid to this corporation the sum of six hundred dollars for the purpose, and there shall be given sufficient indemnity to this corporation against all damages which shall or may accrue to individuals & which the proprietors may be liable to pay in consequence of the turnpikes being laid out in the town of Lebanon, throughout said town except the college branch on or before the tenth day of April, next, that in that case the directors be instructed to finish & complete the same as already voted by the proprietors—and otherwise in case this be not complied with, that they proceed to lay out & finish the same wholly on the north side of Mascoma river to near Paynes mills (so called) & thence to the road made by the Shakers in Enfield, provided the inhabitants in the eastern part of said Lebanon shall give security immediately after said tenth day of April for a compliance with the proposals made in their behalf—and any vote or votes respecting the laying out said road in the town of Lebanon heretofore passed so far as they are inconsistent with this vote are hereby reconsidered.

"Voted that this meeting be adjourned without day.

"The adjourned and annual meetings as one, were accordingly adjourned without day."

The Salisbury Quality, sometimes divided on minor points but united as against all opposition elsewhere, at last had won. The opposition, stunned, struggled yet for a while, but it was the despairing work of drowning men catching at a straw. We shall see the fruits of this meeting in the hereafter.

TO MY WIFE.

I.

A diver bold, neath the depths of the sea,
Knelt by a wonderful pearl,
And his heart was glad, and he leaped with glee,
As he clutched that wonderful pearl,
That beautiful, priceless pearl.

A thousand fold, O, a thousand fold,
Gladden my heart to-day!
Not all the treasures the oceans hold—
Through the ages lost—the wealth untold
Of pearls and rubies and diamonds and gold,
And all the priceless things that be
Hidden within the depths of the sea,
Could thrill my heart as it thrills to-day:—
For to-day it is joined, my darling girl,
To a heart more pure than the purest pearl
Hidden within the depths of the sea;—
Joined for all eternity.

March 8, 1878.

II.

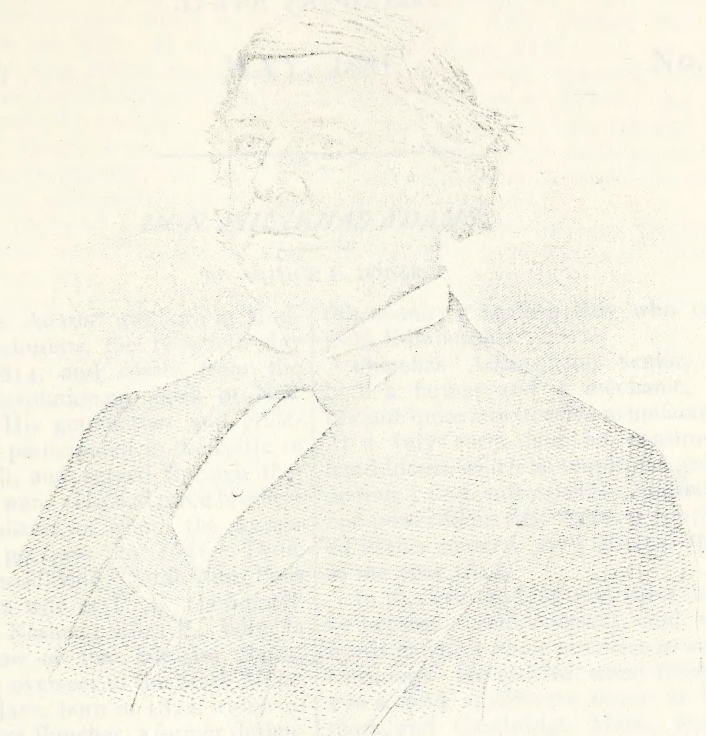
A sailor lay on the battle deck,
Where the shot had fell like rain;
Around him strewn, a blackened wreck,
Were the fleets of France and Spain.

A glittering star was on his breast,
And glory wrapped his clay;
On the battle-deck, taking his rest,
The world's great seaman lay.

O, better, better far than life,
With kingly rank and power,
Was the victory won in that bloody strife
And the glory of that hour.

And yet, my true and noble wife,
If it were mine to say,
I'd rather have thy wealth of love
Than the glory of that day.

March 8, 1881. D.



Van. Snyder & Co. Boston.

Phins. Adams

—THE—

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HON. PHINEHAS ADAMS

BY ARTHUR P. DODGE.

PHINEHAS ADAMS* was born in Medway, Massachusetts, the twentieth day of June, 1814, and comes from the very best Revolutionary stock of New England. His grandfather and great-grandfather participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, and served through that memorable war. He had three brothers and seven sisters, of whom the former all died previous to 1831. Three sisters are now living: Sarah Ann, born in 1816, the wife of E. B. Hammond, M. D., of Nashua; Eliza P., born in 1820, widow of the late Ira Stone, formerly an overseer in the Stark Mills; and Mary Jane, born in 1822, widow of the late James Buncher, a former designer for the Merrimack Print Works at Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Buncher is the present popular and very efficient librarian of the Manchester Public Library.

His father, Phinehas Adams, senior, married Sarah W. Barber, a native of Holliston, Mass., in 1811. Her father was an Englishman, who came to America from Warrenton, England, during the Revolutionary War, and married in this country a Scottish lady who came from Edinburgh.

Phinehas Adams, the senior, was both a farmer and a mechanic, and became quite an extensive manufacturer. At a very early date, he constructed hand-looms, which he employed girls to operate; and, subsequently, started the first power-loom that was ever established in this country, at Waltham, Mass., in the year 1814.

In this year and in the same town, he became a mill overseer, and afterwards gave his whole attention to manufacturing. He resided, when Phinehas was a child, at different times in Waltham, and Cambridge, Mass., and in Nashua, to which latter place he removed later in life, and became proprietor of a hotel—the Central House.

This business was more agreeable to him, since he had broken several of his ribs and received other injuries from an unfortunate fall.

Hon. William P. Newell, of Manchester, who was agent of the Amoskeag Old Mills from 1837 to 1846, was once a bobbin-boy for the elder Adams. This was ten years before the son, who was attending a private school in West Newton, Mass., until 1827, began to work in the mills.

In the last-named year, his father became agent of the Neponset Manufacturing Company's mills—whichwere

* A BRIEF sketch of the life of Honorable Phinehas Adams was prepared for and published in the Manchester *Daily Union*, December 9, 1879. Since then, the writer has been requested by numerous friends of Mr. Adams to prepare the same for publication in a more permanent form. In deference to the wishes of these people, the author has revised the article referred to, adding thereto many heretofore unpublished facts, gathered from various sources, and has published the facts in a pamphlet form, from which this article has been compiled.

owned by himself, Dr. Oliver Dean, and others—at Walpole, in the same State; and to this place he removed his residence.

When quite young, the son disliked close confinement in school, the task of poring over books being to him rather dry and irksome; but his father said to him that he must either study or go to work in the mill. At the latter place, he was soon found engaged in a work well calculated to dispel boyish romance in a summary manner.

He almost repented making this choice, but pluckily "stuck to the work" with the indomitable perseverance so often displayed in after life, and was employed as bobbin-boy for a year by the Company.

He then entered Wrentham Academy, where he remained, making good progress in his studies, for a year and a half, when his father was compelled to inform him that he had met with serious losses by reason of the failure of the Company, and that he, Phinehas, would now have to leave the Academy and go to work.

The father very much regretted feeling obliged to take this course, having cherished the hope of being able to give his son a thorough education.

The latter, readily accepting the situation, replied to his father that he was ready and willing to work, but that, if he must go to work in a mill, he preferred that it should be in a large one, and not in a "one horse concern;" for he desired a wide field and the best possible opportunties to gain a knowledge of the business in its many details.

One of the greatest events in the commercial history of our country was the founding of the "City of Spindles," in 1821. Very naturally, the junior Adams was led to go there to gain his desired knowledge.

On the 10th of November, 1829, he proceeded to Lowell, and at the age of fifteen became employed as bobbin-boy in the mills of the Merrimack Company. At that time, the Company had only about thirty thousand spindles in its mills.

In these early days of manufacturing, the system was adhered to in Lowell of keeping fierce bull-dogs—one, at least—in each mill. They were liberally fed with fresh meat, *not* for the purpose of making them *less* savage, and chained near the entrance to the mill, making effectual sentinels while the watch-*men* were making their rounds. This custom was followed until about 1831.

Mr. Adams was early possessed of an ambition to become an overseer; and to this end he labored hard and faithfully, never thinking or dreaming, however, that he would become agent of a large mill.

This was his real beginning, the wedding to his long and uninterrupted manufacturing life, the "golden wedding" anniversary of which event occurred in November, 1879.

Soon after his commencement at Lowell, he was promoted to the position of second overseer in the weaving department, a post he retained until 1831, when he passed to a similar position in the Methuen Company's mill, of which his uncle was agent. In 1833, he made another change, going to Hooksett, where he became overseer in the Hooksett Manufacturing Company's mills, of which his father was then the agent.

Not long afterwards he assumed a similar position in the Pittsfield Manufacturing Company's mill, at Pittsfield, then under the administration of Ithamar A. Beard.

Mr. Adams remained in Pittsfield from December, 1834, until Mr. Beard resigned.

On the 7th of March, 1835, Mr. Adams, who had previously decided to return to Lowell, left Pittsfield; embarked in the mail stage, and found himself about noon of the next day at Nashua, where his parents then resided. In those days there was no city of Manchester, neither was there a splendid railroad service running through the fertile Merrimack valley. But the waters of the Merrimack, though scarcely at all utilized at that time to propel water wheels, carried upon its bosom heavily laden vessels from Boston, *via* the old

Middlesex Canal, which ran as far north as Concord. Locks were in use at Garvin's Falls, Hooksett, Manchester, Goff's Falls, Nashua, and at other points. A passenger steamer plied in those days between Lowell and Nashua upon the river.

Mr. Adams remained at home only until Monday. He was industriously inclined, and proceeded immediately to the Merrimack Mills in Lowell, the scene of his earlier labors, where he accepted the office of overseer. He remained with this Company until he came to Manchester, in 1846.

In December, 1841, John Clark, the agent of the Merrimack Mills at Lowell, proposed that Mr. Adams should enter the office as a clerk. This idea was very distasteful to Mr. Adams, but he yielded to the wishes and advice of Mr. Clark, to get acquainted with book-keeping and the general business of the mills, to prepare for a higher position. For five years he held this position.

In the year 1846, Mr. Adams left Lowell to assume the agency (succeeding the Hon. William P. Newell) of the "Old Amoskeag Mills," then located on the west side of the Merrimack River at Amoskeag Falls—now a part of the city of Manchester—on the present site of ex-Governor P. C. Cheney's paper-mill.

The building of the Amoskeag Mills was the beginning of Manchester's wonderful career of prosperity, which has developed to such great proportions. Her many mills, now running more than three hundred thousand spindles, many looms, and many cloth printing-machines, and the many other signs of industry, are abundantly attesting to the truth of the statement.

With the Amoskeag Corporation Mr. Adams remained until the 17th of November, 1847, when he became agent of the Stark Mills.

Of the great manufactories of Manchester, that of the Stark Mills Company ranks third in magnitude and second in age. This Company was organized September 26, 1838, and began operation the following year.

During its forty years and more of busy existence, it has had but two resident agents. John A. Burnham, held the position from the inception of the corporation until the 17th of November, 1847, the date marking the commencement of the long term of service of the present incumbent, the Hon. Phinehas Adams. At that time, the capital of the Stark Mills Company was the same as now—one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The shares, the par value of which was one thousand dollars, were worth six or seven hundred dollars, when Colonel Adams was chosen agent; but they have risen to fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars each since.

In the early days of New England manufacturing, more labor was performed by hand than is to-day; and, though substantially the same machinery was employed, yet it had by no means attained its present capacity and wonderful completeness.

In December, 1863, Mr. Adams was commissioned by the Directors of the Stark Mills to go to Europe for the purpose of securing machinery and information relating to the manufacture of linen goods. At that time, owing to the war, cotton goods were very scarce and expensive. For unmanufactured cotton itself, the Stark Company paid as high as one dollar and eighty-six cents per pound, and a higher price than even that was paid by other companies. A bale of cotton brought nine hundred and thirty dollars.

Mr. Adams travelled extensively through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and visited the city of Paris. He ordered considerable machinery of the English manufacturers, who were very busy with American orders at the time. So great, in fact, was the demand upon them, that the Stark machinery did not arrive until the September following—nearly a year after being ordered.

From choice, Colonel Adams has been quite clear of politics, having only served as Ward Clerk when a young man in Lowell, and, later as a Presidential Elector for General Grant. He was Governor Straw's chief of staff, which,

by the way, it is believed never "turned out in a body" as such. He was also four years a Director in the Concord Railroad, just after the decease of Governor Gilmore. About the year 1848, he was chosen one of the assistant engineers of the Manchester Fire Department, in which capacity he served with peculiar fidelity for twelve years.

Mr. Adams and the other engineers resigned their positions after two steamers had been obtained, thus giving the captains of the old companies chances of promotion.

Never being "up for office," as were many of his friends, he could act with positive independence; and he invariably did act, as he thought, for the best interests of the city.

He has for a long time been closely indentified with the moneyed institutions of Manchester, having served as a Director in the Merrimack River Bank from 1857 to 1860; the same in the Manchester National Bank from 1865 to the present time; and as a Trustee in the Manchester Savings Bank nearly all the time since it obtained its charter.

Since the decease of Hon. Herman Foster, Mr. Adams has been one of the committee on loans for the latter institution.

He is one of the Directors of the Gas-Light Company, and was for many years a Trustee of the Public Library.

He was elected in 1865 one of the original Directors of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association.

Four years ago, in October, Colonel Adams attended a class reunion of scholars of Mr. Seth Davis, then ninety years of age, at his home in West Newton, Mass. Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice and other prominent men were of this number.

For many years, Mr. Adams has been engaged, as opportunity occurred, in procuring rare coins and medals. Of the former, he now possesses very complete collections of the various denominations in gold, silver, nickel, and copper; and he has a great number of valuable medals. Many of these antiquities command a very high price in the market, their numbers being absolutely limited, and the demand for them steadily increasing.

The present officers of the Stark Mills are: Clerk, Phinehas Adams; Treasurer, Edmund Dwight; Directors, William Amory, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Lewis Downing, Jr., T. Jefferson Coolidge, John L. Bremer, J. Lewis Stackpole, and Roger Walcott; Manufacturing Agent,* Phinehas Adams; Selling Agents, J. L. Bremer & Co., Boston. Mr. Amory was Treasurer at the commencement, and is now President of the Corporation

During the administration of Colonel Adams, which covers a long series of eventful years, a great many changes have taken place. In what may be called, more particularly, the manufacturing world is this especially true.

He is the oldest agent and the longest in such position in the city—nay, more, in the entire Merrimack Valley; and most of those holding similar positions thirty-two years ago are now passed from this life.

That fine old estate on Hanover Street, for a long time known as the "Harris Estate," was formerly owned by the Stark Company, who built the commodious mansion now converted into a charitable institution—the "Orphans' Home,"—for the use of their agents. John A. Burnham was its first occupant; and next, Mr. Adams, who resided there nine years, beginning with 1847.

When Baldwin & Co.'s steam mill on Manchester Street, where D. B Varney's brass foundery is now located, was, with other structures, burned on the 5th of July, 1852, that house then occupied by Mr. Adams was set on fire by the flying sparks; but the fire was speedily extinguished. Mr. Adams was at the time attending to his duties as engineer where the fire raged the fiercest. Thus Mrs. Adams and those of her household were without protection of the sterner sex in the early part of their

* Col. Adams resigned the office of agent of the Stark Mills, April 30, 1881, on account of poor health.

peril. Soon, however, aid was proffered by several men, of whom Mrs. Adams admitted Mr. Walter Adriance and three others, friends of the family, whereupon she securely barricaded the doors. The work of passing water to the roof was very lively for a while.

In 1856, Mr. Adams moved into the house No. 2 Water Street, now occupied by Moses O. Pearson, Esq., where he lived also about nine years, when he purchased his present fine residence No. 18 Brook Street.

On the 24th of September, 1839, Mr. Adams was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth P. Simpson, daughter of the late Deacon Samuel Simpson, of Deerfield, a veteran in the war of 1812.

Mrs. Adams's paternal grandfather, Major John Simpson, participated in the battle of Bunker Hill, and, it is said upon good authority, fired the first shot, on the American side, of that famous engagement.

It occurred in this wise: The men in his line were instructed by their commander, Colonel Stark, not to fire a gun until the British had arrived at a certain point, forty paces distant from the American works. When the red-coated invaders had advanced to within that distance, the Major (who was then a private), an excellent marksman, being unable to withstand so good an opportunity, fired before the order was given, and dropped his man. The fire was then opened along the whole line. On being reproved for disobeying orders, Mr. Simpson replied, "I never could help firing, when game which I was after came within gun-shot." He died October 28, 1825.

From this happy union of Mr. Adams with Miss Simpson two children have sprung: Elizabeth, born June 15, 1842, and Phinehas Adams, Jr., born December 26, 1844,—both being born in the same house in the city of Lowell.

The former is the wife of Daniel C. Gould, paymaster of the Stark Mills, and the popular tenor singer at the Franklin Street church, to whom she was married the 10th of September, 1868. Mr. Gould is a son of Deacon Daniel Gould, who was the first railroad station agent in Manchester, a position he held until succeeded by the late Henry Hurlburt.

Mr. Phinehas Adams, Jr., married Miss Anna P. Morrison, of Belfast, Maine. He is engaged in the cotton business in Boston.

About a year after being married, Phinehas Adams joined the First Congregational Church in Lowell. Mrs. Adams was a member of the same church. On removing to Manchester, both had their relation transferred to the Franklin Street Congregational Church, the Rev. William V. W. Davis being the able and esteemed pastor thereof.

At a recent business meeting of the Stark Corporation Directors, on the suggestion of Edmund Dwight, it was voted to present Colonel Adams with a suitable token, bearing testimony of the high respect in which he is held by them.

Therefore, on the 17th of November, 1879, that being the date completing his thirty-two years of service as agent of that Corporation, they presented him with one of the most valuable gold watches made by the Waltham Company, together with a massive gold chain and an elegant seal. Inside the watch-case is engraved the following: "The Stark Mills to Phinehas Adams, November 17, 1847–1879, William Amory, Edmund Dwight, treasurer."

Accompanying these superb gifts was the following letter, expressive of sentiments that any honorable man would be justly proud to merit:—

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1879.

My Dear Sir.—I send you a watch and chain by request of the Directors of the Stark Mills. It will reach you on the anniversary of the day on which you entered their service, thirty-two years ago.

Will you receive it as an expression of their great respect for your character, and their high appreciation of the service you have rendered the Corporation during the third part of a century?

It is their sincere hope that the connection which has lasted so long may long continue.

With great regard, yours sincerely,

EDMUND DWIGHT, *Treasurer.*

PHINEHAS ADAMS, Esq.

This testimonial was eminently deserved, as no one is held in greater or more universal respect than is the upright, courteous, and genial recipient.

Right here it may be as well to put on record the fact that Mr. Adams has never used tobacco or intoxicating liquors during his life. The life of Mr. Adams proves that tireless persistence and devotion to duty accomplish much. The influence exerted by his life is far greater than is commonly supposed or realized. It can hardly fail to stimulate young men to honorable exertions, and to teach them that extensive notoriety is not necessarily indicative of true greatness, and also that too eager grasping after mere political distinction or after temporal riches is far less desirable than linking their lives to immortal principles

No sermon could be more potent than such a life as this, illustrating the fact that exalted character is the choicest of all possessions, bearing ever large interest in this life, and likewise in the life hereafter.

GENEALOGY.

The "Phinehas Adams" Branch of the Adams Family, copied from the Original Chart prepared by Elijah Adams, and dated Medfield, May 2, 1798.

HENRY ADAMS,* Devonshire.

PETER, JOSEPH,† HENRY, ———, EDWARD, SAMUEL, JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, HENRY, JAMES, JOHN, ELISHA, EDWARD, ELISHAB.

OBADIAH, JOHN, THOMAS, JEREMIAH, ELEAZER, ABRAHAM, DANIEL, PHINEHAS, EDWARD.

BENJAMIN, JOHN, ELEAZER, SETH.

JOHN, JUDE, JOEL, PHINEHAS, JAMES, ELIAS, HEZEKIAH, ELEAZER.

ASAHEL, BARZILLAI, PHINEHAS, WILLIAM, LOWELL.

ASAHEL, ASAHEL, PHINEHAS,‡ ASAHEL.

PHINEHAS.

* Henry Adams was the first of the name of Adams that came to America. He came from the County of Devonshire, England, embarking at Bristol, and arriving at the town of Braintree, near Boston, about the year 1630. He brought with him eight sons, four of whom settled in Medfield, one in Braintree, two, it is supposed, in Chelmsford—though but one of their names is known—and one returned to his native country.

† The line through which descended John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, and Samuel Adams.

‡ The subject of this sketch.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, CONCORD, N. H.

DELIVERED ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH, NOVEMBER 18, 1880.

BY JOHN C. THORN.

While the Christian world celebrates this year as the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday-Schools in Great Britain, we, especially to-day, remember the sixty-second year of their existence in this town and in this society. Modern Sunday-Schools were founded, as all the world knows, by Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, in 1780, employing hired teachers at one shilling a Sunday, "to teach reading and lessons in the catechism." As an earlier, although an isolated instance, it has been said that Ludwig Thacher organized a Sunday-School in the town of Ephrata, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, as early as the year 1750, and personally conducted it some thirty years before Raikes' work began.[1] Looking for an organized effort in this country, we find that on January 11, 1791, the first Sunday-School Society was formed in Philadelphia, and the following March the first school was opened in that city. On May 25, 1817, was organized in that same "city of brotherly love" the "Sunday and Adult School Union," succeeded on its seventh anniversary by the "American Sunday-School Union."[2]

SCHOOLS IN THE STATE.

At the meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire at Londonderry, on the ninth of September, 1824, there was created as an auxiliary to the American Union the first state Sunday-School Union on this continent, and Samuel Fletcher of this society was chosen chairman of the Merrimack county committee. The first report of state work, made September 7, 1825, incomplete as it was known to be, showed sixty-six schools, four hundred and eighty-three teachers and five thousand scholars. [2] A grand exhibit at this early stage of the movement.

The first Sunday-School in our state, undoubtedly owes its origin to the Rev. David Sutherland of Bath. "Father Sutherland," as he was called, was born in Scotland, and had there been engaged in the early work of this noble institution. The school at Bath was begun in 1805, and for some thirteen years was under his personal management. The town of Wilton established a Sunday-School in May, 1816, and Dr. Peabody claims, in his centennial address of that place, that it was the "first in America whose leading object, according to the plan now universally adopted, was to give moral and religious instruction; the text-book used being the Bible and the Bible only."[3]

CATECHISM IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

Approaching the formation of Sunday-Schools in Concord, we would observe, according to Dr. Bouton, in a manuscript sermon preached March 27, 1864,[4]

1 Rev. Asa Bullard in *Congregationalist*, file 1880.

2 First Report "American Sunday School Union," Philadelphia, 1825—N. H. Hist. Soc.

3 Dr. Ephraim Peabody's address, September 25, 1839.

4 This discourse, on the "History of the Sunday-School," was prepared by the pastor, in answer to a resolution presented by J. B. Walker, Esq., January 17, 1864, and I am indebted to it for many of the facts in this paper. It is on file in the Bouton collection in the New Hampshire Historical Society.

"That instruction in spiritual truths was regularly inculcated in families and common schools by the first settlers of the town. And we have evidence that for at least eighty years after the settlement of the first minister, the Assembly's Shorter Catechism was recited in the schools on Saturday forenoons, and in most of the families of the place taught by the parents on the Sabbath after meeting." With these facts it is readily apparent why schools on Sunday were not earlier formed in our midst. Our worthy forefathers, with the Puritan principles which characterized them, combined with common-school education a religious training. It is related as traditional of the oversight which the minister, the chief dignitary of the parish, had for the religious education of the children in the District schools, that from time to time they were visited by him and the scholars examined in the catechism. And all who are acquainted with the difficulties of this summary of religious doctrine will wonder as did my informant, "how they ever got through with it." Although the children learned the catechism almost mechanically, yet, as said Mrs. Richard Bradley, who was able to repeat it in her young days, "that in after life it came to her mind and was a valuable acquisition in doctrinal discussion or private thought."

CATECHETICAL SOCIETY.

Previous to the organizing of Sunday-Schools, there was established, during the year 1815, what was called a "Catechetical Society." We learn of its method and object from its constitution. "That each meeting shall be opened and closed with prayer. That time spent in the meeting shall be devoted to mental improvement in moral and religious knowledge. And each member shall daily read, with reverence and attention, some portion of the lively oracles of God."[1] This society was formed into classes, one of which met on a week day, in the representatives room in the old Town-House, and recited scripture lessons from Wilbur's Biblical Catechism, to the pastor of the church, Dr. McFarland. The exercises at these meetings consisted of reciting passages of scripture in answer to questions in the catechism, and sometimes, also, reading essays or compositions written by some member.[2] This society, with its organization and work, was a ready introduction to Sunday-Schools. Some are asking the question to-day, "Whether Sabbath-Schools are really doing as much for the religious training of the young, as did the catechetical instruction of a hundred years ago?"

THE FOUNDATION.

During the years 1816–17, as other denominations of Christians began to rise, and the catechism was being gradually dropped from the schools, a substitute seemed necessary. The first intimation we have of Sunday-Schools, was in the report of the Concord Female Charitable Society, by Miss Sarah Kimball, January, 1817. She says, "At the commencement of the new year, cannot we do something more for the express purpose of getting children to meeting and to school? Shall we not see Sabbath-Schools commencing among us?"

About this time, "Mr. Charles Herbert, a devoted Christian, used to gather small children of the neighborhood in the kitchen of his father's house, after the service on Sabbath afternoon, and teach them the catechism, verses of scripture and hymns, and distribute among them little books." We also learn that Miss Sarah T. Russell, a teacher in the District school-house at the corner of Main and Church streets, opened a school on Sunday, in the summer of 1817. One says, when first invited to attend: "I wondered what kind of a school it would be on the Sabbath."

1 Wilbur's Biblical Catechism, Exeter, 1814.

2 This society has preserved among its papers, one of these essays, by Isaac W. Dow, in answer to question 181, "When is the best time to begin a religious life?"

ESTABLISHED IN CONCORD.

Coming now to the year 1818, the recorded date of the origin of established Sunday-Schools in Concord and in this society, I would remark that the history of their beginning in this society is also the history of their foundation in town. As the branches from the parent tree, so from this school all the others sprang.

In the spring of 1818 four different schools were opened: one at the old Town-House (on the site of our present City Hall), superintended by Joshua Abbott; one in a school-house (where are now located Abbot-Downing Co.'s carriage shops), superintended by Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, and numbering forty-four scholars; one at the West-parish with forty-seven scholars; and one on the East side with forty scholars. (Of these first schools, four persons are now living as members of this church and society.[1]) The schools in East and West Concord had no superintendents, and no one to even offer prayer. Joshua Abbott, who lived on the site of our present church edifice, would occasionally, after service, go on foot to West-parish and open the school with prayer. Isaac W. Dow and Ira Rowell, young men under twenty years of age, heard the recitations. The school on the East side was continued only a few years, while that at the West-parish was united with the church there, organized April 22, 1833. Miss Myra Thorn,[2] a member of the first school on the East side, and whose name appears first on the roll, says in a letter: "I well remember that Dr. McFarland came over and preached on the subject of Sunday-Schools, from the text in Isaiah liv, 13,—'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.' This, I think, was in March, as the snow and water were so deep that Uncle John put the oxen to the double sleigh and carried us all to the meeting. The school was commenced soon after. We met at five o'clock in the afternoon. I do not think we had any superintendent, as no one ever made any remarks or offered prayer. We began at the third chapter of Matthew and learned as many verses as we could; there were no questions asked and no explanations made."

We have a complete list of the scholars of this school on the East side (of the summer session of 1818), showing four classes, twenty boys and twenty girls, their attendance, and the number of verses recited. On this roll appears the name of a little boy, then only five years old, who repeated in six Sundays one hundred and one verses; who from humble life worked his way through college; afterwards went forth to foreign lands, and in the ports of England, France and Russia, preached the gospel to those "who go down to the sea in ships." This Concord Sunday-School-boy became the celebrated divine, the Rev. Ezra E. Adams[3] of Philadelphia, whose eloquence in the pulpit has charmed and instructed thousands of listening auditors.

REWARDS OF MERIT.

To encourage scholars in their attendance, and in the learning of the lessons, a plan of "Rewards of Merit"[4] was adopted. (For punctual attendance and

1 Deacon Benjamin Farnum and wife, Hon. John Abbott and Calvin Thorn, Esq.

2 Sister of Calvin Thorn.

3 Deceased, 1871. A long list of names might be given of those who have been nurtured in our schools, and have become distinguished in the different walks of life, but the great number calls upon me to forbear.

4 Rewards of Merit were quite common in these early times of the Sunday-School, and the following is an exact copy of one form, in my possession, used in an adjoining town:

Miss Cynthia Morgan (now Mrs. Calvin Thorn), aged 13 years, has learnt, within 14 weeks, 19 answers from Wilbur's Catechism, 160 verses from Songs and Hymns, 45 answers from Emerson's M. D. Catechism, and 28 lessons from Eaton's M. H. Catechism, and for her good behavior, diligence and laudable improvement, has the approbation of the Inspecting Committee and of her teachers,

Teachers, { JOSIAH KITTREDGE, ANNE COFRAN. Committee, { A. BURNHAM, DANIEL KNOX, L. PRATT, J. KITTREDGE,

PEMBROKE, August 30, 1818.

good behavior, reward number one. Twelve verses from the Bible, or hymns; twelve answers from any catechism, or four cards of number one, entitled the scholar to reward number two. Five cards of number two gave the holder one of number three. Six of number three to a religious tract, four tracts to a testament or some other book of equal value.) Aroused by this new institution planted among them, and incited by these rewards into earnest competition, the scholars of the early times exhibited a wonderful industry and ability in committing verses to memory. In the West-parish school in the month of August (following its establishment the previous June), in a season opposed to mental effort, forty-five scholars committed twelve thousand six hundred and six verses, two hundred and eighty each, or seventy verses a Sunday, each scholar.[1] In the school at the South end, Mary Chamberlin, of fifteen years, committed during a term of twenty-one weeks, two thousand six hundred and ninety-six, or more than one hundred and twenty-eight each Sabbath. These examples of successful effort in preparation for the Sunday-School are well worthy of emulation by the scholars of to-day.

GROWTH OF SCHOOLS.

In 1825 there were seven different schools, meeting in their respective school-houses, with fifty teachers, three hundred and thirty-four scholars, and eighty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-two verses of scripture recited. In 1826 there were twelve schools, seventy teachers, and four hundred and eighty scholars, who recited one hundred and sixty-one thousand four hundred and forty-six verses—five times the number in the whole Bible. In 1827, ninety-seven teachers and five hundred and seventy scholars. In 1832 there were sixteen schools, conducted by members of this society, and the whole number connected with them was nine hundred and twenty-five—the highest point reached by the schools of this congregation.

BIBLE CLASSES.

At this early period those who attended the schools on Sunday were mostly children not above fifteen years of age, but in 1825, the year of Dr. Bouton's settlement, he says: "One of the first objects proposed by your young pastor was to form Bible classes, to comprise the young people who were not in the Sabbath-School, except as teachers." To carry out this plan five classes were organized, which met in different parts of the town, some once, others twice a month. These Bible classes resulted in great good, eighty-one of the members joining the church during the six years of their existence. In 1831–2, the time of the great revival, these classes were added to the school, increasing greatly its numbers and strength.

LIBRARY.

Our library was established in 1826, and the next year the number of volumes upon the shelves was three hundred and thirty-six. Books were added from year to year, by means of appropriations from the society, collections at the yearly anniversaries, and also later, from the Sabbath-School Concerts; in 1871, under Mr. J. D. Bartley, superintendent, class boxes for weekly collections were introduced and are still retained, which have proved very successful in sustaining the library and meeting the expenses of the school, besides giving $600 to aid in building our church. The library proved to be of great benefit in increasing the numbers and interest of the school. As the three Congregational churches of our city went out from us, one third of the library was presented to

1 Bouton's History of Concord, page 376.

each of them in turn for their use. Books have been donated, as occasion offered, to Massachusetts, Ohio, Canada and the Sandwich-Islands, to our State Reform School, and to many of the destitute churches throughout the State.[1] Our libraries always need good books, strong in character, interesting and intellectual, and we must constantly seek to elevate their standard, so that we can truly inscribe over their doors (as did the ancient Egyptians, who possessed the first libraries in the world) this appropriate motto: "The Treasury of remedies for the diseases of the soul."[2]

LESSONS.

The plan of merely reciting verses, was changed in 1827, by introducing "Select Scripture Lessons," which were first recited by the scholars and then remarks to impress or enforce the truth were added by the teacher. Five years later (1832), was commenced the preparation of lessons by the pastor, with approval of the teachers, which were continued for more than thirty years—including in their range the teachings of the whole Bible. (Most of these lessons, printed on slips for each term, we have on file.) In 1857, a question book was used by some of the classes, called "Curious and Useful Questions on the Holy Bible;" this was continued for a few years in connection with the regularly prepared lessons. In 1865, "The Union Question Book" series was adopted by the adult classes, and retained in the school for several years, as a guide for Bible study. It is now some eight years since the "International Sunday School Lessons" were adopted. This plan of study being accepted in nearly all the nations of the earth. The Sabbath sun as it encircles the globe is continually shining upon a people employed upon the same topic that is engaging the rest of the Christian world, thus binding together in thought and service many races in a common brotherhood.

TIME OF SESSIONS.

Until the winter of 1827-8 schools were held only in the summer season, from May to October, but at this time a school was continued the entire year, at the Meeting-House. In 1829 the school at the Town-House was united with it during the winter term, and met immediately after the morning service. The schools in the different districts met at five o'clock in the afternoon, except the one at the Town-House which, was in the morning at nine o'clock. Any one looking out on Main street, at the time of the morning service, would have beheld the beautiful sight of the scholars, walking in the order of classes, accompanied by their teachers, from the Town-House where they had assembled for the Sunday-School, at the ringing of the first bell at nine o'clock, to attend worship at half-past ten at the Old North church.

Previous to the year 1838, young people only had attended Sunday-School, but that year all were invited by the pastor, "to unite as a congregation in the divine employment of studying the word of God," and adult classes were formed.

About 1840-41, the primary department, under the charge of Mr. Aiken, retired from the church at noon, to the old brick school-house on the corner of Church and State streets, where their exercises were conducted. This arrangement continued but a short time. In 1842, the year of our removing from the Old North church, and the same year that the East Concord church went out from us, the different schools remaining under the supervision of the First church were consolidated, and met the entire year at noon in the church—which arrangement has been continued until the present.

1 Sabbath School Records, vols. 1 and 2.

2 Rollins, Ancient History, part 3, page 23.

UNION CELEBRATION.

Great harmony had prevailed in the mother church as the children had gone out to conduct worship in houses of their own, and as other denominations sprung up the best of feeling existed on every hand. This spirit of good will was illustrated by the "Union Sabbath-School Celebration," held in Concord July 5th, 1841. As we have record in a pamphlet of the day's proceedings,[1] "The several schools of the village assembled at their usual places of meeting and were arranged and ready to march precisely at ten o'clock. They all proceeded to Park street, and were formed into line in the following order: The schools from the North church, Methodist Episcopal, South, Baptist and Unitarian. The procession numbering about one thousand of all ages, and graced with appropriate banners, moved up Main street, preceded by the Concord brass band, to a grove near the residence of Richard Bradley, Esq.; seats were provided, the grove was tastefully decorated, and the tables were bountifully spread with the collation. The exercises at the grove were conducted in the following manner: Singing; address by Colonel Josiah Stevens, chief marshal; prayer by Rev. Mr. Cummings; address by Rev. Dr. Bouton; prayer by Rev. Mr. Dow; address by Mr. Souther. Each exercise was brief and adapted to the occasion. The number at the grove was not less than fifteen hundred." The scholars of the different schools, were also mostly soldiers of the temperance army, signing the pledge—

"I will not drink wine, brandy, rum
Or anything that makes drunk come."

ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

For about four years after leaving the Old North the work, as has heretofore been given, was continued. But now there was crystalized into a new and better form the previous methods of Sunday-School organization. "On the last Sabbath of October, 1846, at a meeting of persons connected with the First Congregational church and society, it was voted to form a Sunday-School Association," and Dr. Bouton, Robert Davis and H. A. Newhall were appointed a committee to report a constitution and nominate officers. The constitution then adopted we act under to-day. The officers were a president, superintendent, secretary, treasurer and librarian. The school under this association was organized November 15th, 1846, with Dea. Samuel Morrill, president (to which office he was annualy reëlected until his death in 1858), and Dea. James Moulton, Jr., superintendent and secretary, with eighteen classes and one hundred and eighty-four scholars.[2]

ANNIVERSARIES.

In early times a Sunday-School celebration, or anniversary, used to be held in June, on Wednesday before Election, in connection with the Ministers' Convention, at the Old North Church. Later, the anniversary exercises of the school were observed in the month of October, until the 20th of that month, 1864, when the constitution was amended so as to have it held the last Sabbath in December, as we still continue to do, listening to reports and attending to the election of officers. In the afternoon, the school being assembled in the body of the church, in the order of classes, the pastor, or some one invited by him, preached a sermon adapted to the occasion.

The first anniversary discourse was delivered by Dr. Bouton, October 22d, 1825, from the text, Matthew xix, 14, "But Jesus said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

1 Pamphlet on file with Church papers, containing also a list of the officers and scholars of all the schools at that time.

2 Vol. 1st, S. S. Record, pages 1 to 5.

Quite often the superintendent's report was read as a part of the afternoon proceedings, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the library.

These anniversary exercises were of great interest for nearly fifty years, under Dr. Bouton and our present worthy pastor, being regularly observed until the destruction of our church edifice in 1873. The second Sabbath after our coming together in this church, March 12th, 1876, under Mr. Charles W. Moore, superintendent, was observed, with appropriate exercises, the fifty-eighth anniversary of the school.[1]

SABBATH-SCHOOL CONCERTS.

"Sabbath-School Monthly Concerts of Prayer," as they were called, were first held by us June 8, 1851, under the direction of Henry A. Newhall, superintendent.[2] At the beginning, the exercises consisted of prayer, singing, remarks by the pastor, superintendent, teachers and others, and a collection at the close. This was varied and enlarged upon by the reciting of hymns and verses of scripture, the commandments and the Lord's prayer by the children singly, and by classes in concert. More recently they have been elaborated and made highly interesting by the introduction of various parts, of a pleasing and instructive nature, the children have shared more fully in the work of the concerts and it is hoped have been profited by it. The Easter, Floral, Harvest, and Christmas concerts have been almost works of art, in their ornamentation and in the beautiful exercises presented.

The harmonious relations which still exist between the different schools of our city were happily illustrated by the "Union Sabbath-School Concert" held with this church, Sabbath evening, April 8, 1860, the first of the kind ever gathered in Concord. Notwithstanding it rained all day and evening, the church was completely filled, extra seats being found necessary. The schools represented were the First and South Congregational, First and Second Baptist, Methodist, Free-will Baptist and three Missions schools. The exercises consisted of an address of welcome to the schools by Dr. Bouton, after which Rev. J. W. Turner of the "American Sunday-School Union," addressed the congregation upon the great subject of Sunday-School instruction. Remarks were added by Rev. Drs. Cummings and Flanders and Rev. H. E. Parker. The second of these union concerts was held at the First Baptist church, July 15th, 1860.

CONCLUSION.

Of our more recent work and standing as a school I will not delay to mention. The changes have been few and slight, and the present is familiar; of criticism upon the method and results of the system I will not weary you. It is due, however, our present pastor, the long list of able superintendents[3] and teachers, to say, that the work has been carried on with earnestness and fidelity.

All honor then to those who planted and have maintained this nursery of the church among us. Who can tell of the influence of such an institution upon the intelligence, morals and character of two generations of our community?

> "The Sunday-School! Earth has no name
> Worthier to fill the breath of fame,
> The untold blessings it has shed
> Shall be revealed when worlds have fled."[4]

1 A printed programme of the day, giving a list of officers and teachers and the varied exercises of the occasion, with the Superintendent's able report in manuscript, is on file with Society papers.

2 It is traditional that concerts were held on Monday, in the Town-House, about the years 1834-35, Dea. Fletcher reading to the children from the S. S. Visitor.

3 Superintendents from 1818 to 1846, Joshua Abbott, Dea. Samuel Fletcher and Dea. Samuel Morrill, in order as named. In 1846, year of formation of S. S. Association, Deacon James Moulton, Jr., was elected, serving 1847 and 1848, followed by Henry A. Newhall, 1849 to 1851, inclusive. Samuel B. Marden, 1852 and 1853. Henry A. Newhall, 1854. Charles F. Stewart, 1855 to 1861. Samuel B. Marden, 1862. Adna Tenney, 1863. Charles F. Stewart, 1864 to 1866. Edward A. Moulton, 1867 to 1870. J. D. Bartley, 1871 and 1872. Charles W. Moore, 1873 to March 19, 1876. Moses H. Bradley, 1876 to 1878. William P. Fiske, 1879 and 1880.

4 From ode sung at the first anniversary of American Sunday-School Union in Philadelphia, 1825.

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN CONCORD, N. H.

BY DR. W. G. CARTER, ORGANIST OF THE SOCIETY.

While the object of this paper[1] is primarily to present the history of music and musical instruments for the past fifty years, it is proper to give an outline of the style of music which prevailed during the first century of the existence of the church.

THE ANCIENT SINGING OF 1730-1784.

The first singing of which we have any record, was mainly congregational, without instrumental accompaniment, and identical with that style which prevailed in the early New England church. It was led by a precentor, who read two lines of the hymn to be sung at a time, then announced the tune, gave the key on the pitch-pipe, and, standing usually in front of the pulpit, beat the time and sang with the congregation. Moreover, the precentor was usually a deacon, hence the term "deaconing the hymn;" and it is worthy of remark in passing, that from the early period to the present day, so many of the deacons of this church have been prominent singers. The names of the tunes used in the early period are very curious. Most of them are named for places, and New Hampshire is well represented in "Alstead," "Bristol," "Concord," "Dunbarton," "Exeter," "Epsom," "Pembroke," "Portsmouth," "Lebanon," and "Loudon;" some for states, as "Vermont," "New York," "Pennsylvania," and "Virginia;" some for the saints, as "St. Martin's," "St. Ann's," "All Saints;" some for countries, as "Africa," "Russia," "Denmark;" a very few for persons, as "Lena;" and we find one which was probably not used in church, entitled, "An Elegy on Sophronia, who died of small-pox in 1711," consisting of twelve stanzas set to a most doleful melody.

Tradition has it that the first hymn ever sung in Concord was the 103d, Book 1, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." An illustration of the first style of singing will now be given, the audience rising and singing the melody, after two lines have been read by the leader. We are fortunate in having with us to-night one of the choristers of thirty years ago, and I take pleasure in introducing Mr. B. B. Davis, who has kindly consented to represent the ancient precentor, "for this occasion only."

[The old-fashioned way of singing was illustrated by the rendering of "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," Mr. B. B. Davis reading two lines, which the congregation then sang, and so on, alternating in this manner throughout the whole piece.]

This method was pursued for some time, but at length it is recorded in Dr. Bouton's History of Concord, from which I shall quote freely, that "Mr. John Kimball, subsequently deacon, being one of the singers, proposed to Rev. Mr. Walker to dispense with the lining of the hymn, as it was called; but as Mr. Walker thought it not prudent to attempt it first on the Sabbath, it was arranged between them to make the change on Thanksgiving day. Accordingly, after the hymn had been given out, the leader, as usual, read two lines, the singers struck in, but instead of stopping at the end of the two lines, kept on, drowning the voice of the leader, who persisted in his vocation of lining the hymn."

1 During the reading of this paper the various illustrations of the different styles of music in this society were given by a double quartette—consisting of Mrs. E. M. Smith and Miss Ida M. Blake, soprano; Miss Jennie L. Bouton and Mrs. C. H. Barrett, alto; Messrs. W. P. Fiske and F. P. Andrews, tenor; and Dr. H. M. French and Mr. E. P. Gerould, bass—Eastman's Orchestra, and Mr. J. H. Morey, organist. The musical exercises of the anniversary were under the direction of the musical committee of the church, viz.: W. G. Carter, W. P. Fiske and George H. Marston.

THE CHOIR.

Although some singers sat in the front seats in the neighborhood of the leader, still many more were scattered throughout the congregation, and gradually it became apparent that the singing could be made more effective by collecting the "men and women singers" together in a more compact body, and accordingly the choir was formed, which was under the direction of a choir-master. "When the meeting-house was finished in 1784 it was fitted with a singers' pew in the gallery opposite the pulpit. This was a large square pew, with a box or table in the middle for the singers to lay their books on. In singing they rose and faced each other, forming a hollow square. When the addition was made to the meeting-house in 1802, the old singers' pew was taken away, but seats were assigned them in the same relative position opposite the pulpit."

THE INSTRUMENTS.

The first instrument in use was the pitch-pipe, which was made of wood, "an inch or more wide, somewhat in the form of a boy's whistle, but so constructed as to admit of different keys." This was simply used to give the correct key, and was not played during the singing. Under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Evans, who was himself very fond of music, some instruments were introduced, which innovation was attended with so much opposition that, according to tradition, some persons left the meeting-house rather than hear the profane sound of the "fiddle and flute." We find then, at the beginning of the second century of the existence of the church, the service of praise was sustained by a large choir, accompanied by wind and string instruments, usually a violin, flute, clarinet, bass viol and double bass, the two latter being the property of the society. An illustration of this, the second style of music then in vogue, will now be given.

[The stirring old tunes of "Strike the Cymbal," "Northfield," and "Complaint," were rendered with orchestral accompaniment.]

The choir consisted of thirty persons of both sexes, under the direction of a chorister, who was usually a tenor singer. This leader was the only individual who received compensation, and it was stipulated in his engagement that he should teach a singing-school, which any person in the society could attend for improvement in singing. The singing-school was usually held in the court-house, sometimes in the bank building, was promptly attended, and its weekly meeting an occasion which was eagerly looked forward to by the young people, especially for its social as well as musical advantages. Frequently the rehearsals of the choir were held at the various houses of the singers, and were most enjoyable occasions. Concerts, or musical entertainments, were of rare occurrence, consequently, the weekly rehearsal, combining so much of recreation with musical instruction, was attended with an interest and promptness unknown to the "volunteer choir" of the present day. On the Sabbath, they promptly appeared, bringing with them their music-books, many of them their luncheon, and in cold weather, their foot-stoves, making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Doubtless the singers and players here to-night can appreciate the difficulty of keeping the pitch, and handling the bow, and fingering the strings and keys, at a temperature frequently below freezing.

The interest in church music continued unabated during the later years of occupancy of the old North Church, and when the new church was occupied in 1842, the choir filled the greater part of the gallery, which was finished for their accommodation. To this church then came the choir, bringing with them the ancient viols, soon to be sacrificed at the shrine of the new organ, for we find upon the first subscription paper for the organ, the following item: "Proceeds of the sale of viols, $35." There are some within the sound of my voice to-night, who remember the sad leave-taking of the ancient edifice and the first

Sabbath, November 27, 1842, on which they lifted their voices in the new and commodious house of worship. Although, by the formation of the various societies which went out from this parent, many leading singers and players withdrew, still the interest in the choir was kept up by recruits from the young and rising generation, so that upon the occupancy of the new church, the society rejoiced in the possession of a choir in no wise inferior in point of numbers and efficiency to those preceding.

THE FIRST ORGAN.

Early in the year 1845, it was considered very desirable by a number of individuals particularly interested in church music, that an organ should be placed in the church. Accordingly, a subscription paper was circulated for that purpose, commencing May 26, 1845.[1] At the outset, it was determined that a superior instrument should be obtained, and that the sum of one thousand dollars, at least, should be raised. Moreover, the largest individual subscription, one hundred dollars, was upon the condition that the organ should cost one thousand dollars. After a thorough canvass, the sum subscribed was not quite sufficient. Then the ladies, who have traditionally been first and foremost in all good works in the history of this society, came nobly to the rescue. They circulated a paper among themselves, commencing June 10, 1845, and in this way the desired amount was secured, adding thereto a fund from the ladies' sewing circle of twenty-four dollars. After a careful examination of the specifications of various organ bidders, Dr. Ezra Carter was authorized by the committee to go to Boston and close a contract with Thomas Appleton, the celebrated organ maker, for the new organ for one thousand dollars. When he arrived in Boston, it was found that a set of sub-bass pipes, not heretofore contemplated, but very essential, could be added to the original scheme for seventy-five dollars, if put in when the organ was built. Word was at once sent home, still another effort made, and the extra amount was obtained. The contract was particularly binding in its details. It set forth that after the instrument was finished and set up in the factory, it should be finally submitted to the approval of Dr. Lowell Mason of Boston, the distinguished professor of music. I have before me his written opinion, and it reads as follows:

BOSTON, November 14, 1845.

I have this day examined the organ Mr. Appleton has made to the within order, and am perfectly satisfied with it. I never saw a better organ of the size in my life, and I am perfectly sure it will give entire satisfaction. (Signed) L. MASON.

I add that the organ is in all points according to the agreement. L. M.

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1 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FIRST ORGAN. Francis N. Fisk, Pecker & Lang, Richard Bradley, J. B. Walker, John H. George, Nathaniel Bouton, Ezra Carter, Shadrach Searey, Robert Davis, Charlotte Woolson, Samuel Morrill, Benjamin Farnum, Sewell Hoit, Ivory Hall, Luther Roby, Charles Smart, Charles H. Stearns, William Eayrs, Nathaniel Abbott, James Buswell, James C. Whittemore, E. A. Hill, Daniel A. Hill, Bradbury Gill, Ephraim Eaton, S. Coffin, H. M. Moore, Richard Herbert, Samuel Herbert, Benjamin Parker, John C. Ordway, H. A. Newhall, Calvin Thorn, E. S. Chadwick, J. Minot, J. B. Crummett, Seth G. Kimball, Daniel Farnum, R. G. Cutting, David Abbott, L. A. Walker, R. F. Foster, John Rowell, Charles H. Flanders, N. E. E. Chase, J. E. Chapman, Samuel B. Marden, James Moulton, Jr., Charles Mayhew, Eben Hall, D. F. Holmes, M. M. Steele, H. P. Sweetzer, Calvin Smart, James Ayer, Mr. Blackmer, S. Dana, Porter Blanchard, William West, Charles Moody, Charles Hall, Moses Shute, Joshua Sanborn, Oliver J. Rand, William McFarland, Silas G. Chase, Joseph Low, J. D. A. West, Isaac Proctor, David Knowlton, E. A. Greenough, William Abbott, Jr., William Pecker.

LADIES' SUBSCRIPTION LIST. Mrs. E. J. Mixer, Mrs. F. N. Fisk, Mrs. M. A. Stickney, Mrs. J. Walker, Mrs. R. Bradley, Mrs. E. Carter, Miss A. E. Clarke, Mrs. J. E. Lang, Mrs. James Buswell, Mrs. R. F. Foster, Mrs. William Eayrs, Miss Souther, Mrs. Odlin, Miss M. C. Herbert, Mrs. L. B. Hill, Mrs. S. Coffin, Miss E. McClary, Mrs. R. E. Pecker, Misses Parker, Mrs. P. Blanchard, Mrs. J. C. Whittemore, Mrs. W. Pecker, Miss M. Eastman, Miss S. A. Bradley, Mrs. T. A. Virgin, Mrs. E. V. Haskell, Mrs. Philbrick, Mrs. A. Ladd, Mrs. P. B. Dunlap, Mrs. J. George, Mrs. N. Abbott, Mrs. R. Herbert, Mrs. B. Kimball, Mrs. A. Flanders, Miss L. A. Moody, Miss Dorcas Abbott, Mrs. A. Evans, Miss M. A. Allison, Mrs. B. Gill, Mrs. C. Moody, Mrs. B. Farnum, Mrs. S. Farnum, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. J. West, Mrs. Mayhew, Miss S. Kimball, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. N. Burnham, Mrs. Lucretia F. Shute, Mrs. E. Hall, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. J. B. Crummett, Miss S. Blanchard, Miss Ann Souther, Mrs. H. M. Moore, A Friend, Mrs. C. Smart, A Friend, Miss Catharine Hall, Miss Lucretia Hall, Mrs. R. P. Kimball, A Friend, Mrs. S. Herbert, Miss Nancy Farnum, The North Sewing Circle.

The organ arrived, was put up and tested, and was played the first Sunday by Mr. Garcia of Boston, a celebrated organist of the period. It stood in the centre of the gallery, opposite the pulpit, enclosed in a pine case, grained in imitation of rosewood, with gilt front pipes, and one manual or key-board.

The first organ contained the following stops and pipes:

Open Diapason, through.
Stop Diapason, bass.
Stop Diapason, treble;
Clarabella, to tenor F.
Dulciana, to tenor F.
Hautboy, to tenor F.
Principal, through.
Twelfth, through.
Fifteenth, through.
Flute, through.
Pedal Bass, (one octave, 13 pipes).

This was the fourth organ in town, the Unitarian, Episcopal and South societies each having one in the order named. It proved to be an excellent instrument, and so thorough was its construction that after twenty-four years of constant usage eight hundred dollars were allowed for it by the builders of the second organ. As in the case of the introduction of the first instruments, there was some opposition to the organ, and it is related that one worthy gentleman was so thoroughly displeased, that the first time he heard the organ played he walked deliberately out of the church. For a long time he was in the habit of entering the church after the hymn preceding the sermon had been sung. He walked composedly the whole length of the meeting-house to his seat in the wing pew, remained during the sermon, and at its close at once retired from the sanctuary. After a time he concluded to remain throughout the whole service, but as soon as the organ sounded, clapped his hands to his ears and held them there during the singing.

An illustration of the third style of singing of thirty years ago will now be presented with organ accompaniment.

[The anthem of "Jehovah's Praise" was then rendered by the choir. The singing of Winthrop, "Father breathe an evening blessing," then followed as a still further illustration of old-time singing.]

The art of organ building in this country having received a remarkable impulse by the introduction of the great organ in Boston Music Hall, great improvements in voicing, mechanical appliances and general construction were made by American builders. Many of the young people, notably those who had been members of the choir at various times, were very desirous that the society should possess a larger and more complete instrument than the one in use. Upon examination it was found that the space in the gallery was not sufficient to contain a larger organ, and accordingly in the summer of 1869 the centre of the gallery was lowered for the purpose and an ample organ chamber thus secured, the level of the gallery being about three feet above the church floor. At the same time there was a convenient room for a choir of sixteen or twenty persons. In December, 1866, a most successful fair was held in Eagle Hall, from which nearly one thousand dollars were realized for the organ fund; and in the spring of 1869 this amount was taken as a nucleus, and a subscription paper vigorously circulated to procure the new organ. So successful were the efforts of the committee that with the proceeds of an evergreen festival held in December, 1869, a sufficient amount was secured. Various schemes were considered by the committee, and the contract for an organ to cost three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars was given to Messrs Labagh & Kemp of New York, one of the oldest and most reliable firms in the country. It was completed January, 1870, and proved to be a superior instrument and of great power and brilliancy, and complete in all its details. On the morning of Sunday, June 29, 1873, it was wholly destroyed by fire.

THE SECOND ORGAN[1]

Was built by Messrs, Labagh & Kemp, of New York, and contains the following stops and pipes:

Great Organ—Compass from CC to G—56 Notes.

1. Open Diapason, 56 pipes.
2. Melodia, " "
3. Gamba, " "
4. Principal, " "
5. Harmonic Flute, " "
6. Twelfth, 56 pipes.
7. Fifteenth, " "
8. Dulciana, " "
9. Trumpet, " "

Swell Organ—Compass CC to G—56 Notes.

10. Open Diapason, 56 pipes.
11. Stop Diapason, " "
12. Keraulophon, " "
13. Traverse Flute, " "
14. Bourdon Treble, " " 16 feet.
15. Bourdon Bass, " "
16. Cornet, 3 ranks, 168 pipes.
17. Principal, 56 "
18. Oboe, " "
19. Cornopean, " "
20. Clarion, " "

Pedal Organ—Compass CCC to D—27 Notes.

21. Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 27 pipes.
22. Violoncello, 8 feet, 27 pipes.

Couplers and Mechanical Registers.

23. Swell to Great.
24. Swell to Pedals.
25. Great to Pedals.
26. Octave Coupler.
27. Tremulant.
28. Bellows Signal.
29. Forte. } Composition.
30. Piano. }

Total, 1,230 pipes.

From the 29th of June, 1873, until March 1, 1876, the society occupied the City-Hall as a place of worship, and the singing was wholly congregational, accompanied by a reed organ. Fortunately, at the time of the burning of the church, the society held an insurance policy of three thousand dollars upon the organ, which, on being paid, was so judiciously invested by the financial agent[2] of the society that in 1876 it had increased to nearly thirty-six hundred dollars. With this sum to start with, it was determined to raise enough in addition to secure a larger and more perfectly arranged organ than any previous instrument. Various specifications from prominent organ-makers were submitted to the committee and carefully examined. The proposals of Messrs. Hutchings, Plaisted & Co., of Boston, builders of the celebrated organ in the new Old South Church, met with unanimous approval, and after testing instruments of their manufacture in Boston, Salem and Lowell, the committee awarded the contract to them at a cost of $5000. More than four years of constant use has fully demonstrated its superiority, and the society may well be congratulated on the possession of such an instrument. While its present resources are ample, it was thought best, at the time of its construction, to provide for future enlargement, consequently space has been reserved and the bellows capacity and wind-ways are sufficient for the addition, at any time, of a third manual with seven registers. The organ now contains two manuals, thirty-three registers, four combination pedals and one thousand seven hundred and forty pipes.

1 The committee, appointed to purchase the second organ, consisted of Dr. W. G. Carter, J. D. Bartley, and Charles W. Moore.

2 Enoch Gerrish, Esq.

THE THIRD ORGAN[1]

Was built by Hutchins, Plaisted & Co., Boston. It has two manuals of sixty-one notes each, from eight feet C, and a Pedale of twenty-seven notes from C to D.

The First (Great) Manuale Contains

1. 16 feet Open Diapason, Metal.
2. 8 feet Open Diapason, Metal.
3. 8 feet Dolcissimo, Metal.
4. 8 feet Gamba, Metal.
5. 8 feet Melodia, Wood.
6. 4 feet Flute Harmonique, Metal.
7. 4 feet Octave, Metal.
8. $2\frac{2}{3}$ feet Twelfth, Metal.
9. 2 feet Fifteenth, Metal.
10. 3 Rank Mixture, Metal.
11. 8 feet Trompet, Metal.

The Second (Swell) Manuale Contains

1. 16 feet Bourdon Bass, Wood.
2. 16 feet Bourdon Treble, Wood.
3. 8 feet Op. Diapason, Wood & Metal.
4. 8 feet Gedackt, Wood.
5. 8 feet Salicional, Metal.
6. 8 feet Quintadena, Metal.
7. 4 feet Octave, Metal.
8. 4 feet Flanto Traverso, Wood.
9. 2 feet Flantina, Metal.
10. 2 Rank Mixture, Metal.
11. 8 feet Cornopean, Metal.
12. 8 feet Oboe and Bassoon, Metal.
13. 8 feet Vox Humana, Metal.
14. 4 feet Clarion, Metal.

The Pedale Contains

1. 32 feet Contra Bourdon, Wood.
2. 16 feet Bourdon, Wood.
3. 16 feet Open Diapason, Wood.
4. 8 feet Violoncello, Metal.

Mechanical Movements Operated by Registers.

1. Coupler Swell to Great.
2. Coupler Swell to Pedale.
3. Coupler Great to Pedale.
4. Blower's Signal.

Mechanical Movements Operated by Pedals.

1. Octave Coupler, Swell to Great.
2. Tremulo for Swell Manuale.
3. Swell Pedal, Self Balancing.
4. Forte Combination, Great.
5. Piano Combination, Great.
6. Forte Combination, Pedal.
7. Piano Combination, Pedal.

Recapitulation.

First Manuale, 11 Registers, 793 pipes.
Second Manuale, 14 Registers, 854 pipes.
Pedale, 4 Registers, 93 pipes.
Mechanical, 4 Registers.
Total, 33 Registers and 4 Combination Pedals, 1740 Pipes.

Dimensions.

Width, 21 feet; Depth, 12, feet; Height, 30 feet.
The blowing apparatus was furnished by the Boston Hydraulic Motor Co.

It may be of interest to state that this is the seventeenth pipe organ which has been set up in Concord, this society having had three, the South three, the Episcopal, Unitarian and First Baptist two each, the Pleasant Street Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, Catholic, and Baptist Church at Fisherville, one each.

1 The committee appointed to purchase the third organ consisted of Dr. W. G. Carter, M. H. Bradley, Charles W. Moore, George F. Page, and Charles R. Walker.

BLOWING APPARATUS.

By the invention of the hydraulic motor and the introduction of Long Pond water, the uncertain, difficult-to-find, and frequently sleepy blow-boy is dispensed with. The motor is placed in the cellar, is self-regulating and entirely under the control of the organist, who by a glance at the indicator at the key-board can at once see the condition of the bellows. In case of accident to the water-supply a hand lever can be immediately connected. The organs in the First Baptist, South and Episcopal churches are also supplied with the motor at the present time.

SINGING BOOKS.

In the early period, the collection known as "Tate & Brady's" was used; about the time of the introduction of instruments Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and the Worcester and Bridgewater Collections. Then followed the Village Harmony, and various other singing books after the same pattern. The Handel & Hayden Collection was a very popular book early in the century, after which the Carmina Sacra, New Hampshire Collection, and many other singing books and collections of anthems, Watts, and Select Hymns were used up to 1860. Now to find a hymn after it had been given out by the minister in Watts and the Select Hymns with its arrangement of Psalms, Book 1, Book 2 and Book 3, was rather a puzzle to the average youthful mind, and the writer recalls the satisfaction experienced when Dr. Bouton announced a "Select Hymn," for they were in the back part of the book and easy to find. At a meeting of the church and congregation January 29, 1860, it was "Resolved, That we recommend the use of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book in the worship of God in this church and congregation; Resolved, That we recommend that the congregation unite with the choir in singing twice on the Sabbath, viz.: once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon." This book, containing both music and words, was first used February 12, 1860.

The introduction of this book marked the era of increased attention to and excellence in congregational singing, which has continued to the present day. The book in use at present is the Songs of the Sanctuary, which was first used at the dedication of the church, March 1, 1876. Hymn fifty-two, page seventeen, will now be sung as an illustration of congregational singing of the present day.

["How pleased and blest was I to hear the people cry" was then sung as an illustration of congregational singing.]

CONCERTS.

The first regular organ exhibition and concert was given at the opening of the second organ, January, 1870. On this occasion, the organist was Mr. Eugene Thayer of Boston, who displayed the instrument in the most satisfactory manner, and the programme was varied by vocal selections by a male quartette and the united choirs of the South and North churches. On the evening of February 29, 1876, the present organ was inaugurated by Mr. Thayer, assisted by a double quartette, under the direction of the late Dr. Charles A. Guilmette, at that time a resident of this city, a choir of boys, and a male quartette. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and a handsome sum was realized for the organ fund. May 16, 1876, a grand concert was given by the Concord Melophonic Society, at which time Rossini's Messe Solenelle was presented by a chorus of thirty selected voices, accompanied by an orchestra, grand piano and organ. This performance was eminently successful and heartily enjoyed by a large audience. A grand oratorio concert was given in the church, May 23, 1878, by the Concord Choral Society, consisting of choruses from oratorios, organ selections, violin solos, and piano accompaniments. This concert was so successful that a

repetition was requested, and was given in the First Baptist church, June 30, 1878. On two occasions, organ recitals have been given during the annual session of the New Hampshire Musical Convention, at which times, the church being filled with excellent singers from all parts of the state, the chorus singing was especially thrilling and grand.

REVIVAL MELODIES.

There is another class of sacred music to be mentioned briefly, namely, revival melodies. During the past few years these songs have been very largely used in social and praise meetings which have been instituted to increase the interest in congregational singing. These songs are bright, stirring, and generally singable melodies, and have become extremely popular. The collection called Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, embraces the greater part of them, and has been used in the chapel and Sabbath-School for some time past. An excellent illustration of these may be found in the appendix to the Songs of the Sanctuary, and the audience will please unite with the choir in singing "I love to tell the story"—page 478.

["I love to tell the story" was then rendered by the choir and congregation.]

During the past 25 years an increased interest has been manifest in music in this community. Musical societies have been formed, successful musical conventions have been held, and the advantages of musical conservatories in the larger cities of the country availed of. These influences have been felt in the church choir, and have resulted in leading singers to recognize the importance of voice culture and the more tasteful rendering of sacred music. This has led to the more careful selection of singers for the choir; consequently, the large chorus choir has gradually given place to the single or double quartette. In order to secure reliable and responsible singers, it has been found necessary at the annual meeting of the society to vote a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of the choir.[1] While this sum has never been large, its appropriation has resulted in securing music which is believed to have been generally satisfactory. The society has been especially favored in counting among its members many excellent singers, who for years have generously volunteered their services in sustaining the music of the church, oftentimes at great personal inconvenience.

For obvious reasons we have refrained from personal allusions, and time fails us to speak of the many noble men and women who with untiring zeal labored so successfully to sustain and elevate the music of the sanctuary, deeming no sacrifice too great so that the desired object was accomplished. Nor is it necessary, for inseparably connected with the history of this society is the blessed memory of those sweet voices which in years gone by have been heard in this sacred edifice and in those preceding.

We have seen then that the history of music in this society is indeed the history of progress; that the instrumental music has increased from the pitch-pipe, with its single feeble note, to the "forest of pipes" in the instrument before you, pouring forth its mighty volume of harmony; that the number of singers has grown steadily from the few voices in front of the ancient pulpit until it includes the whole congregation uniting in the "service of song in the house of the Lord."

A Festival Te Deum will now be rendered as illustrating the modern choir.

1 The present choir consists of Mrs. E. M. Smith, soprano; Miss Jennie L. Bouton, alto; Mr. W. P. Fiske, tenor; Mr. Charles H. Leighton, bass.

HOW THEY BUILT A MEETING-HOUSE IN OLD TIMES.

BY CHARLES A. DOWNS.

The place on which the meeting-house was to be built was some suitable point in the six square miles, which compose the territory of the town of Lebanon. After about four years of consideration, many town-meetings and various determinations, the town had built a house in 1772, "for the conveniency of public worship."

In the course of ten years, the location of the house, about a mile from the Connecticut River, began to be inconvenient for those who had made their homes in the central and eastern portions of the town, and the question of a new house was raised.

At the annual meeting of the town, March 11, 1783, "Voted to build a new Meeting-House, that a committee be chosen to draw a plan for the bigness of said house, and compute the quantity of stuff sufficient to cover said house, and lay the under floor."

March 26, 1783, "Voted to build a Meeting-House near the Dwelling House of Elihu Hyde, Esq., by the first day of September, 1784. Voted to build a Meeting-House sixty feet in length, forty feet in breadth, with twenty-four feet posts; that Simeon Peck, Lemuel Hough, and Hezekiah Waters, be a Meeting-House committee, and that they *perfix* a perticular spot for said house agreeable to the above vote."

For two years, nothing farther concerning a meeting-house appears upon the records.

March 8, 1785, "Voted to move the Meeting-House near to Elihu Hyde's Dwelling-House and set up as soon as possible, and begin next Monday, and that Constant Storrs, Nath. Porter, David Hough, Hez. Waters, and Elias Lyman be committee to move said house and set it up at said place."

At a special meeting, warned by the constable one week later, "Voted to build a Meeting-House in the centre of the town, and desolved said meeting."

So "next Monday" has come and gone, and the old meeting-house has not been moved near Elihu Hyde's dwelling-house. The people in the centre and eastern part of the town have rallied and carried their point at *this* meeting.

But the house is not built, for December 3, 1787, "Voted that the spot to set a Meeting-House on be as near the centre of the town and travel as any judicious man shall judge reasonable. Voted a committee of five men to pitch on a spot to set a Meeting-House on—to report near the first of January next."

January 10, 1788, "Voted that the place for a Meeting-House to stand on, be near Mr. Abbott's."

This was in the centre village.

"Voted to build a Meeting-House near Mr. Abbott's; to raise a sum of money for the purpose of building a Meeting-House; to raise the sum of three hundred pounds for the purpose of building a Meeting-House, and that said sum be raised by the first of January next; a committee of five men to view the roads and accommodations respecting the particular spot to erect a Meeting-House on. Chose Aaron Hutchinson, Esq., Mr. Wm. Huntington, Capt. David Hough, Col. Elish Payne, and Dea. Theoph. Huntington committee for said purpose.

"Chose Col. Elisha Payne, Maj. Nat. Wheatley and Mr. Lemuel Hough a committee for building the Meeting-House."

A very able committee. The chairman, Col. Paine, is a man of note, one of the leaders in the famous Vermont controversy, a lieutenant-governor of that state, had been major-general of her militia, has had experience in

building at Dartmouth College. The others of the committee are among the most substantial citizens of the town. We have good reason to expect the speedy building of the new meeting-house. Not by any means. That is not the way in which meeting-houses were built in old times in Lebanon, and elsewhere. It is altogether too soon after beginning. There must be more discussions, more changes of location, more town-meetings, reconsiderations of all former votes, a good deal of measuring to find centre of territory and of population. These are only a few quiet preliminaries to building a meeting-house in those days. Parties have only indulged in skirmishing. There has been only reconnoissance so far, the battle is to come, and is close at hand.

April 9, 1789, "Voted to build a Meeting-House near to Mr. Abbott's, where a former committee stuck a stake for that purpose, by a majority of eighteen votes."

So once more the people of the centre and eastern parts of the town have prevailed. By no means! for there ensue debate and discussions, and at the same meeting, "Voted to reconsider the matter respecting building a Meeting-House near Mr. Abbott's, and it is accordingly reconsidered!

Voted to choose a committee of four men to find the centre of this town. Chose Col. Elisha Payne, Aaron Hutchinson, Esq., Dea. Theophilus Huntington, and Capt. David Hough a committee for said purpose."

Again, a good committee, for among them in addition to Col. Payne, is a future member of Congress, Capt. David Hough.

This was in April. In June, we make a new acquaintance—the shadowy form of the present Town-Hall rises before us. There has been much talk and planning between the afternoon of that 7th day of April and the 22 day of June. A new object is presented to the suffrages of the people for a "majority of eighteen votes," more or less.

"Voted to build a TOWN HOUSE on some convenient spot of ground that shall be agreed on by this town, and that the [religious] society have liberty to add to said house to make it convenient for public worship and make use of it for said purpose as they shall see fit.

"Voted to raise two hundred pounds for the purpose of building a town-house; that the selectmen be directed to measure from the centre tree to the several spots proposed to set a town-house on, and report the distance to each spot at an adjourned meeting."

This, now, is the problem whose solution we watch with eager interest: Whether a town-house with a meeting-house attachment can be more readily located than a meeting-house "pure and simple."

Oct. 1, 1789. "Met and heard the report of the selectmen respecting the distance from the centre of the town to the several spots purposed to set a town-house on. Adjourned for one quarter of an hour." Probably at the suggestion of the leaders of the different parties who wished time to consult, possibly to look at the different "spots."

"Met according to adjournment, and voted to build a town-house on Mr. Peck's land, northerly of the road, about six rods easterly of a green pine tree, standing in his field; that the selectmen be a committee to lay out the spot of ground for to set said house on, and also a parade sufficient to answer said purpose, as they shall judge necessary; that Capt. David Hough, Ensign Hez. Waters, and Lieutenant Constant Storrs be a committee to draught the fashion of said house.

"Voted that Col. Elisha Payne be a committee man to assist on said draught. Adjourned for three weeks."

The committee this time are all military men, bristling with titles. Something may be expected from the well-known energy and efficiency of that class of men.

Oct. 29, 1789. "Met and voted to accept the draught of said house as exhibited by the committee. Adjourned for fifteen minutes. Met and chose a

committee to forward the building of said house."

By this time, the town-house is so assured that they begin to think of disposing of the old meeting-house, standing on its original location, so they vote that the selectmen be empowered to dispose of it, exclusive of private rights, after said house is not wanted for public use. Still farther:

"Voted that the several surveyors of highways be a committee to collect the votes of every legal voter in town respecting the spot to set a town-house on, in order to accommodate the whole town, and make return to the adjourned meeting."

Nov. 27. "Met and adjourned to Dec. 4. Met at the house of Mr. Simeon Peck, and adjourned for half an hour. Met and adjourned till the second Tuesday in March, and the forenamed committee be directed *not* to proceed in matters respecting said house till said time of adjournment."

March 9, 1790. "Met and adjourned to March 25th. Met according to adjournment, and voted to reconsider all the votes respecting said town-house! Voted to dissolve said meeting."

Spring came and ripened into summer; summer faded with hectic glow into autumn; autumn sank into pale and leafless winter. Several town-meetings were held, but not one word concerning either meeting-house or town-house appears on the records.

Suddenly, on a gloomy day in December—it was the 20th day, A. D. 1790—like thunder out of a clear sky, comes this vote: "Voted that the place to set a meeting-house on [it is to be a meeting-house after all] be near Mr. Abbott's. Voted to choose a committee of eight men to choose a committee respecting said meeting-house." For the first time, the town clerk uses no capitals for meeting-house, as though he recorded the vote with small faith.

"Adjourned fifteen minutes. Met; committee reccommended that Lt. Constant Storrs, Mr. Simeon Peck, Capt. Hough, and Ensign Waters be a committee to prepare a plan and devise measures for the building said meeting-house, and report to adjourned meeting.

Dec. 27. Voted to reconsider the former vote respecting building a Meeting-House near Mr. Abbott's!!!" And so ended the year 1790.

The records for the year 1791 are missing. The matter of a meeting-house seems to have been acted on during the year, for at the annual meeting, March 13, 1792, "Voted to reconsider a former vote to build a meeting-house near Mr. Simeon Peck's."

About this time, the old meeting-house, which had patiently waited the decision of the town, whether it should be supplanted by another, and wondered whether the adventures of the new would equal those of the old, suddenly met with misfortunes. It was on the long-contested spot in the evening, whole and sound, and promising to even outlast the dispute over its successor; in the morning, it was forlorn and desolate. A company of young men, headed by one "Capt. Stubbs," gathered in the night and quietly removed the bone of contention.

We may readily conjecture the motive for this proceeding. It was not, certainly, wanton mischief, such as young men will sometimes indulge in, but had a bearing on the great controversy. A division of the town was imminent. Hitherto, they had agreed to contend with each other for the location of the meeting-house, but now one party threatened to withdraw from the contest. The west and south-west part of the town were satisfied with the location of the old meeting-house, and proposed to keep it. The centre and the east saw that they must either go there, or else assume the whole expense of the new house. It was considered that if the old house was out of the way, there was small probability that those in that part of the town would build, alone, a new house.

It is only in the light of such conjectures, that the vote, passed April 26, 1792, can be understood. "Voted to unite and build one Meeting-House for the town; to build a Meeting-House on

or near the old Meeting-House spot; to choose a committee to build said house; that the committee set a stake where said house shall stand; that they draw a plan for said house, and lay it before our next meeting, and draw a subscription to raise money for said house."

At this meeting, the west and southwest prevailed. It was probably a reaction in their favor from the destruction of the old house. But May 7, 1792, "Voted to reconsider a former vote of uniting and building a Meeting-House for the town altogether; to release the above committee from building a Meeting-House; that the town will accept of the money subscribed of those that tore down the old Meeting-House, if there is sufficient subscribed to satisfy the agents."

"May 17. Voted to choose a committee to sit for half an hour to see if they can agree on a plan to build a Meeting-House. Adjourned for half an hour. Met, and committee report that the westerly side of the Plane where Robert Colburn now lives, is the place for a Meeting-House, about twenty-five or thirty rods southerly from the schoolhouse on said Plane.

"Voted to form the meeting into a committee of the whole and go out and view the spot reported by said committee for the Meeting-House.

"Voted to except the report of the committee, which was to build a meeting-house on the said Plaine within twenty-five or thirty rods of a schoolhouse. Said vote carried by a majority of one hundred and four to forty-one.

"Voted to reconsider a former vote for building a Meeting-House by Esq. Elihu Hyde's; said vote passed the 26th of April last.

"Voted to go on and build a meeting-house on or near a stake which the committee of the whole stuck, not more than twenty-five or thirty rods from said stake."

Capt. David Hough, Lt. Constant Storrs, Mr. Stephen Billings, Lt. Robert Colburn, Capt. Nathaniel Hall, Mr. Clap Sumner were chosen a committee to build said house. The committee were instructed to make out a subscription, and raise as much money as they can, and sell the pew ground, and finish said house; and when finished, if money remains in their hand, raised by subscription and sale of pew ground, to be refunded back to subscribers; said committee to build according to the old plan, also to look out all necessary roads leading to said meeting-house spot.

The meeting-house is located finally by this decisive vote. Though it does not appear upon the records, the decisive consideration was a generous offer by Robert Colburn to give to the town what is now the park if they would locate the house upon it. The park was then a field under cultivation, hence the direction to the committee "to look out roads to the meeting-house spot."

Though the above vote for the location of the meeting-house was a very decided one, there was remaining dissatisfaction. The defeated party did not lose heart, but made another effort to have the location changed.

A special meeting was called for the 11th of September, 1792, at eight o'clock A. M., to see if the town will agree upon some just plan of measuring, whereby they may find a spot to set a meeting-house upon, that may do equal justice to the whole of the inhabitants of said Lebanon, and do any other business relative thereto that they may think proper.

"Voted to choose a committee to propose a plan of measurement to find where the centre of travel is in said Lebanon. Adjourned for half an hour."

"Met, and the committee reported that a former plan of measurement to find the centre of travel should be the Present Plan. Voted not to accept said plan."

The 12th day of November, 1792, they vote to choose a committee to set with the old meeting-house committee to see if they could agree on something that should make harmony and union in said town in regard to meeting-house affairs.

"Nov. 22, 1792. Voted that a dis-

interested committee be chosen to determine a centre spot for a meeting-house for publick worship, which committee shall consider the travel as it respects *quality* and *quantity*, and actually measure to find the same, and say where in justis it ought to be erected, upon the consideration of every circumstance of the present and future inhabitants, provided measures are taken to prevent injustice with respect to subscriptions for work done on the house already raised."

"Nov. 26. Voted to reconsider the last claws in the last vote, (viz.) Provided measures are taken to prevent injustis with respect to subscriptions and work done on the meeting-house already raised. Stephen Billings, Lt. Joseph Wood, Dan[l] Hough, Capt. Asher Allen chosen a committee to measure said town. Stephen Billings declined, and Samuel Estabrook was substituted."

"Dec. 24, 1792. Committee reported as follows:

LEBANON, Dec. 24, 1792.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Lebanon, Greeting.

We, the subscribers that ware appointed by said town as a committee to measure and find where said town could get together with the least travel, have accordingly gone and admeasured, and calculated to Different Spots, and beg leve to report:

In the first place, we calculated the soul travel to the new Meeting-House; and secondly to the mouth of the lane Between Mr. James Jones & Mr. Nathaniel Storrs, and found that there was 215 miles & 29 rods less soul travel to said lane than to the New meeting-house. Likewise, we found the Land travel to the aforesaid spots to Be 37 miles and 246 rods the least travel to the new meeting-house, Reconing one travel from each habitable Hundred Acre Lot. Likewise, we found it to be 52 miles and 303 rods more land travel to Mr. Peck's spot than to the New meeting-house."

In the above report, the "land travel" means the distance from the specified points from each inhabited house in town. By "soul travel" is meant that distance multiplied by the number of persons living in each house. From the report, it appears that the meeting-house on the Plain was nearer the geographical centre of the town than the other localities; but the *centre of population* was at "the mouth of the lane between James Jones' and Nathaniel Storrs'."

This report seems to have been final. The meeting-house, which had already been commenced at the centre, stood its ground. We, at this day, see that the location was wisely chosen. The location is both the geographical and business centre of the town.

The people had little money to vote or give for the expense of building, but they had material and labor.

Upon the subscription list so much money was set down opposite each name, but the same was paid in wheat, lumber, stock and labor. Among others, the following were contributed: "A yearling heifer, one yoak of oxen, two cows, one yearling hiffer, a pair of two-year-old steers, one yearling bull, three creatures, one gallon of rum by three different individuals, seven and a half gallons by one person."

These, to us, are novel contributions towards the building of a meeting-house, but the people gave what they had. We are not to be surprised at the rum, but the wonder would have been if it had been wanting in those times.

The amount of cash was only £17, 13s.

The sale of the pews brought enough over the actual cost of the building to refund to every man his subscription.

The house thus built was originally fifty feet front and sixty feet rear. In 1868 it was moved from its original position, enlarged and remodelled, and is now one of the largest and most commodious town-halls in the state.

To us, at this day, this strife concerning the location of a meeting-house seems remarkable, and we are

inclined to look upon the fathers as a peculiarly obstinate, or "set" race. But we should do them injustice. They did not differ in this respect from their generation. The early records of the towns of the state show that the meeting-house was likely to be a bone of contention. In not a few towns the strife was so long and bitter, the interests or the tempers of the parties were so irreconcilable that, as a last resort, they were obliged to appeal to the Governor and Council, or to the Assembly. Not a few of the meeting-houses of the state, in those early towns, were located by these high authorities.

It is not difficult to see some of the elements which would enter into the question of the location of a meeeting-house in a community planted in a wilderness, which they must subdue before they could gather around them the conveniences of civilization. Let us remember that the population is scattered—an opening here and there in the primeval forest, made for a home. Roads are few, none are good. From many a log-cabin there would be only a rough path. Distance, under such circumstances, counts. A mile, or a half mile is worth a struggle to avoid, when probably the whole family must go on foot to "meetin," or at best, in the rudest vehicles.

Then the location of a meeting-house in those days was not only a matter of convenience, but of interest. Wherever the meeting-house was placed, other things would gather around it. It would be a centre, and make surrounding lands more valuable. They naturally expected that a village would grow up around the meeting-house, hence each would contend for a location most to his advantage.

THE TWO CELEBRATED SCOTCH-IRISH SCHOOL-MASTERS, ADJUTANT EDWARD EVANS OF SALISBURY, AND QUARTER-MASTER HENRY PARKINSON, OF CANTERBURY.

BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D.

Gov. John Wentworth, while governor of New Hampshire, on the 14th of December, 1771, thus addressed the Legislature of this State:

"The insufficiency of our present law upon the subject of schools must be too evident, seeing that nine tenths of your towns are wholly without Schools, or have such *vagrant foreign masters*, as are much *worse* than none; being for the most part unknown in their principles, and deplorably illiterate."

This sweeping denunciation of Gov. Wentworth had not the tendency to conciliate foreign born school-masters to the cause of King George III—hence we find both Evans and Parkinson enlisting as privates, and fighting on Bunker Hill in June, 1775. At this time, both served in Stark's regiment. Parkinson had enlisted in Capt. George Reid's Company of Londondery, and after the battle he was made Quarter-master of Colonel Stark's regiment, and continued with him until his resignation in January, 1777. He was then transferred to the New Jersey line, where he remained during most of the war. He was born in Ireland, in 1741; emigrated with his parents to New York city while quite young; resided in that region for some years; graduated at Nassau College in 1765. David Ramsay the historian of South Carolina was among his classmates, as were also Judge Rush of Pennsylvania, also the

Ogdens and Pembertons of New Jersey. Soon after his graduation, we find him in New Hampshire engaged in the business of teaching; first for some time at Francestown, afterwards at Pembroke, next at Londonderry, where he married Jane or Jennett McCurdy. After his return from the army, we find him, for some years, at Concord; finally at Canterbury. Here he purchased his farm, and labored on it, and established a Classical School, and continued his instruction near the centre of that town for many years, acquiring the reputation of the learned "Canterbury School-master." Among his pupils were enrolled Judge Arthur Livermore, Judge Samuel Green, Philip Carrigain, the Haines, the Fosters, Cloughs, and many others of honest fame. Here he raised up a respectable family. The last surviving daughter, Mrs. Daniel Blanchard of Franklin, passed away during the past year, about 90 years of age. Parkinson died in the year 1820, aged 79. Before his death, he prepared his own epitaph in the Latin language. This is engraved upon a slate stone, erected over his grave, in the cemetery at Canterbury Centre. Our neighbor, Moses Goodwin Esq., kindly furnished a copy of this epitaph, at the same time remarking, that the record would soon become illegible, by reason of the great decay of the stone. We present the copy: "Hibernia me genuit, America nutrivit. Nassau Hall educavit. Docui, militavi, atque laboravi cum manibus. Sic cursum meum finivi. Et nunc terra me occuparvit et quiete in pulvere domio quasi in meo materno gremio. Huc ades, mi amice! Aspice et memento, ut moriendum quoque certe sit tibi. ERGO VALE ET CAVE."

"Ireland begot me. America nourished me. Nassau Hall educated me. I have taught, I have fought, and labored with my hands. Thus I have finished my course, and now the earth possesses me. With quiet I sleep in the dust, as it were in my mother's bosom. Approach here, my friend! Behold, and reflect, that you all must certainly die. THEREFORE, FAREWELL, AND TAKE HEED."

Edward Evans is reputed to have received his education in Ireland. He was of Scotch-Irish stock, and emigrated first to Chester, N. H., there married the daughter of Rev. Mr. Flagg, and then came to Salisbury about 1774, and there purchased the farm now occupied by Widow Buzzell now located in Franklin. He was for many years the leading school-master in Salisbury, instructing in various parts of the town. He taught only in the English Department of Science. Was an elegant penman, and a severe disciplinarian. Hon. Ichabod Bartlett informed us that he was one of his students, and that Master Evans deservedly received the respect of the students under his care. He was a volunteer at Bunker Hill, as before stated, and spent some weeks at the siege of Boston. His family required his presence at home for a portion of his time. When Burgoyne was threatening our northern frontiers in 1777, and one quarter of the whole military forces of the state were called out in defence of our rights and territory, Evans was again a volunteer. The town of Salisbury had then a population of about 600 people. Fourteen of her soldiers were already enrolled in the Continental regiments of Scammel and Cilley. In addition to this number, 40 of her soldiers, under the command of Captain Ebenezer Webster, making about half of all the militia of the whole town, repaired to Bennington, and rendered valiant service there. Captain Iddo Scribner informed us, that he heard Colonel Stickney of Concord inquire of Captain Webster, as to the men best qualified to serve as staff officers for his regiment. Webster recommended Edward Evans and Parkinson, remarking that these men would be approved by Gen. Stark. Parkinson was engaged already elsewhere, but Evans was appointed adjutant of Stickney's regiment. In the battle of Aug. 16, he led one of the detachments, which was ordered by Stark to attack the right wing of Colonel Baum. After performing the duties, and enjoying the glory of this successful campaign, and another short

one afterwards at Rhode Island, we find him engaged at home doing the daily work of his school-room. He raised up a respectable family. In his old age, he was tenderly cared for by his son Captain Josiah Evans, who then lived on his farm, in that part of Andover now Franklin. Here, he and his wife died, and both repose in the grave yard, near the farm of Mr. Symonds in Franklin. Horace gives as the sentiment, that many brave men lived before Agamemnon. We all know many have lived since, but few have had poets to sing their praise.

A SONG OF THE HOUR.

Ringletty, jingle, with faces bright,
Out in the air of the frosty night,
Go the sleigh riders, with laughter and song
Waking the echoes, they hurry along.
Out from the lights of the village away,
On, past the wood where the winter birds stay,
Past the bright homes of the hillslopes beyond,
Down by the meadows askirting the pond,
Never once heeding the wind or the cold,
For the horses are fleet and the driver is bold.
Ring and jingle the merry, merry bells
And the mingled laughter the merriment swells.

One would almost envy the Laplander bold
In his Arctic home so icy and cold,
As clad in their snowy furs out in the night
Their sledges keep time to the reindeer's flight,
And the waving Aurora writes joy on the sky
As the long hours of winter go joyously by;
For there's nothing on earth one half so gay
As a rollicking ride in a rushing sleigh.

Little they know, who dwell in that clime,
Where winter disturbs not the sweet summer time,
Of the rush of the pulse and the cheek's rudy glow
That comes from a dash when the sleigh riders go.
Let him stay behind who chooses, I go
To share a pleasure he never can know.
Talk not to me then, of the charms of the May,
Or the fragrant flowers that on June's bosom lay,
Of the whippoorwill's song, or the sweet scented hay,
Or the wildwood chorus at breaking of day;
For nothing, no, nothing can ever compare
With a rushing ride through the frost laden air.

L. R. H. C.

Tilton, N. H.

DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS WHITTIER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. W. F. WHITCHER, A. M.

But little is known of the ancestry of Thomas Whittier, one of New England's early settlers, and from whom have sprung the numerous Whittiers, Whitchers and Whichers, who may be found to-day in nearly every state of our Union. He came to America at the age of eighteen years, in company with his kinsman, John Roaff (or Rolfe), a passenger in the "good ship, Confidence, John Jobson, Master," which sailed from Southampton, England, April 24, 1638. John Rolfe is described in the passenger list as "of Millchill, Part of Wiltshire," and as Thomas Whittier's name appears in connection with his, and as he is named in the last will of Henry Rolfe, brother of John, as a kinsman, we may conclude that his English home was the same as that of John Rolfe. He settled first in Salisbury, Massachusetts, afterwards lived for a short time in Newbury, where he married Ruth Green, and then, shortly afterward, removed to Haverhill, where he was prominent in the early history of the town, his name frequently appearing in the early records. He died in Haverhill, November 28, 1696, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

There is the best of evidence for believing that the name was originally pronounced as two syllables, Whit-tier, the "ti" of the second syllable having the sound of "ch," or the same as "ti" in "patient," and other similar words; and this original pronunciation undoubtedly accounts for the lack of uniformity among his descendants in spelling the name. Indeed, in the various old records which we have consulted, the name is found spelled in thirty-one different ways. The most common of which are Whittier, Whitcher and Whicher, and in some cases the name of the same person is found spelled in all three of the above ways. In our mention, in the present article, of the descendants of Thomas Whittier, we shall use the spelling which the persons named have themsleves adopted. Thomas and Ruth (Green) Whittier were the parents of ten children: (1) Mary, b. Aug. 9, 1647; m. Sept. 21, 1666, Benj. Page of Haverhill; d. Dec. 23, 1698. (2) John, b. Dec. 23, 1649. (3) Ruth, b. Aug. 1, 1651; m. Apr. 20, 1675, Joseph True of Salisbury; d. Dec. 16, 1719. (4) Thomas, b. June 12, 1653; d. unmarried, Oct. 17, 1728. (5) Susanna, b. Mar. 27, 1656; m. July 15, 1674, Jacob Morrill of Salisbury; d. Feb. 15, 1727. (6) Nathaniel, b. Aug. 11, 1658. (7) Hannah, b. Sept. 10, 1660; m. May 30, 1683, Edward Young of Newbury. (8) Richard, b. June 27, 1663; d. unmarried, Mar. 5, 1725. (9) Elizabeth, b. Nov. 21, 1666; m. June 22, 1699, James Sanders, Jr., of Haverhill; m. 2d, James Bradbury; d. Jan. 29, 1730. (10) Joseph, b. May 8, 1669.

But three of the sons of Thomas married and left issue. John, the first son, settled in Haverhill, where he married Mary Hoyt, by whom he had issue of seven children. Many of his descendants are at present to be found in Haverhill, and in the different towns of Eastern Massachusetts. Joseph, the youngest son, married Mary Peasley of Haverhill, by whom he had issue of nine children. The poet Whittier is a great-grandson of Joseph, and it may prove of interest to trace the descent of this, his illustrious descendant.

Joseph Whittier m. May 24, 1694, Mary Peasley of Haverhill.

Joseph Whittier, Jr., son of Joseph and Mary (Peasley) Whittier, b. Mar. 21, 1717; m. Sarah Greenleaf of Newbury.

John Whittier, son of Joseph and Sarah (Greenleaf) Whittier, b. Nov. 2, 1760; m. Oct. 3, 1804, Abigail Hussey

of Somersworth, N. H., dau. of Joseph and Mary Hussey.

John Greenleaf Whittier, son of John and Abigail (Hussey) Whittier, b. in Haverhill, Dec. 17, 1807.

Most of the Whittiers or Whitchers, however, who have made New Hampshire their home, have been and are descendants of Nathaniel, the sixth child of Thomas and Ruth (Green) Whittier. He married Aug. 26, 1685, Mary, dau. of William Osgood of Salisbury, by whom he had issue of two children: (1) Reuben, b. May 17, 1686; and (2) Ruth, b. Oct. 14, 1688, who married Benj. Green of Dover, N. H.

Reuben, son of Nathaniel and Mary (Osgood) Whittier, m. Dec. 19, 1708, Deborah Pillsbury of Newbury. They were the parents of seven children, all born in Salisbury: (1) Mary, b. Sept. 25, 1709; m. S. French, Jr., of Salisbury, Apr. 4, 1729. (2) Nathaniel, b. Aug. 12, 1711. (3) William, b. Nov. 20, 1714. (4) Reuben, b. 1716. (5) Richard, b. 1717. (6) Joseph, b. May 2, 1721. (7) Benjamin, b. May 4, 1722. Five of these sons, and perhaps all six, or their immediate descendants settled in New Hampshire, and to some one of these, nearly all persons in the state bearing the name may trace their ancestry. We will glance as briefly as possible at each of these branches, which largely make up the New Hampshire families.

I. Nathaniel, son of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, m. Nov. 16, 1734, Hannah Clough of Salisbury. They were the parents of ten children, all born in Salisbury: (1) Benjamin, b. Oct. 24, 1736; (2) Mary, b. Apr. 4, 1739; (3) Ruth, b. Mar. 12, 1741; (4) Nathaniel, b. Feb. 23, 1743; (5) Hannah, b. Nov. 19, 1744; (6) Sarah; (7) Thomas, b. Mar. 5, 1747; (8) Miriam, b. Mar. 3, 1749; (9) William, b. Apr. 25, 1752; (10) Abel.

1. Benjamin, son of Nathaniel and Hannah (Clough) Whittier, m. May 24, 1755, Mary, dau. Benj. and Sarah Joy of Salisbury, and shortly after removed to Chester, N. H., and from thence to Raymond. He was one of the signers for the petition for the incorporation of the town, dated Mar. 1, 1764. He was active in the War of the Revolution, enlisting men to serve during the war, and himself held the rank of captain. He held at different times, various positions of town trust, and was one of the most prominent of the early settlers of Raymond. He was the father of twelve children, the two oldest born in Chester, the others in Raymond: (1) Anna, b. Dec. 3, 1757; (2) Betsey, b. Apr. 24, 1759; (3) Benjamin, b. Aug. 26, 1760; (4) Mary, b. Jan. 17, 1763; (5) Moses, b. Sept. 14, 1764; (6) Anna, b. July 2, 1766; (7) Miriam, b. June 20, 1768; (8) Sarah, b. July 20, 1771; (9) William, b. Feb. 22, 1774; (10) Ruth, b. Sept. 18, 1755; (11) Hannah, b. Apr. 26, 1777; (12) Nathaniel, b. June 14, 1779. Later he removed with his family to the state of Maine, so that few or none of his descendants are now found in New Hampshire.

2. Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel and Hannah (Clough) Whittier, m. Elizabeth, dau. of Jedediah and Hannah Prescott of Brentwood, N. H. He settled in Raymond, where he remained until between 1779 and 1781, when he removed to Winthrop, Maine, where he has numerous descendants.

II. William, son of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, m. Phebe, dau. of Abraham Morrill of Salisbury. They settled in Kingston, N. H., and were the parents of five children: (1) Isaac, b. Feb. 3, 1738; (2) Reuben, b. May 15, 1740; (3) Reuben, 2d, b. Nov. 29, 1741; (4) Abigail, b. July 30, 1745; (5) Nathaniel, b. 1748.

1. Isaac, son of William and Phebe (Morrill) Whittier, m. Aug. 26, 1762, Mary Blaisdell of Brentwood, N. H., and settled in that town. They were the parents of seven children: (1) William, b. June 23, 1763; (2) Abigail, b. Feb. 11, 1765; (3) Hannah, b. July 23, 1768; (4) Phebe, b. Mar. 25, 1771; (5) Mary, b. Dec. 15, 1773; (6) Isaac, b. Aug. 22, 1776; (7) Sarah, b. June 16, 1779.

1[a] William, son of Isaac and Mary (Blaisdell) Whittier, m. Polly Rowell

of Nottingham, N. H. They lived in Deerfield, N. H., and had four children: Mary, b. Dec. 1, 1808; Betsey, b. Sept. 14, 1811; William, b. Dec. 5, 1814; and Rice R., b. June 20, 1817. William, son of William, m. Hannah F. Dearborn, by whom he has two children, Lizzie M. and William L. He resides in Deerfield. Rice R., son of William, m. Abigail, dau. of Isaac and Sarah (Tuck) Whittier, and removed to Greenwood, Ill., where he still resides.

1b Isaac, son of Isaac and Mary (Blaisdell) Whittier, m. Nov. 27, 1806, Sarah Tuck of Brentwood. They resided in Deerfield, N. H., and were the parents of six children, all born in Deerfield. His youngest son, Edward T., b. Aug. 13, 1819, removed to Stoneham, Mass, where he resided till his death in 1878.

2. Nathaniel, son of William and Phebe (Morrill) Whittier, m. Ruth Smith. They resided in Kingston, N. H., and were the parents of nine children: Betsey, b. Feb. 27, 1761; Reuben; Laneson, b. Mar. 28, 1773; Nathaniel, b. Apr. 20, 1777; Joseph, b. Apr. 13, 1779; William, b. Nov. 28, 1781; John, b. Feb. 13, 1784; Abigail, b. 1789; Isaac.

Sometime subsequent to 1790 this family removed to Cornville, Me., where they have numerous descendants.

III. Reuben, son of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, m. Mary Flanders of Salisbury. They were the parents of fifteen children: (1) Moses, b. in Salisbury, July 19, 1739; (2) Reuben, b. Apr. 12, 1742; (3) Richard, b. Oct. 16, 1743,—the family about this time removed to Chester, N. H.; (4) Reuben, 2d, b. Chester, N. H., Jan. 30, 1749; (5) Mary, b. Sept. 17, 1750; (6) Josiah, b. Apr. 6, 1747; (7) Joseph, b. Mar. 9, 1752; (8) Daniel, b. May 11, 1753; (9) Deborah, b. Feb. 3, 1755; (10) Sarah, b. Dec. 20, 1756; (11) Miriam, b. Mar. 29, 1758; (12) Phinehas, b. July 26, 1759; (13) Aaron, b. July 3, 1761; (14) Clarke, b. in Raymond, N. H., June 4, 1764; (15) Deborah, b. in Raymond, Mar. 26, 1766.

1. Moses, son of Reuben and Mary (Flanders) Whittier, m. Anna Webster; lived for a time in Chester, N. H.; and then removed to Raymond, where all his children were born, save the eldest, who was born in Chester. They had a family of ten children; but I have been unable to find anything concerning, except the date of their births. These were as follows: (1) Moses, Nov. 2, 1762; (2) Webster, July 6, 1764; (3) Anna, Aug. 11, 1766; (4) Mary, Nov. 24, 1768; (5) Lydia, Nov. 11, 1770; (6) Abigail, Aug. 9, 1772; (7) Releaf, Aug. 31, 1774; [8] Josiah, Aug. 17, 1776; (9) Josiah, 2d, May 24, 1778; (10) Beniah, Dec. 13, 1782.

2. Richard, son of Reuben and Mary (Flanders) Whittier, m. Martha Boynton; lived for a time in Raymond but afterward removed to Brentwood, where he died. They were the parents of ten children: Betsey; Sarah; Aaron, b. in Brentwood in 1779; Joshua; Reuben; Edward; Hannah; Abigail; Martha; Mary. 2a Aaron, son of Richard and Martha (Boynton) Whittier, lived in Brentwood. He m. Lydia Worthen, by whom he had eight children: Edmund, b. 1806; Hazen, b. 1808; Richard, b. 1810; Mary, b. 1812; Harriet, b. 1813; Olive, b. 1815; John, b. 1817; Alvin, b. 1820. Edmund, son of Aaron and Lydia (Worthen) Whittier, m. Almira Poor, and resided in Raymond till he died in 1863. They had five children: (1) Otis H., b. 1835; who m. Nov. 5, 1857, Sarah H. Smith of Hampton, in which town they still reside. (2) Horace G., b. 1838; who m. Nov. 27, 1862, Mary S. Robinson of Kingston. (3) Mary Jane, b. 1840. (4) Aaron, b. 1843. (5) Andrew, b 1846. Hazen, son of Aaron and Lydia [Worthen] Whittier, m. Harriet Parker. They live in West Roxbury, Mass., and have a family of eight children. John, son of Aaron and Lydia [Worthen] Whittier, m. Mary Lovering of Raymond, and lived in Fremont till his death. They had one child, Nellie, b. 1850. 2b Joshua, son of Richard and Martha [Boynton] Whittier, m. Mar. 11, 1804,

Lydia Poor of Kingston. They removed to Ogden, N. Y. 2[c] Reuben, son of Richard and Martha (Boynton) Whittier, m. Ruth Poor of Newbury, Mass.

3. Reuben Whicher, son of Reuben and Mary (Flanders) Whittier, m. Abigail Putney in 1772. They moved to Wentworth, N. H., where he died May 28, 1831. They were the parents of seven children, all born in Wentworth: (1) Henry, b. Apr. 28, 1774. (2) Ruth, b. Jan. 10, 1776; m. Jona. Kimball of Wentworth, Nov. 16, 1797. (3) Sarah, b. Apr. 8, 1778; m. Nov. 26, 1801, Jeremiah Ellsworth, of Wentworth. (4) Reuben, b. Oct. 15, 1780. (5) Aaron, b. Aug. 28, 1783. (6) Joseph, b. Mar. 22, 1786; d. Albany, N. Y., 1815. (7) David, b. Nov. 10, 1778. 3[a] Henry Whitcher, son of Reuben and Abigail (Putney) Whicher, m. Betsey Saunders of Wentworth, June, 1802. He died in Wentworth, Jan. 1, 1863. They were the parents of ten children: (1) Ruth, b. Feb. 20, 1803; m. Nov. 1840, Samuel Morse. (2) Eliza, b. Oct. 20, 1804; m. Apr. 10, 1831, Thomas Haley. (3) Harriet, b. Jan. 31, 1807; d. Oct. 20, 1851. (4) Elsie, b. Apr. 9, 1808; d. Dec. 1, 1837. (5) Alden, b. Nov. 10, 1810; m. Abigail Willoughby at Wentworth, Apr. 29, 1839. (6) Reuben, b. Mar. 15, 1813; m. Dec. 13, 1840, Rebecca Foster. (7) Sarah Jane, b. Feb. 23, 1816; m. Jan. 12, 1839, Thomas F. Goodspeed. (8) Elvira, b. Dec. 14, 1819; m. May 14, 1858, Erastus Thayer. (9) Maria, b. Dec. 15, 1822; m. Joseph Colburn of Wentworth, Mar. 9, 1861. (10) Caroline L., b. May 4, 1827; m. Oct. 24, 1861, William Kimball of Wentworth, who died in the army; she m. 2d, Mar. 23, 1865, John Jewell of Lyme. 3[b] Reuben Whitcher, son of Reuben and Abigail (Putney) Whicher, m. Sally Putney, July 2, 1809. He lived in Wentworth till his death in 1813. 3[c] Aaron Whicher, son of Reuben and Abigail (Putney) Whitcher, m. Nov. 26, 1807, Pamelia Page of Dorchester, N. H. They lived in Wentworth, and were the parents of eleven children: (1) John, b. Aug. 11, 1809; he still resides in Wentworth, where he has always been prominent in town affairs; he m. Dec. 6, 1840, Ann T. Ellsworth, by whom he has six children: John A., who resides in Wentworth, b. Jan. 4, 1842; Lydia A., a teacher in the public schools in Boston, b. Mar. 12, 1843; Orrando O., b. May 23, 1845; Abbie P., b. Mar. 28, 1849; Alice L., b. Nov. 17, 1851; and Willis A., b. Jan. 19, 1855. (2) Reuben, b. Apr. 11, 1811; he m. Oct., 1839, Betsey W. Foster, and removed to Alfred Me., where he d. Jan. 16, 1876. (3) Joseph P. b. Mar. 10, 1814. (4) Pamelia, b. Jan. 25, 1816; m. Jan. 1, 1837, Roswell T. Sawyer. (5) Nancy P., b. June 26, 1818; m. Aug. 25. 1839, Hartwell Hanlon. (6) Azabah P., b. Apr. 11, 1820; m. Feb. 9, 1846, Thomas Leaver. (7) Hannah P., b. Oct. 11, 1823. (8) Lyman P., b. June 12, 1825; he resides in Wentworth, where he m. Betsey H. Emerton, Oct. 28, 1849; has one child, Ellen M., b. 1852, who m. July 3, 1874, George W. Nichols of Boston. (9) Lavinia C., b. July 20, 1827; d. Apr. 4, 1845. (10) Jane R., b. Jan. 30, 1830, m. Feb. 25, William Batchelder of Warren. (11) Sarah L., b. May 20, 1832; m. May 12, 1858, Nathan C. Sargent. 3[d] David Whitcher, son of Reuben and Abigail (Putney) Whicher, m. at Wentworth, Nov. 10, 1814, Hannah Miller. He resided in Wentworth till his death, June 12, 1845. They were the parents of five children: Mary A., Simeon, Sarah, Almira, and William.

4. Daniel, son of Reuben and Mary (Flanders) Whittier, m. Mary Quimby. They lived in Raymond till about 1784, and then removed to Deerfield. They were the parents of twelve children: (1) Mary, b. June 10, 1772; (2) Susanna, b. Mar. 24, 1775; (3) Hannah, b. May 2, 1777; (4) Reuben, b. June 14, 1779; (5) Clark, born May 25, 1781; (6) Daniel, b. Nov. 18, 1783; (7) Susan; (8) Polly; (9) Noah, b. Apr. 3, 1787; (10) Samuel, b. 1790; (11) Hannah, 2d, b. 1792; (12) Josiah, b. 1797.

4[a] Reuben, son of Daniel and Mary

(Quimby) Whittier, m. Lucy Chaplin of Roxbury, Mass, where they afterward resided. His eldest son, Horatio G. Whittier, b. Dorchester, Mass., 1810, m. Sarah H. Sanderson of Nashua, N. H., where he afterward resided. His eldest son, Horatio G., Jr., enlisted from Nashua, and d. in the army, Sept. 30, 1864.

4[b] Clark, son of Daniel and Mary (Quimby), m. Miriam Healey and removed to Vienna, Me. Daniel, Noah and Samuel also married and removed from the state.

4[c] Josiah, son of Daniel and Mary (Quimby), m. Hannah Heath. They remained in Deerfield, where there were born to them nine children: (1) Daniel L., b. Sept. 9, 1816; m. Mar. 12, 1842, Betsey A. Marston of Deerfield; there were born to them three children: Robie D., July 21, 1843; Daniel, J., Jan. 20, 1846; Josiah A., Nov. 19, 1849: he m. 2d Julia A. Weber, by whom he had issue of one child, George F., b. June 10, 1854. (2) Samuel, b. Feb. 14, 1820, m. May 3, 1840, Susan A. Ladd. (3) Josiah S., b. Sept. 10, 1822, m. Mary M. Lang, and removed to Raymond; they had three children; Newell C., b. Sept. 14, 1845; Sarah M., b. Dec. 24, 1851; and Horace L., b. Apr. 21, 1859. (4) Hannah H., b. July 25, 1825. (5) Abigail, b. Feb. 20, 1828. (6) Addison S., b. Feb. 22, 1830; m. Susan F. Robinson, who bore him three children; Josiah H., b. Apr. 28, 1860; Harlan P., b. Mar. 8, 1863; and Josephine M., b. June 20, 1875. (7) Mary A., b. July 26, 1832. (8) Aaron G., b. Feb. 10, 1835; m. Oct. 28, 1855, Amanda M. Lang. (9) Charles H., b. May 21, 1841; m. Jan. 1, 1862, Jane A. Heath.

5. Josiah, son of Reuben and Mary (Flanders) Whittier, m. Sarah Severance, by whom he had issue of one son, Richard, b. Raymond, May 10, 1775. This Richard m. at Raymond, Mar. 26, 1800, Dorothy Brown of Hampton. They lived in Raymond, and were the parents of eleven children: (1) Elizabeth, b. March 20, 1801. (2) Ruth, b. July 24, 1802. (3) Josiah, b. Nov. 25, 1803; he m. at Charlestown, Mass., Apr. 20, 1837, Octavia Blanchard, and removed to Waterford, Me. (4) Elizabeth, 2d, b. Jan. 20, 1805. (5) Benning, b. Sept. 20, 1807. (6) Anna, b. July 4, 1809. (7) Richard, b. Apr. 16, 1811; he m. Rhoda Felker, and resided in Raymond till his death in 1850; he left three children, Olive, Richard, and Lucy Maria. (8) Elbridge G., b. Jan. 14, 1814; he married Sarah Taylor in Boston, Mass., Oct. 17, 1840; they resided in Deerfield, and had one son: Frank E., b. Mar. 9, 1842, who married Emma Hofner; he also lived in Deerfield, where he died Sept. 24, 1875, leaving two children, Elbridge F. and Earnest H. (9) Mary J., b. Apr. 11, 1816. (10) William C., b. May 3, 1818; he married Elizabeth Langley; lived at Deerfield Centre; they were the parents of two daughters. (11) Caroline M., b. Oct. 23, 1821.

IV. Joseph, son of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, m. Jan. 13, 1743, Martha, dau. of Hon. John Evans of Nottingham, N. H. They lived in Salisbury, Mass.; were the parents of seven children: (1) Deborah, b. Sept. 4, 1744; (2) Dorothy, b. Nov. 30, 1745; (3) Sarah, b. Sept. 18, 1747; (4) John, b. June 19, 1749; (5) Reuben, b. Sept. 19, 1751; (6) Chase, b. Oct. 6, 1753; (7) Joseph, b. Oct. 31, 1755.

1. John Whitcher, son of Joseph and Martha (Evans) Whittier, m. 1770, Sarah Marston of Salisbury. He was one of the first settlers of Warren, N. H., where he resided till his death. They were the parents of eleven children, all born in Warren: (1) Joseph, b. Nov. 10, 1772; (2) Reuben, b. Oct. 30, 1773; (3) John, b. Aug. 10, 1775; (4) Betty, b. Oct. 3, 1778; (5) Sarah, b. Oct. 17, 1779; (6) Henry D., b. Oct 30, 1782; (7) Obadiah, b. Oct. 11, 1784; (8) Batchelder, b. Aug. 3, 1787; (9) Obadiah, 2d, b. Apr. 23, 1789; (10) Jeremiah, b. Jan. 29, 1791; (11) Rebecca, b. Dec. 19, 1795. Henry D. Whicher, son of John and Sarah (Marston) Whitcher, m. Ruth Hooper, and resid-

ed in Wentworth. They were the parents of eight children: Lucinda, Samuel, Joseph, Patience, Sarah, Mary, Ruth and Lydia. John Whicher, a grandson of John and Sarah (Marston), lives at present in Warren, and has sons —Rinaldo, Leander and Jerome—living in same town. Joseph Whicher, another descendant of John, also lives in Warren, and has a son Charles. Henry T. has two grandsons also living in Warren: Samuel, son of Samuel; and Henry, who has two sons, Arthur and Henry L. Most of the descendants of John and Sarah (Marston) have, so far as can be learned, removed from the state.

2. Reuben Whicher, son of Joseph and Martha (Evans) Whittier, m. Sept. 18, 1776, Elizabeth Copp of Hampstead, N. H. He removed to Warren, where he resided for a time, afterwards to Piermont, to Thetford, Vt., and again to Warren. They had six children: Betsey, b. Sept. 10, 1777; Dorothy, b. Mar. 8, 1779; Joshua, b. June 9, 1781; Joseph, b. Jan. 22, 1783; Reuben, b. Mar. 8, 1785; Samuel, b. Dec. 5, 1786. None of these appear to have settled in Warren or the adjoining towns, and it is quite probable removed from the state.

3. Chase Whitcher, son of Joseph and Martha (Evans) Whittier, was one of the first settlers in Warren, he coming to the town sometime in 1770, when only about seventeen years of age. He was active in all the affairs pertaining to the settlement of the town, and during the War of the Revolution rendered good service to the patriot cause. In the records of the N. H. Committee of Safety we find that, Aug. 5, 1776, he was voted the sum of twenty-four pounds to pay for arms and ammunition furnished men enlisted by him. July 6, 1777, he m. Hannah Morrill of Amesbury, Mass., who bore him eleven children, all born in Warren: (1) Levi, b. Sept. 22, 1779; d. in infancy. (2) Dolly, b. Jan. 22, 1781; m. Chase Atwell of Haverhill, N. H. (3) William, b. May 23, 1783. (4) Molly, b. Apr. 16, 1785; d. unmarried. (5) Chase, b. Sept. 5, 1787; m. Mary Green; both d. in Benton, without issue. (6) Levi, 2d, b. Aug. 31, 1789; d. unmarried. (7) Jacob, b. June 22, 1791. (8) Miriam, b. Mar. 18, 1794; m. Joseph Davis Willoughby of Holderness; had one child, William Whitcher, who d. in Somerville, Mass., 1877. (9) Hannah, b. Mar. 16, 1796; d. unmarried. (10) Martha, b. July 18, 1798; m. Elisha Fullam. (11) David, b. Jan. 15, 1803.

3° William, son of Chase and Hanhah (Morrill) Whitcher, removed to Benton (formerly Coventry), where he was one of the first settlers, and was prominent in town affairs till his death. He married Mary Noyes of Landaff, and had issue by her of sixteen children: (1) Moses, b. Dec. 26, 1807; m. Sarah Royce, of Haverhill; he represented his town several times in the state legislature, and held various town offices; he was killed by the fall of a tree in 1846, and left no children. (2) William, b. Dec. 26, 1808; d. without issue, Oct. 16, 1838. (3) Amos, b. May 18, 1810; m. Dec. 20, 1835, Polly Young of Lisbon, N. H., by whom he had seven children: Lucinda C., b. Oct. 7, 1836; m. H. W. Gordon of Landaff; d. Stoneham, Mass., Oct. 27, 1871. Amarett A., b June 23, 1840; m. Emery B. White of Landaff; resides in Stoneham. Charles H., b. Feb. 10, 1843. Winthrop C., b. March 22, 1845. James E., b. Nov. 29, 1847. Florence V., b. May 3, 1852; m. Dec. 24, 1875, W. C. Young, Bath, N. H. Albion G., b. Aug. 28, 1854. These sons, except the youngest, are m. and reside in Stoneham, Mass., where their father d. Feb., 1880. Amos Whitcher held various town offices in his native town, and was postmaster for nearly thirty years. (4) Louisa, b. Dec. 22, 1811, m. Sylvester Eastman, by whom she had three children: Geo. E., Ruth J., and William W. She, with these children, still resides in Benton. (5) Winthrop, b. Feb. 20, 1813: m. Mercy P. Noyes, widow of Samuel Noyes of Landaff. They lived in Landaff; were the parents of four children: Moses, Ward P., Henry and Sarah.

Moses and Henry still reside in Landaff, and Ward P. is one of the prominent citizens of Lisbon, N. H. (6) Samuel, b. Aug. 24, 1814; m. May 4, 1840, Emily Quimby of Lisbon; they resided in Landaff, where he d. Oct. 1879; their children are: Lydia E., wife of William Polly of Quebec, b. June 22, 1841. Betsey S., wife of William Kendall, Easton, b. Feb. 5, 1844. David S. of Easton, b. Nov. 30, 1846. Daniel J., of Easton, b. Feb. 2, 1849, member of N. H. Legislature 1878–79. Charles O., b. Nov. 21, 1852; m. Josie V. Kimball of Franklin, N. H.; resides at Easton. And Susan E., wife of Geo. H. Clark of Haverhill, b. Apr. 20, 1859. (7) Ira, b. Dec. 2, 1815; m. Nov. 27, 1843, Lucy Royce of Haverhill; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, of the State Legislature for several years, county commissioner for Grafton county two terms, and has held various positions of public trust; is extensively engaged in lumber business, and resides at Woodsville, N. H.; has four children: William F., b. Aug. 10, 1845, a member of the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and pastor of Matthewson Street Church, Providence, R. I. Mary E., wife of Chester Abbott of Woodsville, N. H., b. July 17, 1847. Frank, b. June 21, 1849; d. Nov. 7, 1875. Scott, b. Nov, 2, 1852; and d. Jan. 22, 1875. (8) Sally, b. May 25, 1817; m. Nov. 11, 1849, Amos Wilson of Franconia; they reside in Bath, and are the parents of four children: William F., deceased; Susan M.; George M., deceased; and Alice S. (9) Hannah, b. Apr. 4, 1819; m. Mar. 11, 1837, James A. Mann, of Landaff, removed to Woburn, Mass., where she still resides; they were the parents of four children. (10) James, b. Oct. 1, 1820; d. Aug. 20, 1837. (11) Chase, b. Jan. 20, 1822; he resided till 1875 in Benton, which town he represented several years in the Legislature, and held numerous other official positions; then removed to Concord, where he still lives; m. Sarah Royce Whitcher, widow of his brother Moses, by whom he had three children: Francis C., b. Aug. 22, 1849. Elvah G., b. Nov. 19, 1850; m. Jan. 11, 1881, Hon. Edward F. Mann of Benton. And Hannah, who d. in infancy. (12) Mary, b. Oct. 28, 1823; m. June 1, 1841, Jason Titus of Lyman, where they have since lived; they have seven children: Charles H., Holman D., Herman P., George W., Theron W., Fred M. and Bertha May. (13) Susan, b. May 20, 1825; d. Oct. 6, 1854; she m. Geo. W. Mann of Benton and bore him five children; Ezra B., Edward F., Geo. H., Orman L. and Osman C. Ezra B. has represented the town of Haverhill in the N. H. Legislature, and is at present the chairman of its board of selectmen. Edward F. is the popular conductor of the B. C. & M. day express, and a member of the present State Senate, also senator-elect from District No. 2. (14) Daniel, b. Jan. 20, 1827; he has lived in the towns of Benton and Landaff, both of which he has represented in the State Legislature; he is largely engaged in the lumber business; he m. Nancy R. Knight, by whom he has nine children: Kate K., b. May 16, 1853. Moses K., b. Nov. 28, 1855; d. Apr. 9, 1862. Nellie G., b. Oct. 22, 1857. Lizzie R., b. July 16, 1859. Carrie A., b. July 6, 1861. Josie L., b. Apr. 8, 1863. Ira D., b. Oct. 4, 1865; d. Feb. 14, 1867. Mary B. B., b. Feb. 10, 1869; Dan Scott, Nov. 22, 1873; d. May 17, 1878. (15) David, b. June 17, 1828; m. Sally A. Noyes of Landaff, by whom he has two children: Quincy N., b. Dec. 14, 1853; d. Apr. 1, 1864. And Hattie B., b. Mar. 28, 1860. He resides at North Haverhill. (16) Phebe M., b. Feb. 24, 1831; m. Mosely N. Brooks of Franconia; d. in Boston, without issue, June 4, 1870.

3[b] Jacob, son of Chase and Hannah (Morrill) Whitcher, m. Sarah Richardson of Warren; he settled in Benton, where he died in 1834; they had eight children, none of whom or of whose descendants are at present living in New Hampshire. Levi, b. Oct. 29, 1815; Hazen, b. May 21, 1817; Stephen, b. June 18, 1819; Alonzo, b. June 8, 1821; Lorinda, b. Aug. 3, 1825; Jacob,

b. June 8, 1827; Sarah J., b. Aug. 31, 1830.

3e David, son of Chase and Hannah (Morrill) Whitcher, m. Phebe P. Smith, Mar. 20, 1828. They resided in Haverhill, and were the parents of three sons, all of whom reside in Meredith: (1) Joseph S., b. Aug. 25, 1829. (2) David M., b. June 30, 1831; m. Oct. 13, 1862, Julia A. Norris, by whom he has one child, Ellen A., b. Sept. 13, 1863. (3) Daniel B., b. July 6, 1833; m. Sept. 9, 1875, Elmira J. Brown; they have two children: Phebe M., b. Nov. 14, 1876; and Eliza M., b. May 24, 1878.

4. Joseph, son of Joseph and Martha (Evans) Whittier, went to Warren with his brothers, but remained only a short time. He enlisted in the War of the Revolution, and after his term of service m. Lydia, dau. of Joseph Chandler of Epping. She was a sister of Gen. John Chandler. They settled in Epping, where they lived for a time, but afterward removed to Solon, Me., where he d. May 18, 1833. They were the parents of nine children, the five eldest of whom were b. in Epping: (1) John, b. Apr. 24, 1779; (2) Enoch, b. Nov. 12, 1780; (3) Joseph, b. Oct. 13, 1782; (4) Nathaniel, b. Nov. 17, 1786; (5) Lydia C., b. Aug. 18, 1784; (6) Jemima; (7) Martha; (8) Artemas, b. June 4, 1795; (9) Hannah. These children, so far as known, settled in Maine, where many of their descendants may still be found.

V. Benjamin, youngest son of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, removed first to Stratham, N. H., where he lived till about 1755, when he removed to Nottingham, N. H., where he resided till his death, Feb. 22, 1803. He m. Nov. 20, 1744, Abigail Stevens, who bore him eight children, the five eldest b. in Stratham, and the others in Nottingham: (1) Sarah, b. Oct. 12, 1746. (2) Anna, b. May 10, 1748; m. Gideon Matthes. (3) Benjamin, b. Mar. 17, 1750. (4) Nathaniel, b. Nov. 30, 1751. (5) Reuben, b. July 10, 1754. (6) Jonathan, b. July 11, 1756. (7) William, b. July 15, 1758. (8) Abigail, b. Mar. 10, 1763; m. Nehemiah Bartlett.

1. Benjamin Whitcher, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Stevens) Whittier, m. Mary, dau. of Joseph Shepard of Exeter; lived for a time in Epping, N. H., but removed to Canterbury, early in 1775. In October, 1782, he embraced the Shaker faith, through the ministration of two ministers from the society at New Lebanon, N. Y. He was a man of strong character and marked virtues, and may be regarded as the founder of the present flourishing society of Shakers in Canterbury; his house being for some years the place of meeting for religious worship. He was the first and senior elder in the society for a term of twelve years; and his wife, Mary, served as deaconness and steward for the first five years after the organization of the large family, being removed only by her death, Mar. 22, 1797. They were the parents of six children: (1) Ziepha, b. Aug. 22, 1774; she embraced the Shaker faith, and served as an eldress or spiritual leader for the term of thirty-nine years; she d. at Canterbury, Nov. 8, 1856. (2) Joseph, b. Dec. 27, 1775. (3) Benjamin, b. Mar. 23, 1777; he was also a Shaker, and was appointed to aid in the ministry, having superintendence of the societies at Canterbury and Enfield, from the year 1811 to his death, Apr. 16, 1837; the last five years of his life he occupied the senior position in the order. (4) John, b. May 10, 1779; he embraced the faith of his father, and was, during his whole life, signally active in the affairs of the society; he superintended the educational department, and managed in behalf of the society the litigation in which they were involved through the influence of the celebrated Mary Dyer; he was also an elder for the term of twelve years, and a trustee for the five years preceding his death, Feb. 21, 1855. (5) Polly, b. autumn of 1780; d. 1782. (6) James, b. June, 1782; d. Mar. 1784.

1a Joseph, son of Benjamin and Mary (Shepard) Whitcher, m. at Pittston, N. Y., in 1801, Betsey Hurlburt of Woodbury, Conn; they resided, till

about the year 1827, in different places in New York and for a time in Canada, when, on their two eldest daughters becoming converts to the Shaker faith, they removed to Canterbury, N. H. They were the parents of six children: (1) Benjamin, b. Pittston, N. Y., May 15, 1803; d. 1804. (2) Nancy, b. Marcellus, N. Y., Apr. 15, 1805; she is a member of the Canterbury society, where she still resides. (3) Maria, b. in Marcellus, Apr. 1, 1807; d. in Hooksett, N. H., Nov. 11, 1805. (4) Betsey, b. in Marcellus, May 1, 1809; d. 1811. (5) James, b. Prescott, Canada, Oct. 22, 1811; he left the Shaker society in 1842, m. Aesah A. Bean, of Gilmanton, and resided in Hooksett, where he died without issue in Nov. 1871. (6) Mary, b. Laurens, N. Y., Mar. 31, 1815; Mary Whitcher is a woman of remarkable natural intelligence and vigor, and of cultivated literary tastes; she is an occasional contributer to the columns of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and is held in high esteem not only by the society at Canterbury, where she is a worthy eldress, but by numerous acquaintances throughout New Hampshire and New England. She, with her sister Nancy, are the last descendants of Benjamin and Mary (Shepard) Whitcher.

2. Nathaniel Whitcher, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Stevens) Whittier, settled in Northfield, where he m. June 4, 1773, Sarah, daughter of John Harvey; he with his brothers, William, Jonathan and Reuben, were all prominent in the early history of the town, filling numerous positions of public trust and usefulness. He had eight children, all born in Northfield: (1) Sarah, b. May 20. 1774; m. Jonathan Gilman of Exeter, N. H. (2) Benjamin Harvey, b. June 26, 1776. (3) Abigail, b. Mar. 30, 1778; m Mar. 9, 1815, James Hoyt. (4) Grace, b. May 25, 1780; m. David Fifield. (5) Nancy, b. Jan. 24, 1782. (6) Nathaniel, b. Aug. 18, 1784. (7) Jane, b. Aug. 6, 1787; m. Jan. 24, 1807, Samuel Clough, of Northfield. (8) Mary, b. Aug. 23, 1791; m. Aug. 29, 1811, Joshua S. Matthes of Lee.

2[a] Benjamin Harvey, son of Nathaniel and Sarah (Harvey) Whitcher, m. Dec. 1801, Catharine B. Cole; they resided in Northfield. and were the parents of nine children: (1) Louisa L., b. Jan. 31, 1803; d. Dec. 29, 1809. (2) Cynthia, b. June 2, 1804; m. 1831, Benjamin C. Eastman; reside in Illinois. (3) Benjamin H., b. Jan. 4, 1806; m. Sarah Weymouth of Lake Village, where they resided. They had three children: (1) Horace G., b. Oct. 20, 1837; m. Emma P. French, by whom he has two children: Lowell H., b. July 20, 1860; d. Sept. 8, 1860. And Ardella J., b. Oct. 30, 1862; they reside in Laconia. (2) Lyman P., b. Mar. 23, 1840; enlisted in the Union army and died Sept. 9, 1862. (3) Joseph K., b. July 1, 1843; prepared for college at the N. H. Conf. Seminary, but enlisted in the Union army, 12th N. H. Regiment, and was killed in action June 3, 1864. (4) Typhenia C., b. Mar. 27, 1807. (5) Martin L., b. June 10, 1808; m. Nancy Locke, of Boston 1833; he lived in Boston and Hyde Park, Mass., was a successful business man, and died Aug. 24, 1875. (6) Calvin, b. Oct. 26, 1809. (7) Marcus, b. Apr. 2, 1811. (8) Franklin, b. Feb. 2, 1813; he m. Jan. 5, 1835, Sarah B. Adams, lived for a while in Sanbornton, and then removed to Bangor, Maine. They were the parents of three children: Leroy A., b. June 5, 1836; Sarah C., b. May 24, 1840; and Franklin P., b. Sept. 15, 1844. (9) Susan H., b. May 4, 1817; d. at Canterbury, June 16, 1865.

2[b] Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel and Sarah (Harvey) Whitcher, resided in Northfield. He m. Mar. 16, 1817, Lydia Evans, by whom he had two children: Artemesia and Jane.

3. Reuben Whitcher, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Stevens) Whittier, m. ——— Harvey, and lived in Nottingham, till his death, Dec. 14, 1822.

4. Jonathan Whitcher, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Stevens) Whittier, m. Mary Pike, and probably settled in Franklin, where he died Aug. 7, 1835. They were the parents of ten children: (1) Luke, b. Dec. 25, 1780; (2)

Abigail, b. Feb. 3, 1782; (3) Eleanor, b. Aug. 11, 1783; (4) Robert, b. Nov. 23, 1784; (5) Nancy, b. June 23, 1786; (6) Joseph, b. May 9, 1788; (7) Rebecca, b. Mar. 17, 1790; (8) Sarah, b. Dec. 12, 1791; (9) Jonathan, b. Nov. 21, 1793; (10) Deborah, b. Feb. 12, 1795.

5. William Whicher, son of Benjamin and Abigail (Stevens) Whittier, settled in Northfield. He m. in 1777, Polly Elliott, of Epping, who died Jan. 15, 1783. They were the parents of four children: (1) Jonathan, b. Apr. 15, 1779; (2) David; (3) Polly, m. Isaac Waldron; (4) William, b. Jan. 1[illegible], 1783. Polly Elliott Whicher, died Jan. 15, 1783, and he m. 2d, in 1787, Anna Sanborn, who bore him ten children: (1) Matthew, b. Aug. 27, 1788. (2) Reuben, b. Apr. 5, 1794. (3) John, b. Mar. 13, 1796. (4) Betsey, b. Sept. 26, 1797; m. in 1818, John Johnson. (5) Jane, b. Oct. 3, 1791; m. at Northfield, in 1818, Joseph Cofran. (6) Pamelia, b. Aug. 2, 1799; m. April, 1818, at Northfield, John Matthews, of Canterbury. (7) Benjamin, b. Aug. 7, 1803; d. unmarried, Feb. 21, 1869. (8) Ann, b. Mar. 5, 1805; m. 1851, Hazen Cross, of Canterbury. (9) Horace, b. Jan. 20, 1808; d. unmarried, Mar. 3, 1833. (10) Anna, b. Mar. 28, 1811; d. unmarried, Oct. 9, 1868.

5[a] Jonathan, son of William and Polly (Elliott) Whicher, settled in his native town, Northfield, where he m. Nov. 6, 1808, Tamar daughter of Gideon Sawyer. They were the parents of seven children: (1) Sarah B., b. Mar. 15, 1810. (2) Mary A., b. July 15, 1812; d. Jan. 28, 1817. (3) Eliza J., b. Mar. 13, 1815. (4) Benjamin F., b. Oct. 20, 1819; he m. Feb. 4, 1848, Polly M. Elkins, of Andover; removed to Lowell, Mass., where his daughters were born to them, and afterwards to Des Moines, Iowa, where he d. Apr. 1, 1868. (5) Sherburne S., b. Oct. 7, 1817; d. Nov. 17, 1848. (6) William E., b. Sept. 4, 1822, he m. Nov. 28, 1850, Betsey H. Morrill, of Canterbury, and removed to Roxbury, Mass., where he still resides. They have three daughters. (7) Reuben S., b. July 9, 1825.

5[b] David Whitcher, son of Reuben and Polly (Elliott) Whicher, m. Mary ———, removed to Newburyport, Mass., where he d. Sept. 11, 1850. He left one child b. in 1819.

5[c] William Whitcher, son of Reuben and Polly (Elliott) Whicher, m. Abigail Avery, of Epping, Nov. 25, 1810, they lived for a time in Maine, and afterwards in Epping; he d. at Strafford, N. H., Feb. 2, 1839. They had five children: (1) Naomi E., b. Feb. 8, 1812. (2) Jonathan E., b. July 4, 1814. (3) Joseph A., b. Apr. 13, 1816; m. Martha Emerson, at Franklin, Aug. 25, 1846, and removed to Strafford where he still resides. They have four children: Charles W., b. Sept. 2, 1847; Abbie E., b. Oct. 8, 1848; Joseph E., b. May 24, 1855; George H., b. Nov. 23, 1860. (4) Susan F., b. Oct. 19, 1817; d. Dec. 5, 1869. (5) Caleb F., b. June 3, 1819.

5[d] Matthew Whitcher, son of William and Anna (Sanborn) Whicher, m. Dec. 22, 1814, Olive Batchelder, of Northfield; he resided in Northfield, and had seven children: Joseph B., b. Oct., 1815; he m. Mar. 12, 1840, Barbara A. Horton, of Milford, Mass., in which place he resided till his death, Sept. 1, 1861. (2) Olive L., b. 1817; m. Chas. S. Gilman, and removed to Kansas. (3) Elizabeth A., b. 1819. (4) Napoleon B., b. 1822; d. Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 13, 1845. (5) William W., b. 1824; removed to Quincy, Mass., where he m. Nov. 4, 1849, Frances E. White; he d. in Sanbornton, in 1856. (6) Pamelia, b. 1828. (7) Julia M., b. 1831.

5[e] Reuben Whitcher, son of William and Anna (Sanborn) Whicher, resided in Northfield till his death in 1869. He m. Dorothy Osgood of Loudon, who bore him five children: (1) Clarissa, b. 1816, m. Albert A. Gorrill. (2) John M., b. 1817; m. Asenath Atkinson of Northfield, by whom he had two children: Clarence, who m. Abbie Lyford; and Adelia, who m. Charles W. Knowles of Northfield. (3) Horace, b. 1825; is engaged with his son in the express busi-

ness at Laconia; he m. Mary Bradley, by whom he has two children: William and Nellie. (4) Abbie W., b. 1830; m. John W. Young. (5) Mary J., b. 1831; m. Otis Young.

5[f] John, son of William and Anna (Sanborn) Whicher, removed to Quincy, Mass., where he m. Jan. 11, 1824, Relief Field. They were the parents of nine children. He d. June 14, 1872.

Besides the descendants of these five sons of Reuben and Deborah (Pillsbury) Whittier, there have been and are, at present, others of the name in New Hampshire, descendants of John, the oldest son of Thomas, or of his youngest son, Joseph; but to trace their connection would be beyond the limits of this article. Andrew Whittier, a son of John Whittier of Amesbury, and a great-grandson of Thomas, settled in Newton, N. H., and has numerous descendants scattered over the state. A great-grandson of this Andrew is Mr. Charles M. Whittier of Plymouth, the present cashier of the Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R. One thing is quite certain, that the Whittiers, Whichers and Whitchers in New Hampshire, indeed in America, are descendants of one common ancestor, Thomas Whittier, who came here in 1638. The writer of this article is indebted to Mr. C. C. Whittier, 726 Washington street, Boston, for most of the material used in the preparation of this paper, and begs leave to express the hope that any who may chance to see this, who have information of any kind pertaining to the family, will put themselves in communication with Whittier, and make possible to him the realization of a very laudable ambition—the publication of a complete genealogy of the family.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Robins, O hush! Quit your tiresome chatter!
Why will you tell each domestic affair?
Bobolinks, bobolinks! What is the matter?
Are you all crazed by this winey May air?

Ho, dancing brook, racing down to the meadow,
Flashing your silver and calling to me,
Rushing like childhood from sunshine to shadow,
Wasting your jewels and laughing in glee!

Blossoms white, blossoms pink, tossing and swinging
Flinging the daintiest fragrance around!
O, you bright blooms! Are your fairy bells ringing,
Tolling out perfume instead of a sound!

Honey-bees, bumble-bees, plunging all over
Into the nectar! O, rapturous sight!
Out from one's ravished sweet into another's
Why don't you die of ecstatic delight!

Clouds 'neath the sky, idly floating and floating,
Pause overhead—Ah, I well can guess why—
Each lovely tint of the apple trees noting;
Don't seek to match them, you can't if you try.

Reading the Good Book I learn of a heaven—
Golden and gem-decked, where good folks may stay
(If this is sin may the thought be forgiven)—
Can it be fair as this orchard in May?

THE FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE.—NO. 3.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY.

Experienced hands were now at the brakes, and steps were promptly taken to push this work to its completion; but the vanquished as promptly availed themselves of their legal rights, as the following notice shows:

"COPY OF THE NOTIFICATION FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED MEETING.

Fourth N. H. Turnpike.

Application being made to me for the purpose, by the owners of more than thirty shares in the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire, the proprietors of said turnpike are hereby notified to meet at the dwelling-house of Amos Bean, innholder in Salisbury, on Friday, the fourth day of May next, at nine o'clock A. M. to act on the following articles, to wit:

1st. To choose a moderator to govern said meeting.

2d. To see if the proprietors will reconsider the vote or votes passed at their last meeting respecting the course of said road through the town of Salisbury.

3d. To see if the proprietors will agree to lay out & establish said road through the town of Salisbury, in the straightest practicable direction, agreeably to their charter.

4th. To transact any other business that may be found for the interest of said propriety.

WM. WOODWARD, Propr. Clerk.
April 5th, 1804."

The record proceeds as follows:

"At a meeting of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire at the dwelling-house of Amos Bean, innholder in Salisbury, on the fourth day of May, A. D. 1804, at nine o'clock A. M., agreeably to legal notification therefor.

Voted & chose Joel Marsh, Esqr., moderator.

Several motions were made for proceeding under the second & third articles contained in the warning, but no vote passed concerning them. And it was thereupon

Voted that this meeting be dissolved, and it was accordingly dissolved."

This ended the struggle.

There was to be one more struggle as to the route in Lebanon. The record proceeds:

"COPY OF NOTIFICATION FOR A MEETING MAY 31ST, 1804.

Fourth N. H. Turnpike.

Application being made to me for the purpose, by the owners of more than thirty shares in said turnpike, the proprietors of the same are hereby notified to meet at the dwelling-house of Amos Pettingell, innholder in Salisbury, the 31st day of May current, at nine o'clock A. M., to act on the following articles:

1st. To choose a moderator to govern said meeting.

2d. To take into consideration the doings and proceedings of the town of Lebanon, respecting the compliance with the proposals of the propriety respecting the rout of said road through the said town of Lebanon, contained in their vote, passed at a meeting holden on the second Tuesday of Feby. last, and to act & do anything respecting the same that they may judge proper—and to alter the rout of said road through said town of Lebanon.

3rd. If they think necessary & proper to take into consideration the report of their committee, made at said meeting, respecting said road.

WM. WOODWARD, Props. Clerk.
May 4th, 1804."

"At a meeting of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New

Hampshire, at the dwelling-house of Amos Pettingell, innholder in Salisbury, on May 31st, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Chose Joel Marsh, Esqr., moderator.

Voted that this meeting be dissolved.

It is dissolved accordingly."

The work was prosecuted with vigor. An accurate survey was deemed essential. This was completed early in December, 1804.

The following is a transcript of this survey from the records of the corporation :

"A SURVEY OF THE FOURTH TURNPIKE ROAD IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Beginning at the north west corner of the toll house at the bridge over Merrimack river against the town of Boscawen, thence north 65 degrees west 18 rods to a stake & stones, thence north 33 degrees west 47 rods to an elm tree marked II, thence north 27 degrees west 33 rods to an elm tree marked III, thence north 15 degrees west 26 rods to a stake marked IIII, four rods easterly from the northeasterly corner of Major Chandler's house, thence north 32 degrees west 332 rods to a stake marked IIIII, thence north 37 degrees west 28 rods to stake marked IIIIII, thence north 48 degrees west 18 rods to stake marked IIIIIII, thence north 34 degrees west 179 rods to a willow tree by Nathan Carter's marked 8, thence north 35 degrees west 240 rods to a stake marked IX, thence north 45 degrees west 70 rods to Landlord Parson's signpost near the meeting house, thence north 54 degrees west 28 rods to stake marked XI, thence south 80 degrees west 30 rods to stake marked XII, thence north 49 degrees west 18 rods to stake marked XIII, thence north 20 degrees west 42 rods to a stake marked XIIII, near the bank of the Great Hollow, thence westerly over the Hollow to a pine tree marked XV, thence north 52 degrees west 213 rods to a stake in Cogswell's pasture marked XVI, thence north 43 degrees west 102 rods to a stake marked XVII, thence north 57 degrees west 116 rods to a stake marked XVIII, thence north 48 degrees west 97 rods to stake marked XVIIII, thence north 18 degrees west 157 rods to stake marked XX, thence north 14 degrees west 84 rods to stake marked XXI, thence north 39 degrees west 14 rods to an apple tree by Landlord Choat's barn marked XXII, thence north 19 degrees west 349 rods to stake marked XXIII by the blacksmith's shop by Stephen Gerrish's, thence north 22 degrees west 42 rods to stake & stones against the end of said Gerrish's wall, thence north 35 degrees west 16 rods to stake & stones opposite Henry Gerrish's house, thence north 48 degrees west 14 rods to stake & stones, thence north 55 degrees west 78 rods to a stake marked XXIIII, thence north 58 degrees west 33 rods to stake marked XXV, thence north 65 degrees west 80 rods to a hemlock stub on the end of the Hogback marked XXVI, thence north 44 degrees west 33 rods to Salisbury line, thence the same course 246 rods to stake & stones marked XXVII, thence north 46 degrees west 80 rods to stake & stones marked XXVIII, thence north 54 degrees west 94 rods to stake & stones in the old road marked XXIX, thence south 79 degrees west 38 rods to the south west corner of Saml. Greenleaf's door yard, thence north 55 degrees west 18 rods to an apple tree marked I, thence north 44 degrees west 68 rods to stake & stones marked II, thence north 50 degrees west 197 rods to a maple staddle marked III, thence north 56 degrees west 120 rods to a stake & stones by the old road marked IIII, thence north 59 degrees west 99 rods to stake & stones marked V, thence north 44 degrees west 101 rods to stake & stones one rod from the southwest corner of Deacon Amos Pettengill's house marked VI, thence north 29 degrees west 25 rods to the westerly corner of Page's hatters shop, thence north 22 degrees west 355 rods to stake & stones marked VIII, thence north 28 degrees west 68 rods to a maple tree marked IX, thence north 35 degrees west 123 rods to a hemlock tree marked X, thence north 32 degrees west 91 rods to stake & stones marked

XI, thence north 40 degrees west 202 rods to a pine tree marked XII, thence north 38 degrees west 66 rods to a hemlock tree on the bank of Blackwater river marked XIII, thence north 59 degrees west 84 rods to a hemlock tree marked XIV, thence north 68 degrees west 40 rods to a birch tree marked XV standing on the bank of the river, thence north 56 degrees west 34 rods to a hemlock tree marked XVI, thence north 40 degrees west 17 rods to a hemlock stump marked XVII, thence north 52 degrees west 30 rods to a beach staddle marked XVIII, thence north 62 degrees west 70 rods to the cross road near the bridge last built by Capt. Herriman, thence north 49 degrees west 92 rods to a stake & stones marked I, thence north 28 degrees west 45 rods to stake & stones marked II, thence north 50 degrees west 10 rods to stake & stones marked III, thence north 69 degrees west 122 rods to a white oak staddle marked IIII, thence south 88 degrees west 94 rods to stake & stones about two rods south of Mr. Mitchell's house, thence north 78 degrees west 54 rods to a pine stump marked VI, thence north 85 degrees west 226 rods to stake & stones marked VII, thence north 71 degrees west 20 rods to the end of Herriman's *Job* to stake & stones marked 8, thence north 59 degrees west 100 rods to stake & stones marked 9, about 4 rods westerly from Landlord Thompson's house in Andover, thence north 87 degrees west 29 rods to a pine stump marked 10, thence south 70 degrees west 86 rods to a stake & stones marked 11, thence north 70 degrees west 33 rods to the southwest corner of Walter Waldo's barn, thence north 58 degrees west 27 rods to a spruce stump marked 13, thence north 54 degrees west 74 rods to a hemlock stump marked 14, thence north 71 degrees west 37 rods to stake & stones marked 15, thence north 33 degrees west 28 rods to a pine stump marked 16, thence north 54 degrees west 160 rods to a pine stump marked 17, thence north 60 degrees west 57 rods to stake & stones marked 18, thence south 87 degrees west 27 rods to the northerly corner of Herriman Bridge, thence south 75 degrees west 35 rods to a hemlock stub marked 20, thence north 84 degrees west 119 rods to a great rock with stones on it, thence north 73 degrees west 57 rods to a hemlock stump marked 22, thence south 88 degrees west 40 rods to a hemlock stump marked 23, thence north 50 degrees west 82 rods to a stake & stones marked 24, thence north 32 degrees west 22 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 63 degrees west 34 rods to a beach stump & stones marked 26, thence north 57 degrees west 46 rods to a great rock with stones on the top, thence north 50 degrees west 48 rods to a spruce stump marked 28, thence north 66 degrees west 60 rods to a hemlock stump marked 29, thence north 63 degrees west 90 rods to Mack's Oven, thence north 74 degrees west 62 rods to a birch tree marked 31, thence north 65 degrees west 54 rods to a hemlock tree marked 32, thence north 45 degrees west 61 rods to a beach stump marked 33, thence north 41 degrees west 24 rods to a beach tree marked 34, thence north 63 degrees west 28 rods to the northerly corner of Mack's Bridge, thence north 52 degrees west 66 rods to a stub & stones marked 36, thence north 37 degrees west 44 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 53 degrees west 52 rods to a maple tree marked 38, thence north 65 degrees west 116 rods to a hemlock tree marked 39, thence north 51 degrees west 48 rods to a birch stump marked 40, thence north 60 degrees west 52 rods to a stake & stones six rods north from Major Gay's north door of his low house, thence north 39 degrees west 22 rods to a stake & stones marked I, thence north 71 degrees west 52 to a rock with stones on the top, thence south 70 degrees west 34 rods to stake & stones marked 3, thence north 60 degrees west 22 rods to a spruce stump marked 4, thence north 88 degrees west 49 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 57 degrees west 32 rods to a maple stump marked 6, thence

north 10 degrees west 100 rods to a beach tree marked 7, thence north 16 degrees west 48 rods to a beech tree marked 8, thence north 25 degrees west 33 rods to a birch tree marked 9, thence north 20 degrees west 52 rods to a hemlock tree marked 10, thence north 32 degrees west 78 rods to a maple tree marked 11, thence north 21 degrees west 26 rods to a spruce tree marked 12, thence north 45 degrees west 116 rods to a stake & stones marked 13, thence north 22 degrees west 158 rods to a bass wood tree marked 14, thence north 15 degrees west 56 rods to a beech tree marked 15, thence north 35 degrees west 22 rods to a stake & stones marked 16, thence north 49 degrees west 26 rods to a stake & stones marked 17, thence north 63 degrees west 52 rods to a spruce stump marked 18, thence north 53 degrees west 42 rods to a hemlock tree marked 19, thence north 60 degrees west 124 rods to a spruce stump marked 20, thence north 67 degrees west 100 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 53 degrees west 26 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 63 degrees west 45 rods to the top of a ledge of rocks at the southeasterly end of the meadow or bog on the heighth of land, thence north 50 degrees west 98 rods to a hemlock stump marked 24, thence north 24 degrees west 36 rods to a birch stump marked 25, thence north 33 degrees west 46 rods to a hemlock tree marked 26, thence north 82 degrees west 36 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 52 degrees west 21 rods to a birch stub marked 28, thence north 38 degrees west 36 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 66 degrees west 82 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 51 degrees west 112 rods to a stump marked 31, thence north 36 degrees west 300 rods to a hemlock stump marked 32, thence north 10 degrees west 143 rods to a birch tree marked 33 opposite Mr. Lovering's house, thence north 3 degrees west 40 rods to a birch tree marked 34, thence north 16 degrees west 680 rods to a spruce stub marked 35, thence south 25 degrees west 50 rods to a hemlock stump marked 36, thence north 14 degrees west 278 rods to a stake & stones marked 37, thence north 26 degrees west 36 rods to a hemlock tree marked 38, thence north 33 degrees west 40 rods to a beech tree marked 39, thence north 48 degrees west 366 rods to a great rock with stones on the top against Col. William Johnson's, thence the same course 54 rods to a stump marked I, thence north 59 degrees west 49 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 45 degrees west 90 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 53 degrees west 26 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 23 degrees west 35 rods to a beech stump marked 5, thence north 26 degrees west 30 rods to a beech tree or stump marked 6, thence north 36 degrees west 184 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 62 degrees west 80 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 42 degrees west 100 rods to Clough's, four rods northerly of his horse barn, thence north 36 degrees west 201 rods to stake & stones opposite Currier's tavern marked 10, thence north 43 degrees west 66 rods to stake & stones marked XI, thence north 52 degrees west 132 rods to the south corner of the Shaker's fruit garden, thence north 39 degrees west 106 rods to the northerly end of a watercourse, thence north 28 degrees west 36 rods to a hemlock stump marked XIIII, thence north 3 degrees west 94 rods to the corner of the Shaker's orchard marked XV, thence north 94 rods to the pond, thence by the side of the pond 330 rods to a hemlock tree or stump marked XVII, thence north 45 degrees west 92 rods to a maple stump marked XVIII, thence north 20 degrees west 40 rods to a stake & stones marked XIX, thence north 33 degrees west 66 rods to Houston's barn southwest corner, thence north 48 degrees west 88 rods to stake & stones marked XXI, thence north 55 degrees west 122 rods to a beech tree marked XXII, thence north 82 degrees west 10 rods

to a beech tree marked XXIII, thence south 63 degrees west 48 rods to stake & stones marked XXIIII, thence south 42 degrees west 36 rods to a maple tree marked XXV, thence south 40 degrees west 60 rods to stake & stones marked XXVI, thence south 77 degrees west 14 rods to Capt. Aaron Cleavlands horseshed, thence north 89 degrees west 68 rods to a stake & stones marked XXVIII, thence south 80 degrees west 136 rods to a stake & stones marked XXIX, thence south 65 degrees west 64 rods to the stone causeway built by Peter Miller at the north end, thence north 68 degrees west 160 rods to a birch tree marked XXXI, thence north 50 degrees west 40 rods to a white birch marked XXXII, thence north 80 degrees west 66 rods to the southeasterly corner of Packard's Bridge so called, thence north 20 degrees west 12 rods across the river to stake & stones marked XXXIIII, thence west 32 11 rods to a great rock with stones on the top, thence north 38 degrees west 40 rods to stake & stones marked XXXVI, thence north 50 degrees west 37 rods to a pine stump marked XXXVII, thence north 65 degrees west 24 rods to a pine stump marked XXXVIII, thence north 45 degrees west 71 rods to a white maple tree at the crotch of the roads marked XXXIX, thence on the main road towards the mouth of White river north 64 degrees west 67 rods to a stake & stones marked I, thence south 82 degrees west across the river 31 rods to a stake & stones marked II, thence north 65 degrees west 42 rods to a cherry tree marked III, thence south 83 degrees west 28 rods to stake & stones marked IIII, thence south 73 degrees west 52 rods to a stake & stones marked V, thence south 85 degrees west 118 rods to the south end of Hough's horseshed, thence 80 degrees west 44 rods to stake & stones marked VII, thence north 71 degrees west 70 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence south 81 degrees west 90 rods to a maple tree by Mr. Peck's house marked IX, thence south 87 degrees west 156 rods to a stake & stones at the west end of Mr. Peck's Bridge, thence west 100 rods to the north abutment of a bridge by Mr. Gates', thence north 71 degrees west 38 rods to stake & stones marked XII, thence north 85 degrees west 14 rods to stake & stones marked XIII, thence south 78 degrees west 70 rods to stake & stones marked XIIII, thence north 87 degrees west 130 rods to the north corner of the bridge *called* Doctr. Parkhurst's Bridge, *so called*, thence south 62 degrees west 14 rods to stake & stones marked XVI, thence north 75 degrees west 13 rods to an oak tree marked XVII, thence north 46 degrees west 98 rods to Mr. Water's Well, thence north 35 degrees west 78 rods to a pine bush marked XVIIII, thence north 33 degrees west 98 rods to a stake one rod south of Hubbard's store, thence north 17 degrees west 22 rods to Esqr. Hutchinson's office, thence north 8 degrees west 76 rods to stake & stones marked XXII standing north from Dana's tavern, thence north 46 degrees west 54 rods to a pine stump marked XXIII, thence south 65 degrees west 15 rods to the north end of Lyman's Bridge, at or over Connecticut river.

The following is a survey of the College branch so called, beginning at a white maple at the crotch of the roads in Lebanon near Zenas Aldens marked XXIX, thence north 30 degrees west 184 rods to a hemlock tree marked I, thence north 54 degrees west 60 rods to a beech stub marked II, thence north 46 degrees west 86 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 35 degrees west 26 rods to a hemloch tree marked III, thence north 23 degrees west 198 rods to a rock with stones on the top, thence north 29 degrees west 252 rods to a birch stump marked VI, thence north 25 degrees west 46 rods to a birch stub marked VII, thence north 22 degrees west 32 rods to stake & stones marked VIII, thence north 8 degrees west 30 rods to the end of Mack's piece of road which he made, thence the same course 127 rods to stake & stones marked IX, thence north 9 degrees

east 58 rods to stake & stones marked X, thence north 9 degrees west 18 rods to a birch tree marked XI, thence north 16 degrees west 62 rods to a beech tree marked XII, thence north 40 degrees west 14 rods to a hemlock stump marked XIII, thence north 51 degrees west 20 rods to a hemlock tree marked XIIII, thence north 70 degrees west 30 rods to a pine tree marked XV, thence north 82 degrees west 56 rods to a pine stump marked XVI, thence north 40 degrees west 10 rods to a pine stump marked XVII, thence north 19 degrees west 102 rods to stake & stones marked XVIII, thence north 40 degrees west 96 rods to a stake & stones marked XVIIII, thence north 86 degrees west 54 rods to the College street to a stake marked XX, thence north 3 degrees east 35 rods to a maple tree & a stake marked XXI, thence north 84 degrees west 50 rods to a pine stump marked XXII, thence north 72 degrees west 84 rods to a stake & stones marked XXIII, thence north 49 degrees west 20 rods to the bank of Connecticut river at the north side of the abutment of the College Bridge so called.

Which road is four rods wide southwesterly from the aforesaid bounds, and is surveyed by order of the directors, by me Joel Marsh, surveyor.

Copy exam.

WM. WOODWARD, Clerk.

December 8, 1804."

Upon the face of the record is the following endorsement in the hand writing of that eminent lawyer, Parker Noyes:

"At the foot of the original survey is added.

'The above survey made by direction of us.

ANDREW BOWERS, JOEL MARSH, WILLIAM JOHNSON, } Directors of 4th N. H. Turnpike Corporation.'

Copy examined.

By PARKER NOYES, Props. clerk."

The old inhabitants of Boscawen will recognize the locality of the "Toll house," the "Chandler house," the "Carter" place, the "Parsons" stand at Boscawen plains long known as the "Ambrose stand," the "Great hollow," "Landlord Choats," the "Blaksmith shop," the "Gerrish" places, and the "Hog back."

The Sam. Greenleaf store at Salisbury south road was long one of the most conspicious places in Salisbury, and did its full share in giving that town the nick name of "The seaport," by which it was so long known. Greenleaf built up an immense trade after the advent of the turnpike, the pod and gimlet teams, and even the "big teams" bringing their products from upper New Hampshire and Vermont, making the exchanges at Salisbury instead of going to Portsmouth or Boston, and then retracing their steps.

The Rogers' tavern stand, long since known as the Smith stand, was near the Sam. Greenleaf dwelling-house and store.

Deacon Amos Pettengill, lived at what is now known as the Searles place at the centre road in Salisbury. He was a solid man, and afterwards became a power in, and then practically the turnpike itself; he was a man of means and credit; he became one of the largest stockholders; he kept a tavern which had an excellent reputation; he gave clean beds and an abundance of good fare; his four comely daughters were admirable cooks, housekeepers, and waitresses. The miseries of that most pestiferous curse of American life—servant-gal-ism—was then unknown, and the Deacon's bar was copiously supplied with all kinds of wet and West India goods for the comfort of thirsty souls in quantities to suit the taste and capacity of purchasers.

The Deacon devoutly believed in christianity, the 4th N. H. Turnpike—after it was decided that it should pass by his door—a good table, the *divine afflatus* of good liquors, and the heartfelt prayer of earnest work. He was the reputed inventor of the turnpike snow plough. There are those still living who can remember him with a string of 30 to 40 yoke of steers and oxen cutting a good road 15 feet wide through the snow drifts for miles. The "nose" was about 18 inches in width, and the deck was similar to that of the

"gougers" used on railroads. The help oftentimes made a merry gathering as they rode along on the "deck" and oftener, perhaps, had harder work in shoveling the path for the teams through the drifts.

The "cross road" in Andover commenced 12 rods west from Horse Shoe Pond. Then crossed the Blackwater river near what is now known as the Fifield Bridge, built by "Capt. Herriman" and then climbed Beech Hill.

The Mitchell house was on the premises now occupied by the writer. "Landlord Thompson's house" was the "Old Ben. Thompson tavern stand" referred to in Webster's private correspondence.

The Walter "Waldo" tavern was at the Potter place. The old building and the sign still exist on the same spot. The "Harriman Bridge" still stands at West Andover, ten or more rods below where Fifield's mills once stood. The old "Gay stand" was in Kearsarge-Gore, now Wilmot, near the site long known as the Porter K. Philbrick stand.

The "Height of Land" was some four miles to the south-east from what was afterwards long known as the "Stickney," and since as the "Howard" stand. The "Clough" and "Currier" stands were in Enfield about two thirds of a mile apart. They were well known to the Enfield people as were the "Fruit Garden" and the old "Orchard" of the Shakers, Cleaveland's Hill and Packard's Bridge. "Dana's tavern" is supposed to have been substantially on the site now known as Southworth's Hotel. The other points of interest in the survey in that town are well-known to the oldest inhabitants of Lebanon.

The main purpose of those who originated this enterprise, as we have already seen, was to open a through route from Lake Champlain to Portsmouth. The next step was to supply the wanting link between the "First" and the "Fourth," and this was one of the prime objects of the next meeting.

The record of that meeting is in the elegant hand writing of Mills Olcott, Esq., of Hanover, brother-in-law of Thomas W. Thompson.

It is as follows:

"At a meeting of the proprietors of the 4th Turnpike Road in New Hampshire leagally notified & holden at the dwelling house of Th. Gilmore in Boscawen on the first Tuesday of Feby. 1805.

"Andrew Bowers, Esqr., chosen Moderator.

"Mills Olcott appointed Clerk & duly qualified.

"Thos. W. Thompson, Esqr., chosen Treasurer & duly qualified.

JOEL MARSH,
AMOS PETTINGELL &
JAMES CROCKER,
} Chosen Directors.

"Voted that the directors may carry into effect any agreement made by Col. Hough with Genl. Chote relative to raising the abutments & pier over Mascoma river in Lebanon, by arbitration or otherwise.

"Voted that Andrew Bowers, Esqr., be appointed an agent to procure a grant, to continue the 4th. N. H. Turnpike till it shall join the first N. H. Turnpike & be compensated for necessary trouble & expense attending it.

"Voted that the dividends be paid to those owning shares who have paid up their assessments—and those who are in arrear, shall have credit for the same, & the amount of those in arrear shall be applied to discharge the debts of the corporation.

"Voted that the dividends be calculated on the shares actually sold, upon which any assessments has been collected.

"Voted that a dividend be now made —& hereafter, be made quarterly, from the yearly meeting of sd. proprietors.

"Voted that a committee of three be appointed to settle the directors account & that Capt. Herriman, Elias Lyman & Saml. Robie Esqr. be that committee.

"Voted, that this meeting be dissolved & it was accordingly dissolved."

On Feb. 7, 1805, Mr. Olcott resigned his place, and on the same day Thompson's brother-in-law, Parker Noyes, was appointed by Joel Marsh and James Crocker, two of the directors, in the place of Olcott.

WONNALANCET'S LAST VISIT TO THE PENNACOOKS, 1685.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

'Twas the time when leaves were falling,
Time when wild game most abounds;
And the Penacooks were gathered
In their ancient hunting grounds.

Kancamagus, warrior chieftain,
Entertained in Indian state
His near kinsman, Wonnalancet,
Sachem of a former date.

Traps were set for bear and beaver,
Snares for small game, far and near,
And the driving-yard was waiting
For the coming of the deer.

Knives were tried and hatchets sharpened.
Bows were strung and arrows tipped,
And at daybreak through the forest
Crept the hunters all equipped.

Many a beast had there been taken,
Many a breathless chase been tried,
And at noontime Wonnalancet
Rested by the river side.

Still the woods were gay with colors,
For the leaves had not all flown,
And the mountains, blue and dreamy,
In the hazy distance shone.

All the air was still around him,
Not a breeze above him played,
Not a sound except the ripple
By the silvery waters made.

Wonnalancet—Pleasant-breathing,
Was the name his people gave—
Loved those inland woods and waters
And their tribes so true and brave.

Here his little feet had followed
With the hunters long ago,
Here he learned to take the beaver,
Here his hand first drew the bow.

Well he knew each dell and mountain,
Well each winding stream could trace,
With the haunts of fox and otter
And the wild deer's hiding place.

Here he learned the ancient legends,
Of the warriors and the braves,
Here his fondest hopes had centered,
Here remained his father's graves.

Robbed by those he had befriended,
Wronged, where he had kindness shown,
Now in lonely exile dwelling
With a people not his own.

Was it strange that, while he lingered
Mid these scenes in beauty clad,
Wonnalancet's heart was heavy
And his face grew sternly sad?

"Father," said he, "from thy dwelling,
Doth thy shade behold thy son?
Hast thou known my weary wandering,
And the deeds that I have done?

Hast thou seen the white men coming,
Like the leaves, on every hand,
Taking all our pleasant places,
Plowing up our planting land?

Hast thou known their wretched dealing,
Mocking us when we believed,
Calling me into their counsels,
Only there to be deceived?

Hast thou marked their boasted justice,
Judging us for unproved crime,
While they rob and kill the red-man
All unpunished, many a time?

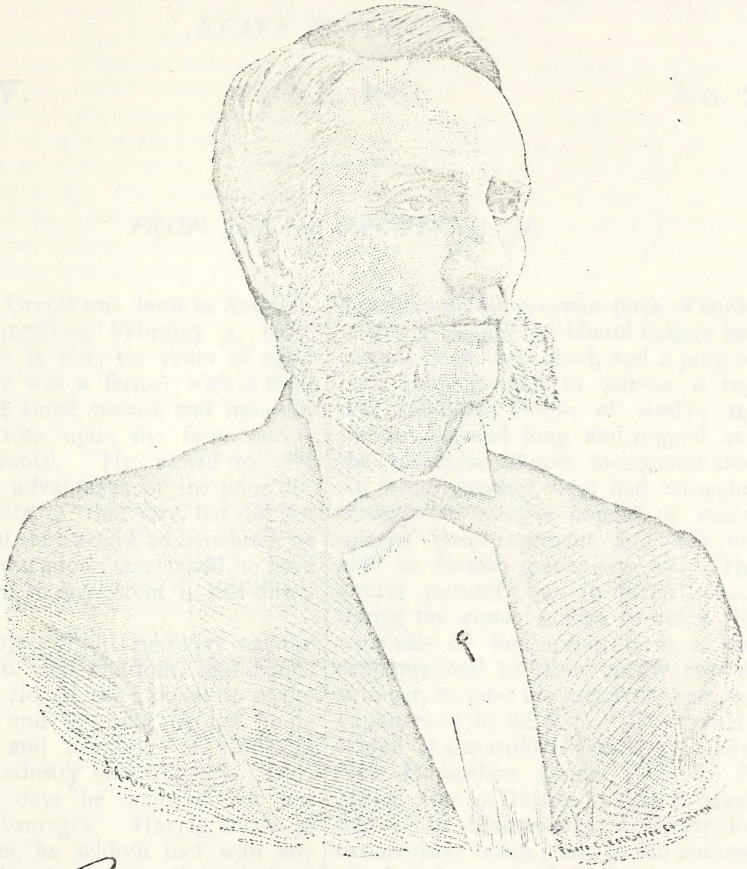
Thou didst bid me, O my father,
As the white men should increase
Still to treat them as our brothers
And to dwell with them in peace.

Have I not been faithful ever,
Bearing grief and even wounds?
Answer for me, O my father,
From the happy-hunting grounds!

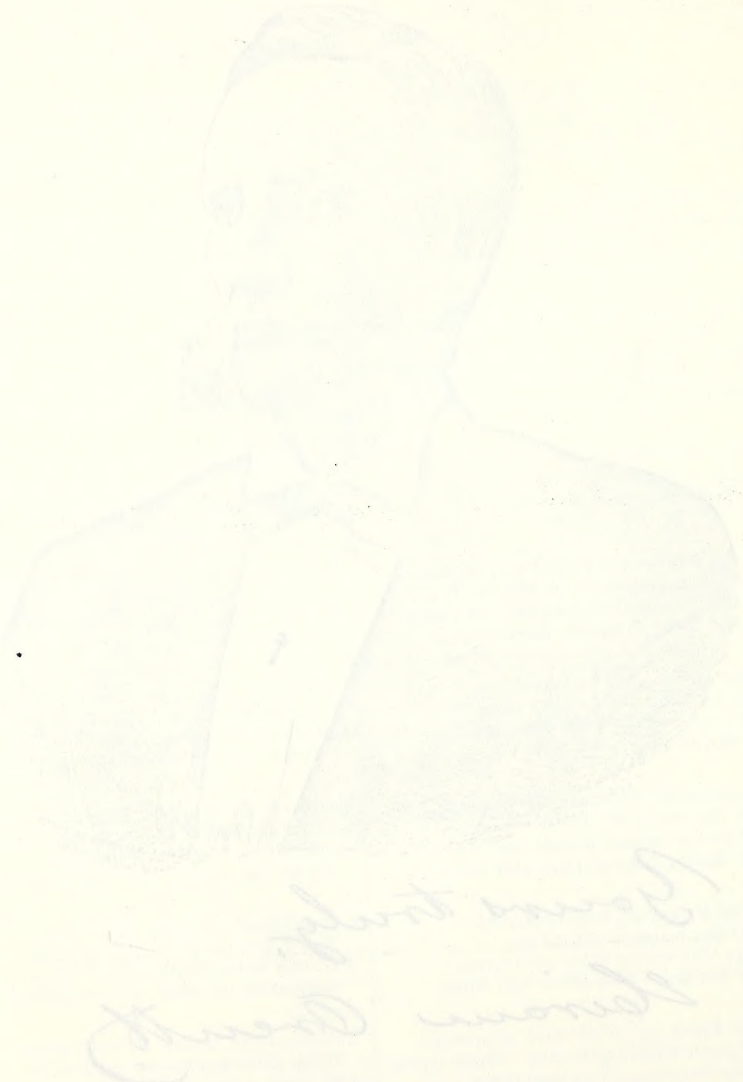
I could lead the tribe no longer,
They were weary of restraint,
And our counsel-fires were only
Scenes of discord and complaint.

Kancamagus' words of vengeance
With their wish accorded well,
And their sagamore I left him
While in other lands I dwell.

O ye hunting grounds, so pleasant!
O my river, loved of yore!
Hear my farewell! Wonnalancet
Goeth to return no more.



Yours truly,
Hiram Orcutt



—THE—

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PROF. HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.

Hiram Orcutt was born in Acworth, New Hampshire, February 3, 1815, and hence is sixty-six years of age.* His father was a farmer, with a large family and small means, and naturally kept his sons upon the farm during their minority. He aimed to give them the advantages of the poor district schools of that day, but did not realize that they would be benefited by a liberal education; nor could he have aided them, to any extent, in this direction.

The subject of this narrative was the youngest of ten children, and hence the last to aid in the cultivation of the old farm, and to profit by the home influence and example of Christian integrity, industry and frugality. During these days he enjoyed but few literary advantages. Having access to no libraries, he seldom met with any other books than his ordinary school books, including the Bible, while he remained at home. An inferior (*weakly*) newspaper added so much to his opportunities for reading.

At the age of eighteen years he had attended the academy at Chester, Vermont, for one term, and he taught school the following winter in a neighboring town. The thirty-three dollars earned in that three months' school was all given to his father, to repay the expenses of the previous term of study. A strong desire for liberal culture had already been awakened, and a purpose had been formed to pursue a regular collegiate course of study; but the way seemed long and rugged, and the obstacles almost insurmountable. An older brother, who had struggled through an elective course of study, offered encouragement, but was not able to furnish pecuniary aid. The course pursued was to teach school during the winter season to defray the expenses of the spring term at the academy, and to labor on the farm in summer, to raise the means to meet the expenses of the fall term. He attended school at Cavendish, Vermont; Unity, New Hampshire (under Dr. A. A. Miner, now of Boston); and at Meriden (New Hampshire) Academy, for two or three terms; and in the autumn of 1836 he entered Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, where he remained two years, studying when he could, and teaching and laboring when he must, to defray current expenses. In 1838 he entered Dartmouth College, having studied Latin and Greek only twelve months altogether, and this at intervals, extending over a period of three years. On his return to college in the spring of junior year, he was able to pay all his bills, and to call his books, and clothing, and soul his own. In 1842 he graduated from

* This sketch has been compiled from an article which appeared in the *Journal of Education*.

college in the regular course. On commencement day he sold his watch to be able to defray the graduating expenses. He had taught school every winter since he commenced his academic course of study; in Rockingham, Vermont, one winter; Barre, Vermont, one winter; Andover, Massachusetts, two winters; Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, five winters—in all nine terms of district schools. His compensation varied from eleven to thirty dollars per month and board. He also taught academy and high school three terms while in college. By this time he had determined to make teaching his profession for life.

For nine months of the first year after leaving college, Mr. Orcutt was principal of Hebron (New Hampshire) Academy. In the summer of 1843 he was elected principal of Thetford (Vermont) Academy, then suffering for the want of proper management. He found there a school of thirty pupils, nearly all boys and girls from the immediate neighborhood, under the tuition of one master. For forty-nine terms, or twelve years and a quarter following, Mr. Orcutt devoted all his energy to building up and sustaining this school. The number of pupils in attendance under his tuition, varied from thirty-two (the first term) to two hundred and fifty-two, which was the limit of the village capacity to accommodate. In 1850 four hundred and thirty-six different pupils entered the school from fifteen different states. During the twelve years not less than two thousand and five hundred different pupils had entered, and one hundred and ninety-five had graduated from Thetford Academy. Of these, one hundred and thirty-three entered college; one hundred and four at Dartmouth, and twenty-nine at the several New England colleges, viz: Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Middlebury, Tufts, Vermont University, Williams and Yale.*

In 1855 Mr. Orcutt was elected principal of the newly established Ladies' Seminary at North Granville, New York, which position he accepted and held for five years. The new building was soon filled with boarders to its utmost capacity. During this time four hundred and thirty-three young ladies entered the school, with an average attendance of one hundred, and ninety-two graduated from the institution.

In 1860, having fulfilled his contract with the trustees of North Granville Ladies' Seminary, Mr. Orcutt opened Glenwood Ladies' Seminary at West Brattleboro', Vermont, as a private enterprise. He had leased the buildings belonging to Brattleboro' Academy,

* The most of these young men graduated from college, and many of them now occupy positions of trust and honor, in the professions of law, medicine, the ministry, and teaching, as instructors, school officers, editors, and professors in college. A few of the more prominent of these "Thetford Boys" may here be mentioned, showing the influence of a single institution in fitting men for positions of influence and usefulness.

Dr. David S. Conant, after graduating from the Medical College at Dartmouth, sustained for several years a professorship in the Medical Colleges at Bowdoin, and Vermont University, and had an extensive practice in the city of New York; Dr. Carlton P. Frost, a graduate of Dartmouth from the Classical and Medical departments, is professor of the Science and Practice of Medicine in the college, and is resident physician of the college and neighborhood; Rev. George W. Gardner, D. D., was several years principal of New London Institution, New Hampshire, and afterwards pastor of the First Baptist Church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and recently elected president of the Central University, Iowa; Arthur L. Perry, LL. D., has for many years sustained a professorship in Williams College, from which he graduated in 1852, and he is the author of a popular work on Political Economy; Rev. Calvin C. Hulbert, a graduate of Dartmouth, who has been a prominent and successful clergyman for several years, was five years president of Middlebury College; Edward R. Ruggles, A. M., after graduating from Dartmouth, and spending several years in Germany, was elected to the professorship of Modern Languages and English Literature in his alma mater, and is now at the head of the Scientific department; Hon. Lyman G. Hinckly, of the class of 1852, has been lieutenant-governor of Vermont; Hon. Chester C. Conant, of the class of 1853, is acting judge, residing at Greenfield, Massachusetts; Hon. Asa W. Tenney, of the class of 1855, is United States district attorney, having his headquarters at Brooklyn, New York, and has distinguished himself as a public speaker in several political campaigns; Gen. John Eaton, of the class of 1850, a graduate of Dartmouth, after rendering important service in the Union army during the war of the Rebellion, was placed at the head of the Educational Bureau at Washington, District of Columbia and still sustains himself in that position with marked ability; Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, of the class of 1853, a graduate from Brown University, was for several years the able commissioner of public schools for the state of Rhode Island, and is now editor-in-chief of *The Journal of Education* and the bi-monthly international magazine, *Education*, published at Boston; Hon. Edward Conant, once principal of the Normal School at Randolph, Vermont, which he established and for many years sustained, has for six years held the office of Superintendent of Education in the State of Vermont.

and erected a large additional hall for boarding purposes. He took with him from North Granville his full board of experienced teachers, who had been trained under his tuition. The school was, the first week, filled to its utmost capacity, and continued with a large attendance from many states of the Union during the eight years of Mr. Orcutt's administration. During this time one hundred and forty-two young ladies completed their course of study, and received their diplomas from this seminary.

In August of 1864 Mr. Orcutt was elected principal of Tilden Ladies' Seminary at West Lebanon, New Hampshire, which position he accepted, still retaining his school at Brattleboro', and for three years he continued to conduct and manage both institutions, with all their financial and educational interests. He found this seminary absolutely dead, having neither teachers nor pupils. The school soon revived, and the building was filled with boarders. In 1868 Mr. William Tilden, the founder of the seminary, enlarged the building to twice its former capacity, when Mr. Orcutt sold his interests at Glenwood, and has since devoted all his time and energies to this institution. In 1868 a new charter was obtained from the legislature. With the buildings enlarged and much improved, with a large increase of library and apparatus, and a larger board of instruction, the school has continued with increasing prosperity. The average attendance has been nearly one hundred, who have come from half the states of the Union and Canada. In June of the present year this seminary will have graduated one hundred and eighty-five young ladies within the last sixteen years.

From Mr. Orcutt's several schools, above alluded to, six hundred and four —one hundred and forty-seven young men, and four hundred and fifty-seven young ladies—have graduated.

Nearly all the young men pursued a full course of study and graduated from college. Two hundred and nine of the lady graduates have married, and many more are occupying important positions in the family and in the school.

Among these young ladies a large number, who would otherwise have been unable to acquire an education, have been encouraged and aided by Mr. Orcutt through a full course of study; have been aided in securing situations as teachers, and have taken rank among the best in the service. Indeed, Mr. Orcutt has always found those young ladies and young men who were in dependent circumstances, and compelled to rely chiefly upon their own efforts in acquring an education, among the best and most reliable scholars, and among the most efficient women and men in active life. And he has acted upon the conviction that such jewels are worth polishing. He has never allowed himself to refuse admittance into his school to any one who has come pleading for an opportunity for self-culture, if in his power to grant it.

The special favor shown to this worthy but dependent class of pupils has not brought him riches, but often pecuniary embarrassment as its reward; but it has gained for the world a wealth more valuable and enduring than gold and silver.

Since leaving the district school Mr. Orcutt has never been employed on a salary. His schools have been self-sustaining. He has never received any professional training except in the school-room. Among his best school-masters was poverty, and to the necessities of early life he attributes much of whatever success has attended his efforts. He has been active in establishing and sustaining educational associations, and has lectured extensively before teachers' institutes, both in Vermont and New Hampshire.

For four years Mr. Orcutt was editor of the *Vermont School Journal*, and for four years he was superintendent of public schools in Brattleboro', Vermont, and Lebanon, New Hampshire. For three years in succession, 1869, 1870, and 1871, Mr. Orcutt represented the town of Lebanon in the General Court at Concord. Among the bills which he

drafted and introduced in the legislature, which became laws, was the bill to establish the Normal School, located at Plymouth; the bill to make attendance upon public schools compulsory; and the Enabling Act, which authorizes the towns to change the *district* to the *town* system. And he was connected with the Normal School as supervisor and trustee for six years from the time of its establishment.

In 1847, in connection with Dr. Truman Richard (a college classmate), Mr. Orcutt published the "Class Book of Prose and Poetry," more than one hundred thousand copies of which have been published and sold. His "Gleanings from School Life Experience," published in 1858, passed through several editions. In 1871 he published the "Teachers' Manual," 12mo., 270 pages; and in 1874 his "Parent's Manual," 12mo., 290 pages, designed as a sequel to the "Teachers' Manual," was published. Besides these books, Mr. Orcutt has written extensively for the newspaper and periodical press.

As a teacher, Mr. Orcutt has "seen service" in every grade of school, from the common district to the highest seminary, and has always (with the the exception of two terms) been at the head of his school, bearing the whole responsibility of his charge. From the day of graduating from college, nearly 39 years ago, Mr. Orcutt has taken no vacations except the ordinary recesses between school terms. His labors have been excessive. Yet he has never broken down, nor faltered by the way. He has enjoyed his toil as a summer's holiday. For thirty-nine consecutive years the burden of school life had rested upon the same shoulder, without relief or change, and for the purpose of shifting this burden upon the other shoulder, Mr. Orcutt, six months ago, withdrew from the active service of Tilden Seminary, and connected himself with "The N. E. Publishing Company," in Boston, leaving the school under the management of the able and accomplished Prof. E. Hubbard, and Mrs. Barlow. He still retains his official position, as principal of the school, and will do all in his power to insure its continued prosperity.

In 1842, Aug. 15, Mr. Orcutt was married to Sarah A. Cummings of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who shared with him the burdens and cares of school life for twenty-one years. She died at Brattleboro', Vermont, in the autumn of 1863. Of their two children, J. Frank died in infancy, Mary Frances (now Mrs. Goold), was twelve years old when her mother died, and in 1869, graduated from Tilden Ladies' Seminary. In 1865, April 8, Mr. Orcutt was married to Ellen L. Dana of Poughkeepsie, New York, who at once assumed the management of the domestic and social department of Tilden Seminary, which position she has held for sixteen years. Their three children, Laura Ames, Willie Dana, and Nellie Wallace, all survive.

GAMBETTA.

BY G. W. PATTERSON.

The three public men most prominent before the world to-day are Bismarck, Gladstone, and Gambetta. The latter is the most extraordinary of the three. In his vast aspirations, in his sleepless energies, in his great achievements, Gambetta reminds one of the colossal men of antiquity.

What has he done? He destroyed the Napoleonic empire, and, preventing the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, gave to France the Republic. The men that stab Caesar are not often the men that fill Caesar's void. But Gambetta's work has been reconstructive as well as destructive.

He began as an orator. At Paris, in 1868, at the age of thirty, pleading before a bench of imperial judges, he made an indictment against the empire, which rang like a clarion through all France. Gambetta, known a few hours before by the Parisian idlers as a Republican café-orator, is now the orator of France. At the mention of his name every patriot heart beats fast. He is elected a deputy from Marseilles to the French Assembly. How mysterious are the mutations of human affairs. Little did men know what this day's work at Marseilles was to bring forth.

This plebeian becomes the master of France at Versailles. Conceive a pandemonium, and you have the French Assembly. Yet when Gambetta rises to speak, as if a spirit from another world stood upon the tribune, there falls upon that Assembly a stillness as in the presence of death.

Did I wish to indicate this man's eloquence in one word, I should say passion. Were I to describe its effects, I should say passion. For passion kindles passion, as love kindles love. Yet Gambetta was a thinker; but his thoughts were wrapped in flame, as if taken from an altar within his spirit, whereon burned perpetually the fires of patriotism.

Gambetta becomes terrible in opposition. The imperial ministry soon fear and hate the Republican hound, for he has keen eyes and fangs that tear in shreds the purple cloaks which would hide acts of tyranny. Time moves on. There have been burning words; there must be events. The Franco-Prussian War is declared—but shall France forget, in the surge of battle, its old aspirations for liberty? Napoleon surrenders at Sedan; and the hour of the Empire strikes. The Assembly, disciplined for so critical a juncture during the recent months by the efforts of their deputy from Marseilles, declare the Empire at an end and proclaim to the joyous people the Republic. But there is no time for gratulation. The Germans are marching upon Paris. A provisional government of three is chosen. Of this government Gambetta is one; he soon becomes *the* government. He is a master of men. Like Caesar, he is a prodigy of energy, swiftness and diligence. The gift of persuasive speech is by no means Gambetta's only or greatest gift. His will is resistless. He inspires infinite confidence. Men yield all power into his hands. He becomes the civil and military dictator of France.

When the conquering armies of Germany, with the confidence of victory upon their bannered front, and with proud quick step were marching upon Paris, and men, gathering in frightened groups, knew not what to do; when the tramp, tramp of the coming army, borne upon the winds, caused the activities of the great city to stand still; when Paris, the heart of the Empire, might almost be heard to throb with its great fear; Gambetta, called hot-brained by most men, proves that he has the coolest head in France. All men said, "If Paris falls, France is conquered." He said, "Why do they call Paris France? If Paris is struck down, must France be paralized? Shall France be vanquished by a sentiment? If Paris is taken, let it be but a signal for every town and village in France to become another Paris." Here was the audacity of genius. Men laughed—but gave him his way.

In the depot at Tours there was an army of raw recruits, but an army without arms and without organization, idle and useless. Gambetta, escaping from the besieged city in a balloon, entered Tours as though he had been a messenger sent from the skies by the god of war. He comprehends the situation at a glance; organizes the army into regiments and battalions; creates captains and generals; and, communicating with all France by the highway of the sea, gave artillery and arms to his regiments. By bulletins, orders of the day, and proclamations, he raises the dead hope of France into a new life. Enthusiasm caught fire, and the faces of men looked brighter than they had for many a day. This talker—this

man they called an ignoramus in the art and details of war—by virtue of transcendant personality and genius withstood for three months the disciplined forces of Von Moltke. The regular forces of France, with their professional officers, had only withstood the Germans for three weeks. Had the spirit of the first Napoleon taken its abode in the breast of Gambetta? But even Gambetta strove in vain. It was not his fault that the armies of France had no trained and experienced leaders. He yields at the decree of destiny his military and civil dictatorship to the men that had conferred it—they better than he can patch up a humiliating treaty of peace—and retires from public life broken in health.

Peace is made, and Thiers is president of the Republic. Yet the Republican party is broken by faction—disunited and powerless, a house warring against itself. Finally, the monarchial factions, uniting, depose the Republican Thiers and elect the Royalist MacMahon president. But the Marshalate is a compromise government, satisfying to no party in France. Its supporters intended it as a bridge to monarchical rule. At this time Gambetta again enters public life, quietly, as a member of the Assembly. He, who as an orator and an administrator of the departments of war and of the interior, had shown himself equal to Mirabeau, Carnot, and Napoleon the First, was now to prove himself the greatest party chieftain of his age, and to convince men that he possessed tact and judgment as well as will and passion. He consolidates the Republican party; gains a great political victory over the MacMahon government; secures a Republican majority in both branches of the legislature; and exhibits to continental Europe a French republic governed by Republican majorities.

We should deceive ourselves if we imagine that Gambetta did this altogether because of intellectual gifts. Gambetta is not only an extraordinary man, but a truly great man. He had intellect; but he had something more. He had convictions, born not simply of a clear head, but of a strong, patriotic heart. He had not alone sagacity and wise conservatism, but he had sincerity and earnestness. It was moral power which enabled Gambetta so widely and so wonderfully to infuse Republican ideas into the minds of his cotemporaries. Gambetta, like Gladstone and Bismarck, is a high-purposed, unselfish, patriotic statesman.

The question of Cassius has many times been asked, "What meat has this our Caesar fed upon that he has grown so great?" The answer is easy. There lurks in the breasts of the world's great men an enthusiasm that will not let them sleep—partly a premonition of the powers that are within them, partly ambition, an ambition that will not down at the bidding of any fate. Obstacles and failure, sickness and the whispered "impossible" of timid men cannot resist its march. Like a restless demon of discontent, it surges forward its victims, and only when the peace of death has come will cease to disturb and torture their spirits. All men have airy fancies and hopes, but like unsubstantial dreams they impel to no practical effort. The ambition of which I speak is the imperial spirit of thoughts, that reach ever forward and soar upward, with eagle's wing, from deeds fulfilled to higher summits of achievements yet to be. Yes,

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious day.

THE KEENE RAID.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS TAKEN FTOM THE HISTORY OF OF GILSUM BY SILVANUS HAYWARD.

This episode of the Revolution ought not to be forgotten, as it serves, in some measure, to illustrate the spirit of those times. The hero of the affair was Capt. Elisha Mack of Gilsum, who with his brothers were at that time building what was long known as "The Great Bridge" over the Ashuelot. He was well known as a bold and honored veteran, having served first as private, then as lieutenant, and afterwards as captain in two regiments. At the battle of Bennington he commanded the ninth company of Col. Nichols' regiment in Stark's brigade. Gilsum, which then included most of Sullivan, had no Tories, while Keene had many, thirteen having refused to sign the Association Test. Some of the leaders were obliged to flee from the fury of their exasperated townsmen. Those who remained were suspected of secreting stores of ammunition and provisions to give "aid and comfort" to the British at the first opportunity. Some zealous patriots of Keene were indignant at this state of affairs, but hesitated to proceed to extremities with their neighbors. Knowing Capt. Mack's ardent temperament and patriotic energy, they took him into their counsels, and concocted a plan to discover the hidden stores, and oust the obnoxious Tories. On the evening of May 30, 1779, a guard was set over every suspected house. Capt. Mack had easily collected a company of willing men, and placing himself at their head, rode into Keene in the early morning. Proceeding from house to house he collected the prisoners, and confined them in a chamber of Hall's Tavern, on the east side of Main street, just below the present railroad tracks. The search for contraband stores, however, proved fruitless. The Keene militia was under command of Capt. Davis Howlet, who summoned his company to resist the lawless invasion of their town, and sent a messenger with all dispatch to Winchester for Col. Alexander, who then commanded the regiment. When he arrived "he asked Capt. Mack if he intended to pursue his object. 'I do,' replied he, 'at the hazard of my life.' 'Then,' said the Colonel, emphatically, 'you must prepare for eternity, for you shall not be permitted to take vengeance, in this irregular mode, on any man, even if they are Tories.'"—*Keene Annals.*

Capt. Mack, though a brave man, recognized the folly of disobeying his superior officer, and doubtless began to realize the unlawfulness of his expedition. He, therefore, soon withdrew his company towards home, amid the dirisive shouts of the excited Keenites.

The following verses, whose authorship is unknown, were printed and circulated on hand-bills at the time. The missing stanza was probably too coarse for the tastes of the present day.

"Upon the thirty-first of May,
Appeared in Keene, at break of day,
A mob both bold and stout;
Great Captain Mack, of Gilsum town,
Had gathered them and brought them down
To rout the Tories out.

A sentinel, the night before,
Had been dispatched to every door,
That none should get away;
Then with his flashing sabre drawn,
He with his men came marching on
At dawning of the day.

As through the street he proudly rode,
He paused at every *marked* abode,
And ordered with a shout,
The guard to make all proper haste,
As they had little time to waste,
And turn the prisoners out.

And so they marched the place all through,
And searched each house and cellar too,
Where lurked a luckless Tory;
And then returned to Hall's to get
From *secret* friends the *promised* wet,
And gather up the glory.

But when to Davis Howlet came
The news, it set his soul aflame,
And messengers most fleet
Were hurried forth to call to arms
His men prepared for war's alarms,
To meet him at the street.

And answering to their captain's call,
They haste with musket, powder, ball,
And form in battle line;
Prepared to give Mack's lawless crew
Hot work, if they should still pursue
Their villainous design.

Then gallant Mack, no whit afraid,
Drew up in turn, with great parade—
When Colonel Alexander,
From Winchester, on fiery steed,
Came dashing in with furious speed,
The regiment's commander.

And riding up to Mack and men,
With shout that made all ring again,
He cried, 'Now tell me true,
I put the question as a friend,
If Captain Mack, you still intend
Your object to pursue.'

'I do,' Mack with an oath replied,
'My object will not be denied;
I'm ready for the strife;
For now I tell you, as a friend,
To keep my prisoners, I intend,
At hazard of my life.'

Then said the Colonel, 'If this be
Your purpose, for eternity
You may as well prepare,
For every man of you that's found,
Five minutes hence, upon this ground,
Assuredly, will be there.'

What got the mighty valor then,
Of dauntless Mack and all his men,
That none delayed to fight?
That taking to their heels they fled,
And such their horror of cold lead,
That some near died of fright?

* * * * * * * * *

(A stanza here is lost.)

Then found the prisoners quick release,
And in the streets of Keene was peace;
And shouts of merry laughter
Rung out to see the braggarts flee,
As if they thought that certainly
The devil must be after.

The women taking up the sport,
Made music of fantastic sort,
Their pantry timbrels beating;
And dinner horns all round about
Pealed curious blare and funny shout,
To cheer them in retreating.

Hurrah for Keene! Huzza for Keene!
Which would not let a thing so mean
Within her bounds be done;
And may I, should Mack's rabid train
E'er come to visit us again,
Be here to see them run."

NOTE.—Ebenezer Mack married Hannah Gates, and resided in Lyme, Connecticut, where he dropped dead as he was bringing in a "back-log" in 1777. He was probably cousin to Elder Ebenezer Mack, who died in 1792, aged 77, and lies buried at East Lyme, Connecticut. Among the children of Ebenezer and Hannah, were Capt. Elisha, Samuel, Solomon, and Hephsibeth, the wife of Abisha Tabbs of Marlow. Solomon was among the proprietors of Marlow, where they all resided for a time, afterwards removing to Gilsum. They were noted for skill in building dams and bridges. Samuel, with the assistance of his brothers, built the first dam across the Connecticut. Among the children of Solomon was Lucy, who married Joseph Smith, and became the mother of the notorious Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr.

AN OLD-TIME COURTSHIP.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF COUNT RUMFORD.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

CHAPTER I.

It was March, 1772. A beautiful woman sat in a room fronting the south and west, looking out upon the street. She was alone. Around her were the evidences of taste and wealth. The room was grand, even with the quaint splendor of the time. The walls were adorned with paneling, and pictures hung thereon, valuable copies of the limner's art. The oaken floor was partially covered with a home-wrought rug woven of bright colors. In the broad, open fireplace great logs were burning, throwing a bright cheery

warmth into the apartment. The furniture was antique—the stiff, uncomfortable furniture which made our great-grandmothers old before their time. A harpsichord stood in the corner, with an open Psalm-book on its cover, showing recent use.

The thought of music, however, seemed far distant from the heart of the woman as we glance at her now. She was dressed in the sombre garb of mourning, and her face was solemn with sad and gloomy thoughts. A woman no longer young but still supremely beautiful, with a rare stateliness visible with every motion, and with bright eyes and pearl-tinted cheeks gleaming through the gloom and sadness, which many a modern belle might envy. Hair a dusky brown, arranged in the noble coiffeur of the period; eyes with a lustrous gleam behind the shadowy blackness; features regular in outline, though of a queenly cast, and permeated with a spirit of beauty which only a pure, refined, noble womanhood could lend to their expression: this is the picture, and a true one, of a famous belle of those ante-Revolutionary days.

Out of doors the snow lay cold and white, covering, as with a mantle, the gambrel roofs of the high, square houses, the narrow street, the frozen earth, while the ice-fettered Merrimack gleamed like a sheet of silver through the waving sombre pines that clothed its shores. The day was one of intense coldness, a stern contrast to the weather of the preceding one, which had been mild and summery, suggestive of the early approach of spring. But during the night a sudden change had come about, and the poor birds that had been so merry the day before, sought shelter wherever they might find it from the piercing winds of a renewed winter.

Few people were out that day, and the street seemed almost deserted, yet the lady's gaze seemed perversely turned from the warmth and comfort within to the contemplation of the dreary wintry landscape without. Perhaps the scene was one more in unison with the chill in her own heart. As that may have been, there was certainly a look of regret on the beautiful face, and the dark, superb eyes grew sadder still as they lingered longingly on the far-off hills. Nor did they brighten, as with a weary sigh she turned from the window and slowly paced up and down the room.

The merry jingle of sleigh bells on the keen, frosty air drew her to the window again, just in time to see a sleigh dash up drawn by a powerful coal black steed, whose frosted sides and steaming nostrils showed the speed at which he had been driven. Two muffled figures sprung out from the carriage, and presently the heavy brass knockers summoned a servant to the door. There were stamping of feet, and the sound of voices in the hall, and the lady had only time to seat herself in dignified composure, when the black servitor ushered in two gentlemen.

"Welcome, brother," said the lady, rising and greeting the foremost with outstretched hands; "but really your business must be urgent to take you out such a day as this. Black Gyp's jet hide was like a net of silver work as you drove into the yard."

"Yes, we came like the wind; but here is a friend, Sarah, I wish to introduce. Mrs. Rolfe, I have the pleasure to make you acquainted with Mr. Benjamin Thompson, the new teacher of the Rumford Academy, whom I have been so fortunate as to secure, and who arrived from Woburn yesterday."

With the punctilious courtesy of the period the two advanced and bowed.

There was destiny in that meeting, though neither knew it. The white jewelled hand of the aristocratic widow met Benjamin Thompson's for the first time, and the grayish-blue eyes of the young school-master scanned sharply the strangly beautiful face.

"You are a stranger in Rumford," said Mrs. Rolfe, motioning her guests to a seat. "I trust you will find it pleasant, Mr. Thompson."

"If all of its men are as hospitable

as Mr. Walker, and the ladies all as beautiful as Mrs. Rolfe, I shall not find my stay tedious," he answered with grace and gallantry, that appeared as honest as it was becoming to him.

The faint pink of the lady's cheek deepened to a brighter red, but the compliment was not resented.

"Sarah," observed Colonel Walker, her brother, "we have come to invite you to attend a party at the parsonage given in honor of Mr. Thompson. We wish him to be acquainted with the aristocracy, and to-morrow eve shall look for your company among the others. You will come of course."

"I think I can promise you with certainty, and I anticipate much pleasure. Father and mother and the rest are well, I trust?"

"All well as usual," and Colonel Timothy Walker rose to depart.

Mrs. Rolfe detains him. "You must not go till you have seen my Paul," she cried. "You do not know how he has grown."

She touched a cord and pulled it sharply. It was answered in a few moments by the entrance of an elderly African woman, who bore in her arms a twelve months old babe.

"You can go, Hepsy; I will ring when I want you," and the proud mother took her treasure from the black slave's arm.

"Yes, he has grown, I should hardly know the fellow, and he is the perfect image of his mother. Why, Sarah, there is not a look of his father in his face," and the tall, gallant gentleman patted the face of the innocent child who lay like a white blossom on his mother's bosom.

The woman's face grew solemn with that sad, regretful look that we have seen once there before, but only for an instant this time. The next moment she was toying with the child, who crowed and chirped like a young Hercules, pleased with the attention he was receiving.

"Oh, you naughty boy, you are ruffling my hair that took Cad an hour to dress, and will entirely ruin this lace. See, Colonel, isn't he strong and handsome for his age?"

The Colonel was looking on amused; but her eyes went beyond him, drawn there by a singular magnetism, to the lithe, stately figure of the stranger and the face above, with the earnest, courteous eyes fixed so strangely upon her own. It was only an instant, but in that time she read much.

She thought, "He is pleased with me, he loves me, and I—who is this man whose fervent admiration my heart does not resent?"

Benjamin Thompson was thinking: "It is a picture for a Raphael, eclipsing his own 'Madonna and child.' My heart will always bow at the shrine. But what am I thinking? What have I to dare hope to aspire to the hand of this regal woman and loving mother, whose whole life seems absorbed in her child?"

Aye, what have you, Benjamin Thompson? Poor, humble, unknown, to think of winning an aristocratic beauty, a belle and leader of society? Aye, what had he but bright, steady eyes, a bold, aspiring heart, a good brain, a fine person, everything in fact which have won the hearts of women since mother Eve bowed down to Adam's godlike mien.

We know this is digression; but we trust the reader will believe it pardonable as he follows us on through this true story of a man's and a woman's love in the olden time.

They departed at last, and Mrs. Rolfe watched them as they literally shot up the street behind the flying hoofs of Black Gyp. As the last musical notes of the sleigh bells vibrated on the air, she turned from the window sighing audibly:

"Only six months a widow, and when I should be grieving my husband's death, I feel this new feeling growing in my breast."

She stopped with a gasp, carrying her hand to her bosom with a convulsive gesture, as the babe, with infantile prattle, buried his little chubby fingers in the thick meshes of her loosened hair.

"Ah well, for my baby's sake his father shall be blameless, but if I marry again, love shall be the criterion. I sell not my charms again for gold or the wishes of my friends. Sarah Rolfe shall choose her own mate, and nothing but love can buy her."

Words fitly spoken, and prophetic, too, of an early fruition of happiness with which the golden linked hours of the future were to crown her.

CHAPTER II.

The Walker House, the same old mansion that lifts its quaint front at the present time on Main Street, amid the beauty and splendor of New Hampshire's capital, was ablaze with light. Long tallow dips, from wooden holders, threw their radiance over the broad parlors and cosy halls. Great logs blazed in the chimneys. Light, warmth, and cheerfulness filled the house.

"Tells ye what, Luce, dis yer ole house is packed about full ob de fustest company in de place. Massa Walker likes a good time as any one I ever did see, if he be a parson."

These words were uttered by a stout, intelligent looking negro man, to an equally good looking dusky woman, as they paused for a short time at the open door of the kitchen to gaze upon the assembling throng.

"Yes, dat is so; berry good man, dough, Massa Walker is. But dese 'ere be de Kurnel's doings, Prince, ain't dey? Didn't ye hear what de young misses said yesternight, how dat Kurnel Timothy was gwine ter have all de tip-top people come out so dat de young Massa Thompson might see de 'tocracy? Reck'n deys 'bout all here." "Dar's a right smart lot ob dem, anyway," said the sable masculine. I reck'n we's got tur be purty busy to git supper fur sech a lot."

"An' dat reminds me dat I'se got ter be goin', Miss Violet, she done want me, I 'spect. Better cum away yer self, Prince; dey don't care nothin' for darkies?"

The two ebony servant slaves in the household of Parson Walker, as he was called, hastened to their respective labors, while stately women, in high heeled shoes, cumbersome head dresses and Marie Antoinette waists and drapery, and gay gallants in small clothes, ruffs, buff colored waistcoats, silver buckles, and the brave costume of the third George's reign, danced, talked, and flirted in far distant corridors, and in the full blaze of the tallow dips.

How courtly and ceremonious they all were, the dames and gentlemen of a century ago, with their grand airs, low bows, and dignified, graceful courtesies! How grandly was danced the figures of the stately minuet! With what punctilious etiquette fair lips and bearded lips framed courteous salutations and witty repartee! But human hearts beat the same then as they do now, and love and envy and ambition were as strong and fiery, though hidden perhaps under a more polite reserve.

All the beauty, wealth, and aristocracy, the *elite* of Rumford society had assembled to do honor to the occasion. Rev. Timothy Walker, the pastor of the place, a man of wealth, culture and refinement, was the recognized head, the center around which clustered all that was noble, good, and exalted in Rumford for fifty years. His son, a graduate of Harvard, colonel of the Third New Hampshire regiment of militia under the King, and a lawyer of repute, was one of the magnates of the old provincial town. His invitations had been generally accepted, and the Eastmans, Rolfes, Bradleys, Stickneys, and Coffins, heads of the great families whose descendants still live in the old mansions of their fathers, were now participants of the Walkers' hospitality.

The cynosure of all eyes, the belle of the evening, was the beautiful widow, Mrs. Rolfe. There were ladies there younger than she, there were some dressed more gaudily, others who carried themselves with more beguiling blandishments, but none who in *tout ensemble* came nearer the perfect woman. Her dark robes, relieved by cuffs and collars of costly lace, showed off the rare loveliness of her

face. Her dignified person, her command of language, and her perfect manners commanded the respect and won the homage even of the young gallants, much to the humiliation of younger belles. Some of the older men honored her for other charms than those of mind or person.

Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, one of the first settlers of Rumford, who had acquired great wealth by inheritance and industry, and influence by his ability and enterprise, at the age of sixty lost his bachelor heart to Sarah, eldest daughter of Rev. Mr. Walker, who was thirty years his junior. Influenced by her friends, more than all swayed by the counsel of her father, to whom Colonel Rolfe was a near and dear friend, and who deeply prized his virtues, Miss Walker smiled on the aged suitor's wooing, and accepted his proposal of marriage. They were wedded in the spring of 1770, and Sarah Walker became mistress of an establishment that had not its equal in Rumford. But sooner or later there comes to all women who marry without love, the time when they regret the matrimonial yoke thus taken so rashly. It came to Sarah Rolfe. Her husband was kind and noble, loving her devotedly, ready to attend her slightest wish. She respected him, she honored him, she rendered him wifely duty; but she loved him not. Too late she discovered what constitutes real marriage, but she was too proud, too honorable, to do aught to wound her husband's heart or tarnish his name. A year later there came a little stranger to their household, in the shape of a beautiful little boy. The possession of this treasure awakened in the breast of the unhappy wife a new interest in life, and did something toward creating in her heart a tie to bind her to her husband. But six months afterwards Colonel Rolfe died, leaving her the wealthiest person in Rumford.

On this night no remembrance of that past life disturbed her. Never in her youthful days had she been more gracious and charming. Her eyes glowed, her silvery laugh was like that of a school girl's. Her friends marked the change, though no one read it rightly. Once she joined the circle of merry dancers, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Thompson, and went through the giddy measures of a quadrille with the handsome guest. They formed a striking couple. He, tall in stature, erect, finely formed, with eyes grayish blue, dark auburn hair, and features moulded after the Roman style, a model of manly beauty. She, with the Walker pride and beauty, looking up to him with smiling lips and glowing eyes. At the end of the dance he bowed and left her for a moment, at the call of a friend, and the widow, disturbed, she scarcely knew why, wandered away to a quiet corner, to have a short communion with herself. But she was forbidden the desired privilege.

"Has Mrs. Rolfe forgotten all her old friends that she ignores them to give her sole attention to a forward and needy adventurer?"

She turned, half angry at the intrusion, and confronted a middle-sized, pompous-looking man, with restless, crafty eyes, and brusque manners, whose military air corresponded with the title by which she addressed him.

"And by what right does Captain Stickney claim the privilege to command my actions?" asked the lady a little haughtily. "I have never been apprised of the fact that your are the guardian and protector of Mrs. Rolfe."

The gentleman was confused for an instant, but soon recovered his equanimity.

"I seek not to unjustly criticise you, Mrs. Rolfe, but for the sake of old friendship, I have a right to demand something from your hand. And how have you treated me? Did I not solicit your hand for a minuet, and you refused me, and the next moment I saw you led away by this young upstart of a pedagogue, who has not yet fledged his maiden down, and whose purse is as empty as his brain."

The lady made a slight gesture of impatience.

"Cease! Captain Stickney," she said. "I cannot listen to this unjust

denunciation of Mr. Thompson. He is poor, no doubt, but wealth goes not before a noble heart and courteous manners. I understand very well what prompts you to these utterances. You speak of friendship. I know of none save what arises from schoolday associations, and from love on the part of a man whose affection I despise."

"You speak harshly."

"I speak truly, Captain. I do not wish to wound your feelings, but you have put yourself in the way to receive my scorn. Do you wish to know why I refused you and danced with Mr. Thompson?"

"I should be pleased to receive the information."

"I can tell you. I refused you because I did not desire to raise hopes in your bosom which can never be realized. Various reasons decided me to accept Mr. Thompson's invitation: First, Mr. Thompson is a gentleman, and I could not well refuse him. Secondly, I desired to show him and the other guests the esteem I cherish for him. Lastly, I like the upstart, as you call him, and preferred his company to that of any other. Are you sufficiently well informed, Captain Stickney?"

"You are pleased to be sarcastic, Mrs. Rolfe," said the man, with a short, unpleasant laugh. "Doubtless you will marry the young gentleman. He is poor: you can make him rich. The wealth you won by one marriage you will squander by another. I commend your judgment."

Mrs. Rolfe's eyes flashed. Scorn and anger blazed in her noble countenance.

"Enough. Captain Stickney; you have said enough," she said imperiously and decidedly. "You have no right to wrong me as you do. Least of all, does it concern you who I marry. If I choose to wed again, I shall do so with or without your consent. I have twice refused you, but I may not refuse another; and, Captain, I shall marry for love, and not for money. The Rolfe estate is large enough to divide and then have something to spare."

"Mrs. Rolfe, the last dance is forming. Can I have your hand? You will not refuse me?"

It was the voice of Benjamin Thompson, smooth, well modulated, yet full of masculine strength and energy.

"Certainly. I will not refuse you; and, Mr. Thompson, after the music is over you may order my horse, for I shall not stay to supper."

She turned her back upon the discomfitted Captain, who could have gnawed his tongue out for very humiliation, and joined with her partner the ranks of the dancers. Merrily the music sounded, and through the stately measures glided the forms of gallant beaux and brilliant belles. But none amid the merry throng did their parts better than the beautiful Rumford widow and the Massachusetts schoolmaster.

When the dance was concluded, Benjamin Thompson, assisted his fair partner to the door, where a sable driver held a pawing steed in rein. With gallant, courtly speech, he tucked the costly robes about her, and then as the small, gloved hand rested in his, he said:

"I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to me. It is a large debt I owe you; how can I repay you?"

The obligation is mutual. I have enjoyed your company much, and shall be glad to see you any time at the Rolfe house. This evening is a red letter one in my existence, and you have made it so. If you do not consider your side of the debt balanced, you may cancel it any day by visiting my residence. You are acquainted with the way, and must not wait till you forget it. Good night."

She waved an adieu, the driver's whip cracked, and the impatient steed dashed away, leaving Benjamin Thompson alone in the moonlight. Full of busy, restless thought, he went back within the crowded rooms, which seemed tenantless to him now that one face had vanished.

Ah! unknown to him much of importance had transpired that night to make or mar his future happiness. The historian tells us that Benjamin

Thompson was a Tory; but he does not tell us what made him one. In this simple sketch it will be our province to lift the veil and initiate the reader into the mysterious machinery which evolved the after fate of our hero.

CHAPTER III.

It was a gala day, and all Rumford was alive. The cold winter was long since past, spring had come and gone, and the fields and the forests were gay with the bloom of June. The warm sunshine rippled over the forest-embowered town, and touched the murmuring waters of the Merrimack with a silvery sheen.

The gay pageant heralded by so auspicious a day was one of the most splendid ever witnessed by Rumford, though it has seen many times since the gathering of the multitude, when great men and famous soldiers honored the place with their presence. The people, jubilant in feeling and gay with holiday attire, crowded the side walks, and from doorways and open windows many a bright eye gazed upon the scene. Companies of militia on foot and horse, in scarlet uniforms and rough provincial dress, marched along the street with stately tread. The cannons thundered forth hoarse greeting; bells added their sonorous clang to the chorus; music pealed its sweet enticement; banners floated from housetop and steeple, the Cross of St. George flashing in the crimson folds. Loud cheerings rose now and then from the excited populace, and hats and scarfs were waved above the sea of faces, and flower wreaths were flung by fair hands upon the open way.

The man to whom this joyous welcome was extended, in whose honor all this parade was made, rode in a coach drawn by four white horses. Preceded by twenty-four men clad in royal livery, bearing halberds, and followed by a glittering cavalcade, the carriage rolled slowly and grandly up the street. On its gilded sides flashed the *griffin passant*, the *famous* heraldic insignia of the Wentworths since grim Sir Reginald buckled on his armor, and went forth with the Conqueror to win a barony in Saxon England.

And this was his descendant, Sir John Wentworth, the last and best of the royal governors of New Hampshire, a gentleman of distinguished ability and culture; a patron of liberal learning; the founder, by its charter, of Dartmouth College; an earnest adviser and promoter of internal improvements; a true friend to the province as well as loyal to his Majesty, who gave him his commission. A grand looking man, stately and tall, with a fine patrician face, bright, courteous eyes, and brilliant smile, bearing well the proud reputation of his race, was Sir John Wentworth. There is no hint of the stern, resolute Governor in his face, as he bows graciously right and left from his carriage windows. The cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, has not yet risen in the political sky. Peace and serenity prevail. The people are happy and pleased, and the royal governor, proud of his popularity, regards them with paternal tenderness. As the day closed the multitude dispersed, and the ceremonies of the day ended with an august and sumptuous entertainment. In the great hall of the town house fitting preparations had been made for the reception of the noble guest. The walls were draped with evergreens interwoven with festoons of flowers, and the doorway was arched with draperies of silk and lace surmounted by the crimson folds of the royal banner. The room fills with the populace and the invited guests, officers of State, titled strangers, brave soldiers, and aristocratic dames.

"Who is that man?" inquired Wentworth, of Colonel Timothy Walker, as a tall, handsome young man walked past his seat, with the most beautiful and richly dressed lady present leaning on his arm.

"That," answered the Colonel, "is Mr. Benjamin Thompson, the teacher in our academy. He is a particular friend of mine, and a fine young man, I assure you."

"Bring him here, I want an introduction," said the governor, abruptly.

A moment after Colonel Walker touched Mr. Thompson's shoulder.

"His Excellency desires to speak with you," he said, "Come, you must go with me."

The young man's eyes glistened; his form seemed to dilate with the consciousness of pride. To be thus noticed by such a man was indeed an honor.

"I will accompany you, Mr. Thompson," said Mrs. Rolfe; "I know Mr. Wentworth. You will like him."

Sir John was conversing in a tone of gay banter with some of the young ladies of Rumford, but he turned eagerly when Colonel Walker returned. His face lighted with pleasure as he extended his hand to the charming widow.

"Mrs. Rolfe, I am glad to meet you again. I have not forgotten the furore you made among our Portsmouth belles when you were at the capital with your late husband, two years ago last winter. But excuse me. I wish to speak with Mr. Thompson."

"What can I do for your Excellency?" inquired the young academician with a bow.

"Why, you are a born courtier!" exclaimed the Governor, "or else you have learned these airs of *les belles dames de Rumford*. Do you know I have often heard of you, and seeing you here wanted to know you. I think we shall be friends, Mr. Thompson."

"Give me something by doing which I may deserve your friendship. I am not worthy of the honor of being the friend of the noblest of the Wentworths."

"You have done sufficient already. You are a student, teacher; you have a taste for literature and philosophy. The divine thinkers and writers are the only truly royal men in God's creation. As one of them John Wentworth is glad to call you peer and friend."

"I appreciate your kindness, but you unduly flatter me," observed the youth, with a flushed brow.

"Have you never experimented in chemistry?"

The Governor smiled. Benjamin Thompson laughed. The ice was broken.

* "Where did you learn that silly story?" asked the latter presently.

"I have friends in Salem; and besides, you are known elsewhere."

It was easy enough after this to talk, and Governor Wentworth, found his friend an interesting companion. They conversed of poetry, of physics, of jurisprudence, of the fine arts; and it would be hard to decide which exhibited the more learning and good sense, the polished, aristocratic, experienced man of thirty-six, or the beardless youth of twenty. Nor could one have easily told who looked the noblest gentleman, though one belonged to a family held in high estimation at the English Court, descendant of a race who had played a prominent part in palace and camp and Parliament for five hundred years, and was versed in all the graces and accomplishments of a courtier's part, while the other, born in a small provincial town, of obscure parentage, poor, unused to society, acted only as nature bade him. Ah! Chesterfield, was thine the assertion that no gentleman could be born of a family only after generations of education and culture? Out upon thee for a libeler!

CHAPTER IV.

On a chilly September evening, Mrs. Rolfe sat in her cosy, luxurious parlor, playfully engaged in toying with little Paul. It was the first cool spell of the season. The shutters were closely drawn, and the fire burned brightly on the hearth. A more charming picture could not be imagined than was presented by the mother and her child,

* NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—Young Thompson, was for some time a clerk in a store at Salem, Mass., a place for which he did not show as much aptitude as he did for a chemist's laboratory. While there he was constantly engaged in making chemical experiments, and at one time came very near destroying the establishment, and losing his own life by an explosion of some of his compounds. Through this accident he was dismissed by his employer, after which he came to Rumford to teach.

the one majestic in mature beauty, the other so sweet and blooming in its fragile innocence, as to well deserve the term some poet has applied to a child, "a flower of God."

Suddenly Mr. Thompson, was announced, and the widow, never looking lovelier than she did now in her blushes, rose to receive him.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Thompson," she said, with bewitching frankness. "Paul and I were alone, and it was getting monotonous," and she grasped his hand, which he retained long enough to conduct her back to the great chair before the bright blaze.

He had not spoken, and now she noticed how pale and depressed he looked. There were dusky circles about his eyes, and his face was pallid and worn. Her woman's heart was touched at once.

"You are ill, Mr. Thompson," she cried hastily. "What can I do for you?"

"My purpose in visiting you is to learn that," he answered, plunging boldly into his business, as all brave, energetic natures do. "I have come to learn whether I shall leave Rumford, or stay."

The widow looked at him sharply, her splendid eyes full of a strange soft light. She could not fail to understand his meaning.

"Am I the arbiter of your destinies?" she asked.

"You are," he answered, rising.

"Then I shall not bid you go. We might as well deal with each other plainly. I love you; have you not long known it?"

She arose now and stood before him, with hurriedly beating bosom and glowing face. One fair hand was held towards him, the other clasped her child.

"I have scarcely dared to hope it, your confession has made me the happiest man in the colonies. I had almost made up my mind to destroy myself, if you refused me as you did Captain Stickney."

He kissed her lips fervently, bending as humbly and reverently as ever a devout worshipper to his God.

It was a very simple affair, very unlike the romantic scenes usually portrayed by the novelist, where the suitor pleads his case on bended knee, and the lady blushes, equivocates, and refers to "papa." But we are delineating history, not fiction, and though necessarily tamer, our humble sketch possesses the merit of being true.

They fell into an easy and confidential conversation after this.

"I can not give you an unwedded hand," said the happy woman, breaking an short moment of silence that had fallen upon them, "but I give you a heart that never knew what love was till I saw you. And you, I am many years your senior; you are very sure you love me?"

"I loved you from the first. I should have spoken sooner, but I feared that I might be accused of mercenary motives. I cared not so much what others thought, but I disliked to have you cherish unjust suspicions of me."

"I esteemed you too highly for that; and now when do you wish to be master of the Rolfe estates?"

He did not appear to be embarrassed at her straight-forwardness.

"How long a time do you wish me to wait?"

"My year of mourning expires in December I shall then owe my former husband no longer anything. In three months I can be ready, and then, dear Benjamin, I shall be a happy wife at last."

"Very well, then, that will suit me," he said. "My term of school begins to-morrow, if I wish it. It will close in twelve weeks. We will be married at Yuletide."

And so they were, being made one in that very room by Rev. Mr. Walker, the bride's father, amid a chosen circle of friends, December 25, 1772. After the ceremony had been performed, and the congratulations were over, Colonel Timothy Walker handed his friend a sealed envelope. It bore the Wentworth crest on its seal, and in a bold, shapely hand, there were traced on its back these words: "To Colonel Benjamin Thompson: Please accept

this as a bridal gift from your friend, John Wentworth, Governor of the Colony of New Hampshire."

With eager fingers he tore open the covering to find within his commission as Colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire regiment of militia, drawn up and signed after the most thorough official manner. His eyes swam as in a mist.

Colonel Benjamin Thompson! People could not believe it. What had he done to gain that title? A beardless boy who had never heard the rattle of musketry, created a Colonel over the heads of men who had grown gray in service against the French and Indian foes! Everybody was surprised, or pretended to be, and a few took it seriously to heart.

Especially was Captain Thomas Stickney sorely moved with indignation at the appointment. He had coveted the honor himself, and had eagerly sought for it, relying on his past services and his influential friends, and now to be superseded by his successful rival in love made him doubly furious with disapointment. At first he determined to throw up the commission that he held; but on second thought he preferred to retain it, even though he sacrificed his pride in serving for superior officer the man that he hated. The young upstart; good fortune would desert him some day; he would abide his time, and be ready to mount the wave which overwhelmed him. That was his thought.

He was not silent, however. There were other men who deemed themselves affronted by the sudden elevation of the village school-master. His good fortune and the defeat of their own ambitious schemes filled all the superseded officers with envy and dislike, which rankled like the shirt of Nessus that Heracles put on. In fact a large portion of the old aristocracy of Rumford arrayed themselves in opposition to Mr. Thompson, who, quietly ignoring all their insults and jealous antagonisms, went serenely about his own business.

This only incensed them the more. He was by nature aristocratic, though his was not the ignoble aristocracy of birth or rank, but the pride of scholarship, of intellectual culture. His style of living also gave offense. Master of the Rolfe property, he could outshine any of his rivals. He had servants without number, and costly carriages, and was often the guest, together with his wife, of the royal Governor, partaking of his hospitality at the Wentworth House at Portsmouth, and sharing it at his magnificent summer seat on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee.

Meanwhile little Paul had a companion. A sweet little girl had come to divide with him the sunshine of their home. Blessed in his family relations, honored for his position, his style, his culture, the friend of Governor Wentworth, of Wheelock, the President of Dartmouth College, and other eminent men, Benjamin Thompson seemed riding on the highest wave of prosperity and happiness. Upon this bright day burst the storm of the Revolution.

CHAPTER V.

New Hampshire was among the first of the Colonies to take up arms for liberty. Her people were deeply imbued with the spirit of freedom, and though the personal popularity of Governor Wentworth, and the influence of his friends were large, patriotism could not be flattered or coerced. The storm burst at length by the capture of Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, which some of the patriot citizens of that place and Durham accomplished on the eve of the 16th of December, 1774. The Governor was alarmed, but he could do nothing to stay the tempest. The province was in a turmoil, and the Assembly that met at Exeter in the spring of 1775, deprived him of all real power, and nominated John Langdon and John Sullivan delegates to the Provincial Congress at Philadelphia.

Although the personal friend of Sir John Wentworth, and deeply in love with his refined, chivalric character, Benjamin Thompson's heart inclined him toward the patriot cause. Aside from this he would doubtless have been

influenced by his wife and her relations, for the Walkers were among the most prominent patriots of the State. Mrs. Thompson was herself a determined "rebel," and urged by her counsels, he offered his services to the state.

It was now that the malevolence of his enemies made itself apparent. He was charged with disaffection to the cause of the Colonies, stigmatized as a Tory, and denied any post or connection with the volunteer militia. He endeavored to prove his patriotism, but in vain; they had no ears for his appeals. He demanded an investigation, but was put off with one excuse and another, till he was sorely tempted to seek redress by the sword. Chafed, disappointed and indignant, he retired to his home to await the development of affairs.

But the enmity of his foes did not rest. He was suspected and watched, and finally there were whisperings of resorting to violence to rid the town of his "pestilential loyalism," as they were pleased to term it.

One calm April evening the young husband sat with his wife in the large parlor, with the windows opened upon the night. They had been conversing about the political aspect of the country and of their own troubles; but a hush had fallen upon them, and they sat listening to the prattle of the children, and the merry chorus of the frogs whose voices came up from the Merrimack. Presently a shadow crossed the yard, and soon after Colonel Timothy Walker entered. His manner was excited, and his face bore the marks of unconcealed anxiety. Mrs. Thompson's quick eye read the trouble on his brow, and she instantly guessed its import.

"What is it, Timothy?" she asked, rising and approaching her husband as though to guard him from any threatening peril. "You are the bearer of evil tidings. Hasten and inform us, that we may prepare to meet the danger."

"You have guessed it," he said. "There is danger, and I have come to warn you. My friend and brother, I am sorry, but you will be forced to leave the town till this storm blows over. Your old enemy, Captain Stickney, is busy at work stirring up strife. Some of the baser fellows denounce you as a spy, and to-morrow night they contemplate arresting you, subject you to a coat of tar and feathers, and ride you through the street as an example of patriotic vengeance. You must depart from town to-night, or it will be impossible for you to escape."

The wife, with a low cry, flung her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, my God, has it come to this?" she cried in a flood of tears. "Dear Benjamin, fly at once."

"And you and the children?" murmured the dazed man.

"I shall not leave you. Where your foot-steps lead, there shall I follow."

"And you will disgrace yourself and kindred by clinging to a Tory? Sarah, what will the Rumford aristocracy say?"

He spoke bitterly, for a moment forgetting her noble love, in the thought of his enemies baseness.

"You are no Tory, Benjamin Thompson. God knows that, and I know it. But if you were, my love for you should make me forget it. This is not the end. Your enemies will yet make a great man of you."

He bent and kissed her as a father might, saying:

"Thank you for that, Sally. My enemies may triumph for the time, but a just God will surely make all things right. Meanwhile, I have you and the children; of them they cannot rob me. But where shall we go?"

"You have friends in Woburn. We will take refuge among them for the time. It will take all night to reach them, and we must start within the hour."

"And you will leave all these luxuries, the home of your birth, the birthplace of your children, to follow me into exile, a wanderer who knows not where to find a home?"

"Why not? Am I not your wife; and besides, shall we not return when brighter days come upon us?"

"Of course; I had almost forgotten that."

But even as she spoke, Sarah Thomp-

son felt that she was taking her final leave of the place. She saw dimly the course to which her husband would be driven; she knew the power and malice of his enemies, who would never rest till they made him a Tory in deed as well as in name. But she shrank not from her duty. Lovingly, earnestly, she took up the burden before her, and though she shed bitter tears at parting, she did not regret the step.

CHAPTER VI.

After the battle of Lexington, which sent a thrill to the heart of every lover of his country, patriots from all quarters flocked to Cambridge. A detachment was there from Woburn, Massachusetts, in which was a young man of twenty-two, who applied to General Ward for a position in the Continental army. He was about to receive this coveted prize, when very startling stories began to circulate regarding his lack of devotion to the cause. Of course he failed to secure the desired commission, and was regarded with suspicion by the congregating patriots, so much so, in fact, that he was even denied the privilege of giving his aid when fortifications were erected on Breed's Hill. Determined to participate in the battle, he went across the Neck in the thickest of the fight, to strike for his countrymen. But he was too late; the Americans were already retreating when he arrived, and he was forced to retire with them. He now demanded an investigation, and, at a public hearing at Woburn, he was cleared of the obnoxious charges against him, after a full and prolonged examination. But this did not satisfy his enemies, who resorted to every base measure to make him unpopular.

Still denounced as a Tory, his soul grew embittered, as well it might, and he concluded to accept his fate.

"Sally dear," said he one day, as he and his wife were alone, "I have a letter here from an old and valued friend. Guess who it is and what he says."

"I do not know; tell me, dear."

"It is from John Wentworth. He is in Boston, and he urges me to go there. He has secured a situation for me as one of the clerks of Lord Howe. Read the missive for yourself."

He sat down and pulled her on his knee, watching keenly the varying shades that swept her features as she perused the paper.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked when she had finished.

"You must do what you think right, Benjamin; but I think you will never be appreciated here as you will there."

"Thank you, Sally, you have eased my mind of a burden. Your brother will be here to-night to help us arrange some property matters, and before another night I hope to be safe among our English friends. We will begin life anew, and perhaps a brighter era will dawn upon the life of Benjamin Thompson, the Tory."

His hope was realized. A magnificent future was before him, and he lived for forty years afterward, dying after one of the most brilliant and useful careers of modern times. He truly vanquished his enemies, for though they drove him from the country, he never forgot the land of his birth, and America to-day has no name for which she cherishes greater pride and respect than that of the once poor and despised Benjamin Thompson, who won wealth, station, fame, and died as Count Rumford, to whom not only Kings and princes gave their esteem and friendship, but who won the gratitude of the most distinguished savans the wide world over.

THE WORLD'S FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH GOOKIN.

In the year 1818 Mr. William Scarborough, a wealthy merchant of Savannah, Georgia, conceived the idea of applying steam to ocean navigation, his purpose being to extend the commerce of this country with Great Britain.

In advance of his times in his spirit of enterprise, but fully sustained in his views by subsequent events, Mr. Scarborough, acting at once upon his convictions, proceeded to New York, and there finding a vessel of "three hundred tons" burden, already on the stocks, he purchased her.

The new ship was launched August 22, 1818.

She was built by Francis Pickett, and Stephen Vail of Morristown furnished her engines. We have every reason to suppose that she was finished in the most complete and thorough manner. Her cabins are said to have been models of convenience and elegance. "She carried seventy-five tons of coal, and twenty-five cords of wood;" and was so constructed that her wheels could be removed in rough or stormy weather. In honor of the city of his adoption, Mr. Scarborough called his steamer "The Savannah."

Placed under the command of Captain Moses Rogers, of whom we shall speak later, the staunch little vessel left New York to enter upon her first voyage, Sunday, March 28, 1819, arriving at Savannah, Tuesday, April 6. Even at this late date, we are able to appreciate the enthusiastic welcome accorded her by the citizens, who thronged the bank as she steamed up the river, and "greeted her with long and loud huzzas." The steamer was consigned to Scarborough & M'Kinnee, who duly advertised the day of the vessel's departure for Liverpool, also her admirable accommodations for freight and passengers. Meanwhile, an excursion to Charleston was successfully undertaken; President Monroe and suite returning in her to Savannah as the guests of Mr. Scarborough. Among the hospitalities of the occasion was a trip to Tybee in the new steamship; the presidential party leaving Savannah at 8 A. M., and returning in the evening.

The 20th of May having arrived and no passengers or freight having offered, the Savannah sailed, as advertised, on her novel and perilous voyage. From various sources, however, we learn that she did not proceed to sea until May 25. June 16 she reached the coast of Ireland. "The log-book makes no mention of any unusual occurrence;" we therefore conclude that the Savannah conducted herself with the propriety of the most approved modern steamship.

"June 17 the Savannah was boarded by the King's cutter, Kite, Lieutenant John Bowin," acting under orders from the admiral, who "lay in the Cove of Cork," and presumed her to be a "ship on fire." Later, the gravest suspicions were entertained against her, and it was feared that she might be some mysterious contrivance intended to effect the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from St. Helena; but at this time, a careful investigation on the part of His Majesty's officers of the Kite, explained her friendly mission, and proved that she was simply a wonderful combination of American skill and ingenuity, of which British officials, with others, were destined to see numerous examples in the future.

June 20, the log-book states, "they shipped the wheels, and furled the sails, and run into the river Mercer, and at 6 P. M. came to anchor off Liverpool, with the small bower anchor."

Captain Rogers' modest announcement of the termination of his daring voyage does not lessen our interest in its success, or detract from the importance of the work accomplished. The steamer was twenty-two days in crossing, fourteen of which she used steam, and thus "demonstrated the feasibility of trans-Atlantic ocean navigation."

The first mate, Stephen Rogers, has left a more detailed account of their arrival than Captain Rogers, whose brevity of style is in keeping with our conception of the man's character. The Savannah remained twenty-five days at Liverpool, an object of constant interest and admiration.

July 23 she sailed for St. Petersburg. Stopping at Copenhagen, she excited the same interest as in England. At Stockholm she was visited by members of the royal family, "the foreign ministers and their wives," also by the American minister, Mr. Hughes, "at whose invitation an excursion was made among the islands."

September 5 the Savannah left the Swedish capital for St. Petersburg, having on board Lord Lynedock, who was then travelling through Northern Europe.

September 9 she arrived at Cronstadt, "using steam the entire distance."

A few days later the steamer reached St. Petersburg, where she attracted universal admiration. Among those who visited her were the various members of the Russian government, and the nobility; and we read that the "High Admiral Marcus de Travys, and other distinguished military and naval officers tested her superior qualities in a trial trip to Cronstadt." From the same authority we also learn that the Emperor Alexander, himself, presented "a superb gold snuff box" to her "sailing master," Stephen Rogers, which is still in the possession of his descendants.

"The Savannah lingered at St. Petersburg until October 10," when Captain Rogers started on his homeward voyage, touching at Arundel, Norway, with the hope of disposing of his vessel to the king of Sweden. His Majesty is reported as having offered a very large sum for her, but the terms of the royal offer not being altogether satisfactory to Captain Rogers, he declined it, and sailed for Copenhagen, where the steamer remained four days, then resumed her voyage to Savannah, which port she reached "in ballast," Tuesday, November 30, 1819, and in the language of her commander, "although they had rough weather, not a screw, bolt, or rope yarn parted."

December 16, we find the Savannah at Washington. She remained at the national capital until December 25, when she returned to Savannah, and "being divested of her steam apparatus," was converted into a packet ship of the same name, and under the command of Captain Nathaniel Holdredge, ran between New York and Savannah. In making one of these regular trips, she was wrecked on the south shore of Long Island.

We are not aware that Mr. Scarborough ever renewed his efforts to establish steam communication between the United States and England. Twenty years after, the English themselves repeated the experiment undertaken by Mr. Scarborough in the voyages of the Sirius and Great Western, with what result the world already knows; but Americans may always recall with pride and pleasure the steamship Savannah, and her brave and faithful commander, Moses Rogers. This able seaman and experienced engineer was a native of New London, Connecticut, and although a townsman, was no connection of his mate, Stephen Rogers. After his European voyage, during which he was the recipient of marked attention from the crowned heads and other persons of distinction whom he met, Captain Rogers found employment on the Great Pedee river, South Carolina, where "he contracted the malarial fever, of which he died, at the early age of forty-two."

The original log-book of the Savannah is a treasured possession of his family; also a "massive gold-lined tea kettle," bearing this inscription:

"Presented to Captain Moses Rogers,
Of the Steamship Savannah,
(Being the first steam vessel that has crossed the Atlantic),
by Sir Thomas Graham,
Lord Lynedock,
Passenger from Stockholm to St. Petersburg,
Sept. 15, 1819."

We must here express our regret at the untimely loss of a valuable paper, whereby we are unable to add some very interesting facts relating to Stephen Rogers, and to one Thomas ——, the last surviving member of the crew of the Savannah; their connection with the steamer giving them, we think, a just claim to our remembrance.

Mr. Scarborough died in 1838, "leaving behind an unblemished name, an honored memory."

The kindness of a friend enables us to place the following extracts before our readers. They will be found worthy of perusal, as they contain statements in regard to the steamer taken from several English and American journals:

[From the *Georgian*, April 16, 1819.]

By an advertisement in this day's paper it will be seen that the new and elegant steamship Savannah is to leave our harbor to-morrow. Who would have had the courage, twenty years ago, to hazard a prediction, that in the year 1819 a ship of three hundred tons burden would be built in the port of New York, to navigate the Atlantic, propelled by steam? Such, however, is the fact. With admiring hundreds have we viewed this prodigy, and can also bear witness to the wonderful celerity with which she is moved through the water. On Monday, last, a trial was made of her speed, and although there was at no time more than an inch of steam upon her, and for the greater part not half an inch, with a strong wind and tide ahead, she went within a mile of the anchoring ground at Staten Island, and returned to Fly Market Wharf in one hour and fifty minutes. When it is considered that she is calculated to bear twenty inches of steam, and that her machinery is entirely new, it must be evident that she will with ease pass any of the steamboats upon our rivers. The cabin is finished in an elegant style, and is fitted up in the most tasty manner. There are thirty-two berths, all of which are state-rooms. The cabin for ladies is entirely distinct from that intended for gentlemen, and is admirably calculated to afford that perfect retirement which is so rarely found on board passenger ships. For beauty of model the Savannah has rarely been exceeded. She is commanded by Captain Moses Rogers, an experienced engineer, and belongs to a company of enterprising gentlemen in Savannah, who have spared no expense in rendering her an object worthy of public admiration and public patronage. She is so constructed as to be navigable in the usual way, with sails, whenever the weather shall be such as to render the use of her wheels in the least degree dangerous. This vessel is intended as a "Savannah and Liverpool packet," and we sincerely hope the liberal-minded proprietors may be abundantly rewarded for their efforts to facilitate the communication between Great Britain and America.—*New York Mercantile Advertiser, 27th ult.*

The elegant steamship, Savannah, arrived here about five o'clock, yesterday evening. The bank of the river was lined by a large concourse of citizens, who saluted her with shouts during her progress before the city. She was also saluted by a discharge from the revenue cutter Dallas. * * * Our city will be indebted to the enterprise of her owners for the honor of first crossing the Atlantic ocean in a vessel propelled by steam.—*Georgian, Wednesday, April 7, 1819.*

SHIP NEWS.

Arrived, steamship Savannah, Rogers, New York, 7 days in ballast, to Scarborough & M'Kinnee, consignees.—*Georgian, April 7, 1819.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

Steamship Savannah will sail this morning, precisely at nine o'clock, for Charleston. For passage apply on board, at the steamship wharf.—*Georgian, Wednesday, April 14, 1819.*

* * * * An extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston, who was passenger in the Savannah, to a gentleman in this city:

"DEAR SIR: It is with no small degree of gratification that I transmit to you, according to promise, a partial description of my first voyage in the first steamship that was ever launched; and in that sentence the proprietors blend their own honor with that of the nation. * * * * You are aware that a fresh breeze and a rapid flood opposed the commencement of our voyage from Savannah, yet we were propelled by the steam-power against wind and tide at the rate of five nautical miles an hour. * * * * * We soon arrived abreast of Tybee Light, and the weather wearing a tempestuous aspect, it was the opinion of our pilot that it would be of little use to proceed until next morning. * * * * At daybreak the wind was favorable, and with our engine in motion, aided by royals and studding-sails, we literally flew over the retiring waves. * * * * On Thursday evening we anchored off Charleston bar, took in a pilot, and the next morning came up to the city without sail, as rapid as if under every one, before a fair breeze, while other ships were becalmed and lifeless, if I may use the term. When we arrived we were honored with repeated cheering from the astonished and delighted crowds that were assembled on the docks and vessels, and they were as cordially returned. We glided quickly and majestically before the city, threading the mazes of our course between the vessels at anchor with the ease and facility of a dolphin. The obliging attention of Capt. Rogers, the superiority of the accommodations, and the perfect safety, despatch, and management of the steamship Savannah must render her an object of the most decided preference to all who consult comfort and convenience. * * * * *
—*Georgian, Friday, April 20, 1819.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

For Liverpool. The steamship Savannah, Capt. Rogers, will, without fail, proceed for Liverpool this day, 20th instant. Passengers, if any offer, can be well accommodated. Apply on board.—*Georgian, May 20, 1819.*

SHIP NEWS.

Cleared;—Steamship Savannah, Rogers, St. Petersburg, Scarborough & M'Kinnee.—*Georgian, Friday, May 21, 1819.*

Extract of a letter from Liverpool to a gentleman in this city: "The steamship Savannah arrived a few days ago, to the great astonishment of the people of this city. She came up without sails, and was much admired. * * *"
—*Georgian, Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1819.*

STEAMSHIP.

An article copied into the London papers of August 7, from the *Chester Chronicle*, headed "Savannah Steam-Packet," gives a highly flattering and minute account of the size and structure of that vessel. A more handsome specimen of naval architecture, it is said, never entered a British port. * * * * We had some conversation with the captain (Rogers), who is not remarkable for being communicative, and from the purport of his answers we are inclined to believe that the rumor of the vessel being a present to the Emperor Alexander is totally groundless; but we, nevertheless, are of the opinion that the Czar may purchase it, if he likes. The fact is, the Savannah is sent to Europe merely as a specimen of trans-Atlantic ship architecture, and will become the property of the highest bidder. A silent civility pervades the whole crew, from the captain to the black cook. * * * *—*Georgian, Saturday, Oct. 2, 1819.*

The steamship Savannah is yet in our harbor, and will probably winter here. * * * * We have had an opportunity of seeing some of the letters from Europeans and Americans in Europe, who had an opportunity of seeing and sailing in this vessel. They all speak with admiration of the performance of the vessel, and with praise of the skill and deportment of Captain Rogers. * * * * We understand Captain Rogers means to offer her to

the government, and we believe it will find it an advantageous bargain to purchase her on reasonable terms.—*Nat. Intell., 25th ult. Georgian, Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1820.*

The Savannah was fifty days from St. Petersburg to Savannah, including four days at Copenhagen, and four at Arundel, Norway. She encountered a very heavy gale in the North Sea, as well as several on the Atlantic, and two on her passage from Washington to Savannah; "but her machinery met with no accident," and the only loss sustained was that of a "small boat and anchors." Evidently Captain Rogers discharged the difficult duties of his position with rare fidelity, and shows himself to have been in every way worthy of the trust and confidence reposed in him. A half century and more have elapsed since his memorable voyage in the steamship Savannah, but time does not dim its lustre, and the history of the World's First Ocean Steamer will ever testify to the liberality and judgment of her projector, and to the skill and courage of her commander.

It may be interesting to add that the Sirius and Great Western arrived in New York harbor April 23, 1838. "The Great Western was the largest steamer then afloat in the world. She was 234 feet in length, breadth of beam 35 feet, and her measurement 1346 tons. The passage was made in 14½ days. The Sirius was of only 700 tons, and her engines of 320 horse power. The passage occupied 18 days." She is mentioned as being the smallest steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic, but our readers will agree with us, we think, in awarding this distinction, if it be such, to the steamship Savannah.

A LOCOMOTIVE SONG.

TO BE SAID, OR SUNG, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE FIRST RAILWAY CARS INTO CONCORD, N. H.*

TUNE: "*Ye Mariners of England.*"

BY GEORGE KENT.

Ye *wagoners* of Merrimack,
Whose oxen chew the cud,
Whose wheels have braved, through scores of years,
The gravel and the mud;
Your dusty labors stay apace,
Nor seek to watch a foe,
That can sweep, to the deep,
As the locomotives go—
When the steam is rising fast and far,
And the locomotives go.

The spirits of your fathers
Would start at such a sight,
For the old highway was erst their track,
With "*haw buck!*" and "*gee bright!*"
Where their "laboring wain" has toppled down,
New scenes your eyes shall greet,
As you sweep, o'er vale and steep,
In the railway cars so neat,
While the steam is rising fast and far,
Round the railway cars so neat.

New Hampshire needs no *bull-work*—
No teams along the steep—
Her march is o'er the railroad track,
Her home its onward sweep.
With steam-power from her native pines,
She spurns the earth below,
With a sweep, towards the deep,
Where the locomotives go—
While the steam is rising fast and far,
And the locomotives go.

The steam-power of New Hampshire
More wide shall yet be seen,
Till the old *pung-team* in peace departs,
With things that once have been.
Then, then, ye *locomotives*,
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
Where the dust has ceas'd to blow—
Where the wagon creak is heard no more,
And the dust has ceas'd to blow.

* Living in Concord forty or fifty years ago, and at the time of the first entry of railway cars into that place, I anticipated the event by a hasty penning of the following lines, which have never before seen the light, and have just come to view on an inspection of a mass of my old forgotten papers. If worth publishing at all, the effusion may very likely owe its publicity, in a measure, to the familiar appreciation of Campbell's favorite naval song, of which it is to some extent a parody. GEORGE KENT.
Washington, D. C., April, 1881.

PROF. DAVID CROSBY.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

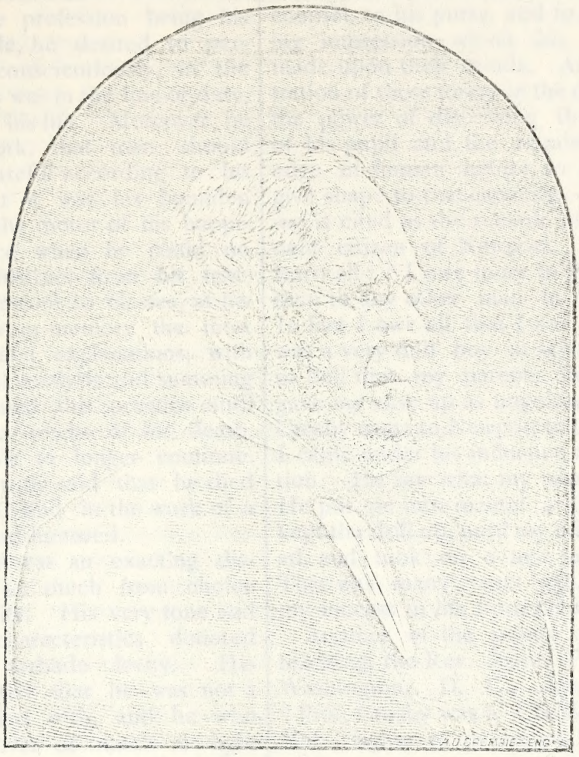
Prof. David Crosby, an eminent New Hampshire scholar and teacher, who was widely known and highly esteemed, departed this life at his home in Nashua on Saturday evening, February 26, 1881. The deceased was a native of Hebron, this state, and seventy-three years of age. His father was a well-to-do man, who believed that a common school education would answer all the requirements of his children, and for them to aspire to anything more liberal was something quite unreasonable. When, therefore, the subject of this sketch suggested to him that he fostered an ambition to obtain more of knowledge than was to be obtained at the district school, he was much surprised, and, doubtless considering the boy a dreamer who had builded castles in the air, attempted to discourage him. The youth, like the man, as his career in life fully demonstrated, acted not from impulse, but from a conviction that his future usefulness depended upon the realization of his desire.

It was his ruling characteristic in whatever he attempted—a characteristic that developed strength through the necessities of his calling, for a teacher must be positive that he understands his subject, and has the correct solution—to first make sure that he was right. Having satisfied himself that the position he assumed was tenable he met opposition with argument and whoever convinced him of error of judgment, must meet reason with reason and show him conclusive proof. In the matter of an education, he had evidently made up his mind that if he would reach the end he had in view, he must lay the foundation deep, and in a cultured mental training, such as is only to be obtained in the halls of learning. To this proposition there is no successful negative argument, and hence the stern parent was compelled to acknowledge its force and yield the mooted point. He gave his consent but did not give pecuniary support with it. To most young men similarly situated, the lukewarmness of a father, and the withholding of the means necessary to accomplish so laudable an undertaking, would be an effectual discouragement. Not so with young Crosby. Opposition only nerved his resolve, and he set out to accomplish his purpose by individual effort.

In those days money was scarce and the opportunity less encouraging than now, and yet, as in all generations, where there is a will there is a way, and he had the one and by indomitable pluck he found the other. In fact he labored assidiously at whatever his hands found to do. He collected money for a denomination fund, he canvassed as an agent, he taught district and private schools, and in these employments he earned the money necessary to pay his bills while pursuing his studies at Kimball Union Academy, and by practising self-denial and the most rigid economy, to continue at Dartmouth College, where he graduated with high honors in the class of 1833, with fifty cents in his pocket and the good will of the faculty.

Among his class-mates who survive him are the Hon. Edward Spalding of Nashua, Hon. Asa Fowler of Concord, Judge Samuel Sawyer of Missouri, Prof. John Lord, the distinguished lecturer, and other men who have become eminent in letters and professions.

During Prof. Crosby's last year in college he taught a select school in Newport, and it was his intention to settle there, but upon receiving an invitation from a college friend to take charge of a school in Nashua, he changed his plans, and in 1834 we find him engaged in teaching in this city and

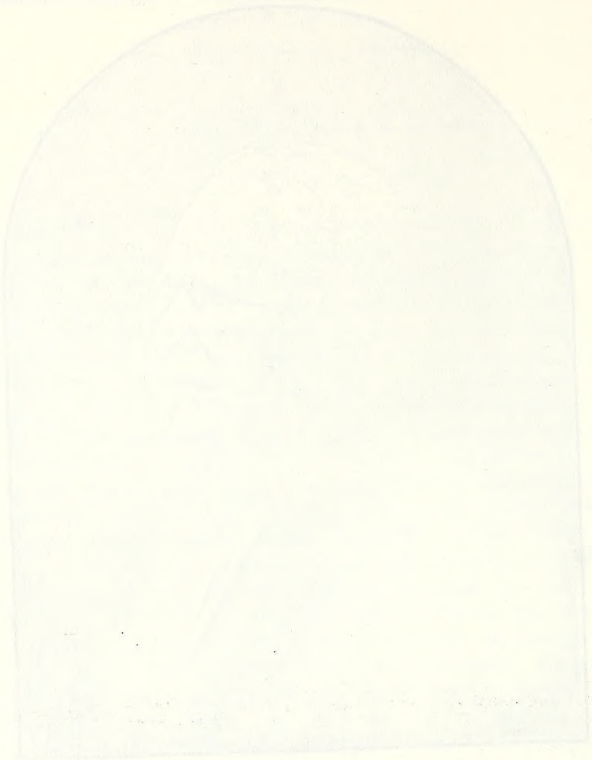


David Crosby.

restoring discipline to a private school that had become notoriously unruly. He remained at this post about six months, and was successful in both his undertakings. A pupil of that school says: "I still have a distinct impression of him as he stood on the platform and briefly addressed us; erect, resolute in aspect, the pose of head, shape of mouth, flash of eyes, and ring of voice all indicated, and truly, firmness in purpose and promptness in action." He then went to New Hampton, and taught one or two terms in the Institution, but having become attached to Nashua and her people, and feeling that the place offered a legitimate field of labor he returned and in 1836 became principal of the High School.

On the 19th of July, 1836, he was united in marriage with Miss Louisa S. Hunton of Unity, this state, a most estimable lady of culture and Christian graces, who shared his labor, encouraged him in his chosen profession and who was seven years principal of the female department of his Institution. Mrs. Crosby survives her husband, and has the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

In 1840, Prof. Crosby founded and caused to be incorporated the Nashua Literary Institution, a seminary of learning that flourished nearly forty years, and of which he was the honored head and principal until about two years ago, when, on account of failing sight and the infirmities of age, it was discontinued and the building, situated on Park Street, sold and converted into dwelling houses. He could not, however, content himself in idleness after more than fifty years of active life. He felt that he was called of God as a



teacher, and, the profession being his joy and his pride, he desired to perform his task conscientiously, in the full faith that he was in the line of duty, unto the end of his life. Moreover, he believed in work, that man should make himself useful according to his opportunity, that it was his bounden duty as well as the motor of his happiness, and hence when he could no longer see to instruct from his text-books he gave lessons to classes, at his home, making from memory the most minute and careful explanations, with clear and logical analysis and summing up. He continued this practice until within five or six weeks of his death, or till too feeble to longer continue. It may thus be truly said that he died in the harness, and in the work of a profession he had honored.

The deceased was an exacting disciplinarian, not so much from choice as from necessity. His very tone and gesture, his characteristics denoted firmness and forbade levity. His bearing suggested that he was not a man to be trifled with, and he who failed to discover as much at sight must have been indeed a dull scholar. He governed mostly, however, by kindness and by enthusing his pupils with a purpose to develop good manners as a necessary accomplishment to learning. As a teacher he was remarkable for his plain and concise statement of a problem and for his clear elucidation of matters and things to which it appertained in its practical bearing. He was thorough in all things and despised sham and pretence in the halls of learning, as he did in the transactions of life and the events of society. During the fifty-six years that he was before the people of New Hampshire as a teacher, some of the best known and most honored of the active New Hampshire men and women of to-day were his scholars; some of the brightest and most influential clergymen and members of other professions fitted for college under his tuition, and many men there are, scattered throughout the Union, who owe their success in life to his instruction, to his words of counsel, to his purse, and to the enduring impression which his character made upon their minds. As an illustration of these forces in the deceased—the power of discerning the capacity of his pupil and the requisite knowledge of human nature, to arouse and give shape to that capacity—the following is cited as the remark of a prominent citizen of Newport. From one learn all: "I owe more to Prof. Crosby than to any other man in the world. In fact I owe all that I am to him. I was a very dull boy at school. I was so dull that my parents and teachers gave my case up as hopeless until Prof. Crosby came to Newport to teach, when I came under his influence and instruction. He saw what my mind required. He put me into mental arithmetic and kept the drill up, until my mind expanded, and took on a new turn entirely. That was many years ago, but I date my success in life from his instruction."

Another of the pupils of his early teaching, the Rev. Royal Parkinson of Washington, D. C., says of him: "Prof. Crosby was a Christian teacher. Not 'righteous overmuch.' He did not put on any sanctimonious affectation or make believe; he did not do or say anything for the sake of seeming religious. His religion was much more inside than outside—'truth in the inward parts' so vitalized and infused into his spirit and motives that it manifested itself spontaneously in his outer life. He was clear and unhesitating in deciding questions of duty, because he reasoned with simplicity and directness. He did not wait to consider what was customary, or would be expedient, or popular, but mind and convenience went straight, and with concentrated force, for what was right. And with him to be right was to be both safe and invincible. This habitual consciousness of obeying his convictions of right was the source of a manly self-respect and self-reliance. This trait not only inspired the confidence and respect of his pupils, but its silent influence tended strongly to develop the same basis of a manly self-respect and self-reliance in the characters they were forming under

his tuition. Another excellence: he had the rare faculty of helping his pupils most by helping them least; instead of solving their difficulties for them, he directed them how to use the abilities they had for solving them themselves. What he did for the Newport pupil, who had been made to believe himself a hopeless dunce, he did for a multitude of others—skilfully revealed to them their latent talents and so, in place of self-distrust, inspired self-reliance."

Prof. Crosby was among the first of the men of southern New Hampshire to identify himself with the Anti-Slavery cause. In this, as in all the concerns of life, he acted from a sense of conviction—as he knew no such word as "expedient," and was not moved by impulse. It was his nice sense of fair and impartial justice that impelled him, and his mode of reasoning by the higher law that caused him to be pronounced and outspoken. Faint-heartedness in a great cause, the cause of God and man, was not one of his characteristics. He spoke his mind freely, with due repect to the convictions of others, and yet with an emphasis that left no shadow of a doubt concerning his attitude to the question. It is remembered of him in this connection, by his estimable widow: that all his impulses were for the freedom of the slave; that at the very door of the house where he lived and died, he had assured the flying bondman of his sympathy; in his home he had fed him, and from his purse he had assisted him on his weary way to the safe refuge of Britain's flag. More he could not do. This he freely did, and when questioned he answered with Spartan severity: "David Crosby takes the responsibility. If there is any broken law that should be vindicated, take my property, and if that does not satisfy the demand, take my body!" The white-plumed marshal of Wagram was not braver in the performance of duty than was this plain and unassuming man of peace and letters. And when, mid a pause in the battles of freedom, Abraham Lincoln issued the grand proclamation, that struck the shackles from many million people, no man in the Republic thanked God with more of honest fervancy, or walked erect with more of glad triumph.

Prof. Crosby's knowledge of the emotional masses of the people—the men and women who are crazed by every new sensation, who are in the path of virtue and sobriety to-day, and wandering far from it to-morrow—was limited, as it must always be with the student and teacher whose mind is absorbed in the profession he honored. In a word, he knew nothing of the world, as men, who are from necessity or otherwise an active part of it, and therefore he misunderstood the motives that often actuated worthy people who disagreed with him in things pertaining to public morals, and which he conceived to be of vital importance to the well-being of the community. The disagreements, however, were always an argumentative view and tersely put. In everything which he felt it his duty to oppose, his honesty or his motive were never called in question, for he took the responsibility, and whatever he wrote or published was over his own name. He was in earnest opposition to the running of railroad trains on Sunday, and he did not hesitate to take a prominent stand against it. He believed it an abomination to dance in academic halls on Commencement Day, or at any other time, for that matter; and his voice and pen emphasized it. He could not understand the necessity of much frivolous amusement; he felt that it had a tendency to undermine the church and society, and he stood in his place and denounced it, and no person questioned him. It was the protest of a patriarch, and well-bred men and women respected him in it. They might demur, but the logic of Puritanical doctrines and traditions stamped much of his creed as undeniably true, and excused their conduct only on the assumption that their generation is wiser than his and more liberal in its interpretation of what shall constitute the acceptable conduct of life.

The deceased started out in life as an Orthodox Congregationalist. In 1835, when he first took up his abode in Nashua, his views became changed in regard to baptism, and thereupon he was immersed, after which he united with the First Baptist Church of that city, continuing one of its honored members to the day of his death. He was constant in his attendance on divine services, active in all matters pertaining to the church and individuals, and a Christian man whose example it was always safe to have before the aspiring youth of the state. In fact it may be said in all truth and soberness that he impressed his characteristics upon those about him and upon the community in which he moved; that the world is better for his having lived in it, and the cause of education advanced by his labor, research and sacrifice. Thus it is that a good and true man's life-work is done, is well done. Thus it is that his life was rounded out and made complete, so that when his last hours came there were no regrets, no accusing conscience, no halting, no worrying, but a calm and peaceful end—resigned, satisfied. In simple Christian faith, in honor among his townsmen, in the affection of the friends and acquaintances of more than half a century, in acts of benevolence, in a fixed purpose to be serviceable to his fellow-men, in probity, in honest living, as a generous friend, as a Christian man who practiced what he professed, as a gentle husband, as an exemplary citizen, as a neighbor who could be depended upon in all emergencies, he came nearer the perfect standard than most men. It is well with David Crosby. His death will recall pleasant memories of school days to more than two thousand of his former pupils who survive him and sunny will be the remembrance of him so long as one remains this side of the mysterious bourne he has travelled.

The funeral took place at the First Baptist Church in Nashua, on Wednesday afternoon, March 2d, when, according to the *Telegraph* of that city, there was present a large congregation, in which the profession of which the deceased was an honored member was represented by members of the Board of Education, by superintendent, principals, and teachers of the public schools, and the graduates of the Nashua Literary Institution, by some of the best known and most respected men and women of New Hampshire. There were also in attendance a large number of the life-long friends of the deceased, both in the church and private walks of life. In fact the disposition of the people, those absent as well as those present at the funeral, was to pay just tribute to the memory of a man whose upright walk and chaste conversation had done much to elevate public morals and advance the cause of the Master. The floral offerings were very beautiful. The Rev. George W. Nicholson of New Jersey, and the Rev. W. H. Eaton, D. D., of Keene, former pastors and friends of the deceased, performed the religious exercises and spoke tender and truthful eulogy. Mr. John D. Chandler conducted the funeral, and Hon. Edward Spalding, Dr. J. C. Garland, Hon. Charles Williams, Mr. John M. Hopkins, Mr. John M. Flanders, and Deas. E. W. Upham, W. A. Swallow, and Mark N. Merrill were the pall-bearers.

THE TRIANGULATION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY PROF. E. T. QUIMBY.

One of the most important enterprises that can engage the attention of a civilized nation is the survey of its own territory. The furnishing of accurate charts of its coast line and harbors, the opening of its rivers and inland waters to navigation and a knowledge of its interior topography are factors of a nation's success, without which it cannot well protect itself in time of war, nor greatly prosper in mercantile and industrial pursuits in time of peace. Our own nation, the youngest of the great nations of the earth, has not failed to appreciate these advantages, and the "United States Coast Survey," authorized by Congress in 1807, has attained the highest rank among national surveys both in extent and in scientific accuracy. Its original purpose, as indicated by its name, was the survey of the coast as a work of primary importance to the commerce of the nation; but later, the work upon the coast being well advanced, in 1871 the able and progressive superintendent of the survey, Professor Benjamin Peirce of Cambridge proposed to continue the geodetic portion throughout the country in accordance with the original established idea, with an immediate and a special connection of the Atlantic and Pacific coast. An appeal to Congress for the requisite funds secured an act, establishing for this purpose, in connection with the Coast Survey, a "Geodetic Connection Survey." This act provided "For extending the triangulation of the Coast Survey so as to form a geodetic connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts of the United States. * * * * Provided, that the triangulation shall determine points in each state of the Union, which shall make requisite provisions for its own topographical and geological surveys."

The state of New Hampshire had already commenced a geological survey and was therefore entitled to a share of the appropriation made by Congress to carry out the provisions of the act above named. On application of the governor, Hon. Onslow Stearns, the writer was appointed by Prof. Peirce to take charge of the triangulation of New Hampshire, and the work was begun at Crotchet Mountain in Francestown, July 1, 1871 (this being the first day of the fiscal year when the appropriation became available), and has been since continued each year, except in 1877, when for some reason the usual appropriation was not made. In 1879 the title of Coast Survey was changed to that of "United States Coast and Geodetic Survey" to conform with the character and extent of its additional sphere of duties, and the work of triangulation under the present efficient superintendent, Hon. C. P. Patterson, has already been commenced in sixteen states.

The annexed sketch shows the progress of the work in New Hampshire to the present time, and also includes the scheme as extended into Vermont. In this sketch the original coast work extends to the stations Monadnock, Unkonoonuc, Patuccawa, Gunstock, and Ossipee, Me. All north and west of these belong to the Geodetic Survey. The stations here shown are only the principal points, such as are occupied for the purpose of observation, several hundred subordinate points being omitted, whose latitude, longitude and altitude will ultimately be determined.

Such is the history of the triangulation of New Hampshire, to which it may not be uninteresting to add briefly an explanation of the methods by which a Geodetic Survey is accomplished.

A Geodetic Survey is one of such

extent as to require the consideration of the form of the earth to give its results the required accuracy. When a farm, of a few hundred acres only, is surveyed, the error arising from regarding the surface of the earth as a plane, is inappreciable, and the principles of plane trigonometry will give sufficiently accurate results; but when very large areas are concerned, this error cannot be ignored and the survey must be based upon a knowledge of the form of the earth's surface. If the earth were an exact sphere, the formulas of spherical trigonometry would suffice, but since it is really an ellipsoid, these formulas need modification to suit the particular ellipsoid on which we work. One of the great problems of science has been to determine the ratio of the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth. When this is determined approximately and formulas are constructed for the purpose of a geodetic survey, the application of these formulas to a survey extending through many degrees of latitude will show an error due to the want of accuracy in this ratio. The amount of this error enables us to determine more accurately the ratio required.

The field work of a survey furnishes the data from which a map, that is a delineation on paper of the natural features of the region surveyed, may be made. This delineation may be given with great minuteness of detail, or the minor features may be omitted, retaining only the more prominent and important. The field work embraces the three departments of triangulation, topography, and hydrography. The triangulation furnishes the data for determining the correct positions of various prominent points, including, besides hills and mountains, steeples, cupolas, flagpoles, &c., which furnish ready points of reference. From the triangulation we have the skeleton of a map, like the sketch here shown. The topography fills up the map, and may show every stream, hill, road, house, tree and stone. It is expected that the state will supplement the triangulation made by the United States by furnishing the means of making a topographical survey, such as will give to its citizens a more complete and perfect map than has hitherto been made. The legislature of 1872 made an appropriation of twenty dollars for each town for the purpose of setting signals by which the number of points determined by the triangulation has been largely increased.

It is well known that when one side and two angles of a triangle are measured the other sides and angle may be readily found. The third angle is very easily found by simply subtracting the sum of the two measured angles from the known sum of the three angles of the triangle, which in a plane triangle is 180° and in a spherical or spheroidal triangle is 180° plus a small angle, easily determined, called the spherical excess. If, therefore, two of the angles of a triangle could be measured with perfect accuracy, it would be wholly unnecessary to measure the third, but in Geodetic Surveys requiring great accuracy, the three angles of each triangle are measured for the sake of the check thus furnished upon the measurements made. It will also be observed that our sketch consists of a series of quadrilaterals, each of which is divided by its two diagonals into two pair of triangles. We have therefore virtually two independent sets of triangles, furnishing another check to the work.

In entering upon a survey of a new section, a reconnoissance is first made to select the stations, by which the required quadrilaterals are formed. The station points are permanently marked by a copper or iron bolt in the rock, around which is usually cut a triangle to facilitate the finding of the spot. A full description of the station is also made with a sketch of its surroundings, together with a minute explanation of the most feasible route from the nearest village to the summit, the purpose being to enable any one in future years to find with certainty the station bolt, or in the absence of the bolt, the hole where it was placed.

The instruments used by the Coast

and Geodetic survey for the measurement of angles are of the best construction and of much larger size than those used in ordinary surveys, the circles varying from ten to thirty inches. With one of these instruments and with a tent or other portable structure to protect from wind, sun and rain, the observer locates himself at some station where he measures each of the angles centering there, from forty to seventy times, taking advantage of different conditions of the atmosphere on different days and different times of day to get a set of measures whose average shall be a close approximation to the true measures required. This usually requires several weeks at each station, the time depending upon the number of days furnishing a clear atmosphere.

Besides the angles, one line must be measured, called the base line, and as the accuracy of the result will depend on the accuracy with which this line is measured, it is necessary to make this measurement with the greatest care. In making the reconnoissance, a suitable line situated upon a nearly level plain is brought into the scheme for this purpose, and the extremities are permanently marked in a manner not easily disturbed by frosts or other external influences. The surface of the earth between these termini is graded, and the distance is then measured with measuring rods, the perfection of which is largely due to Professor Bache, a former superintendent of the survey. So accurate are these rods, and so skilfully are they handled that a line five to eight miles in length can be remeasured with a variation of not more than one tenth of an inch. A description of this base-measuring apparatus, and the manner in which it is used, would be interesting to every man of science, but it would require more space than we have now at command. In closing let us bespeak in behalf of the New Hampshire Survey the interest of every citizen, for it is a work which brings its benefits to all.

MADRIGAL.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

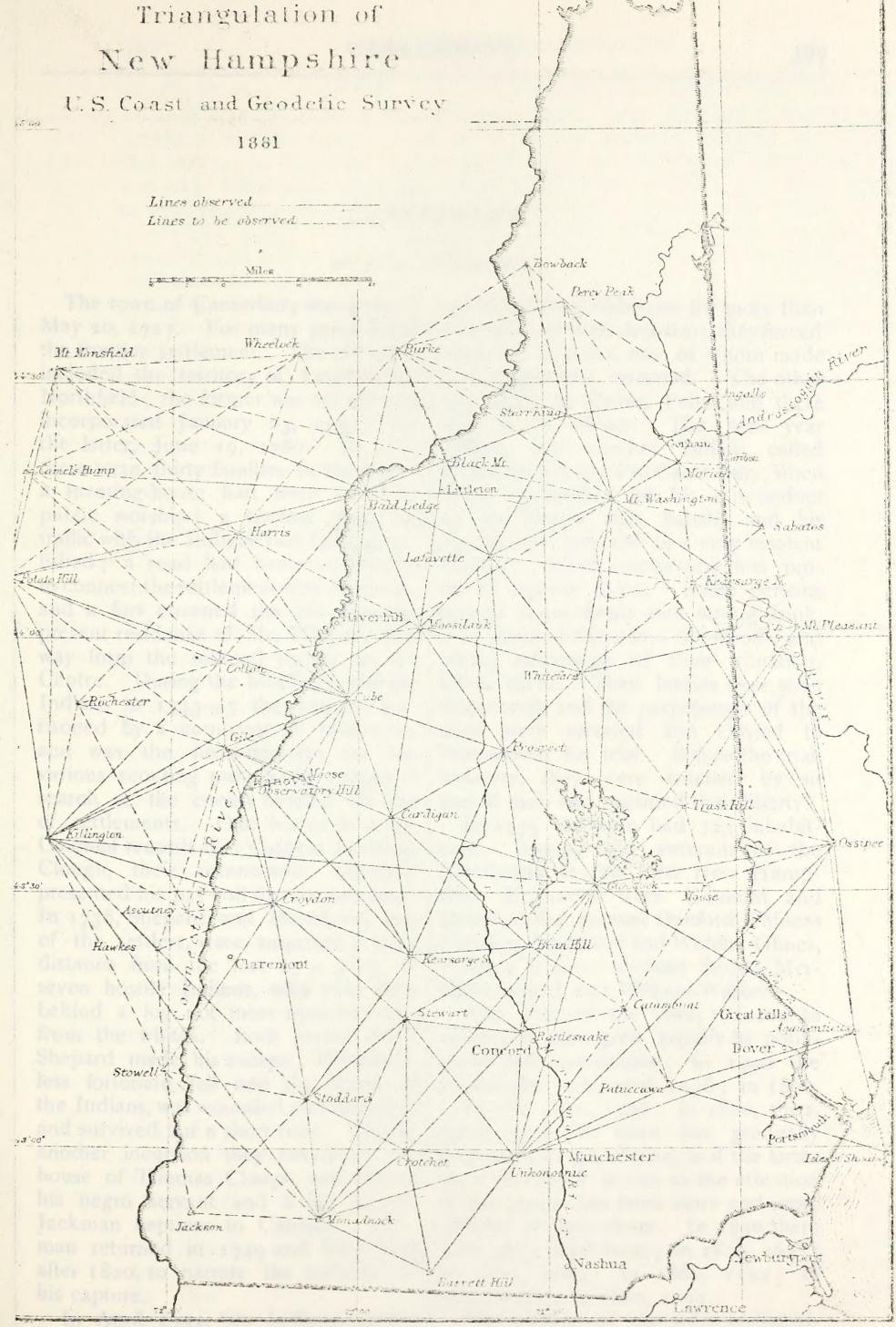
When gay hearts are round me,
And youth laughs in glee,
I'm thinking of thee, love,—
I'm thinking of thee.

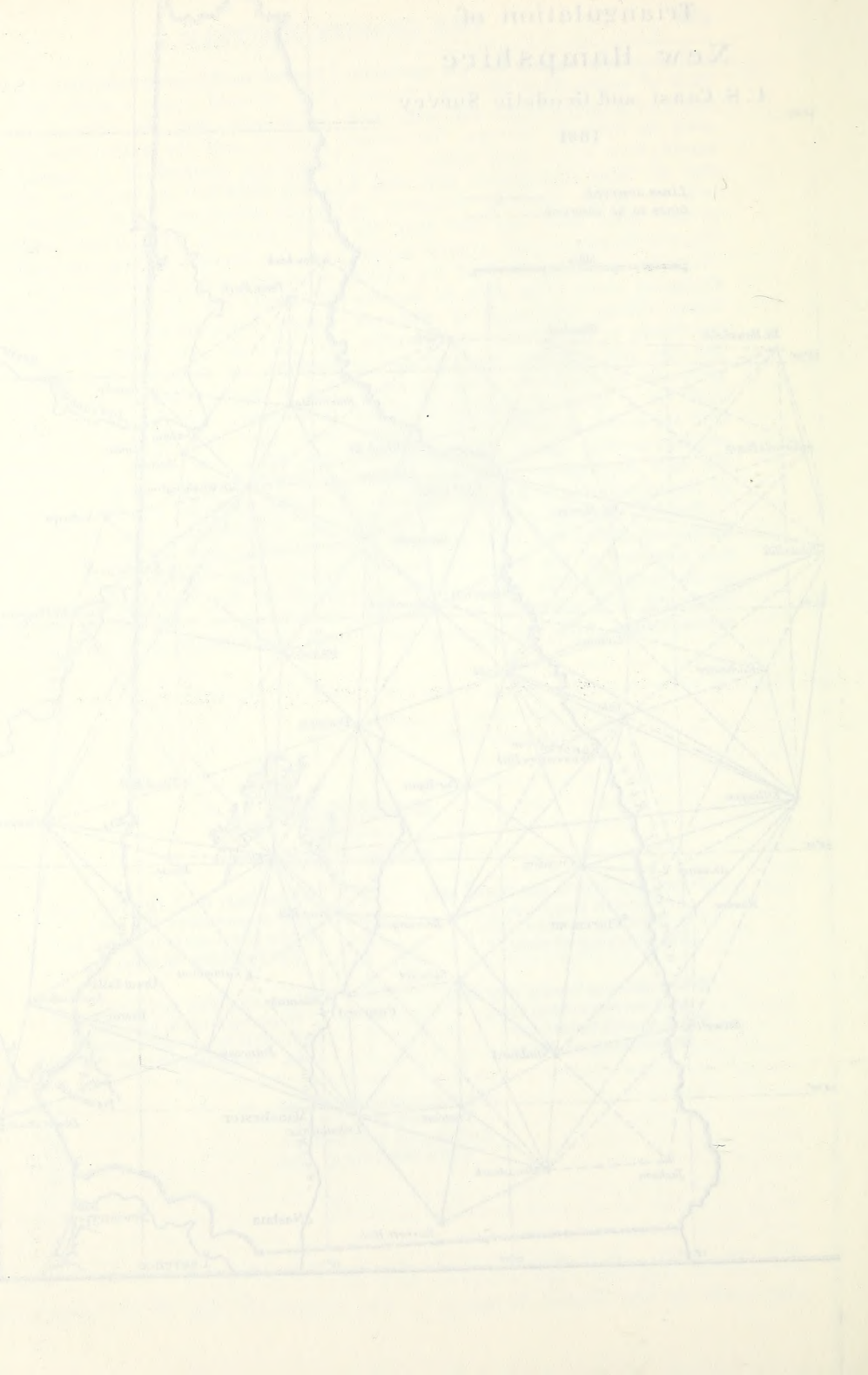
When sadness comes o'er me,
And sorrows drop free,
The joy still before me
Is, thinking of thee.

When stars deck the sky, love,
Or moonbeams the sea;
When sleep seals my eye, love,
I'm thinking of thee.

When sunshine and glory,
Wrap mountain and lea,
Still, still my heart's story
Is, "thinking of thee."

Whate'er may befall me,
Thy own love I'll be;
And angels will call me
While *thinking of thee.*


Triangulation of
New Hampshire
U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey
1881
Lines observed
Lines to be observed
Miles
Bowback
Percy Peak
Mt Mansfield
Wheelock
Burke
Ingalls
Androscoggin River
Starrigan
Gorham
Caribou
Camels Hump
Black Mt.
Meriden
Middleton
Mt. Washington
Bald Ledge
Sabatos
Harris
Lafayette
Potato Hill
Kearsarge N.
Silver Hill
Moosilauke
Mt. Pleasant
Connecticut River
Whiteface
Collins
Rochester
Tobe
Gile
Prospect
Moose
Observatory Hill
Trash Hill
Cardigan
Killington
Ossipee
Mouse
Croydon
Ascutney
Hawkes
Kearsarge
Ragged Mt.
Claremont
Connecticut River
Catamount
Great Falls
Stewart
Rattlesnake
Concord
Bower
Stowell
Stoddard
Pattecawa
Portsmouth
Isles of Shoals
Crotched
Manchester
Uncanoonuc
Jackson
Monadnock
Nashua
Newburyport
Barrett Hill
Lawrence



CANTERBURY.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

The town of Canterbury was granted May 20, 1727. For many years it was the frontier settlement. The old grant included the territory of Loudon and Northfield; the former was set off and incorporated January 23, 1773; the the latter, June 19, 1780. In 1740 there were thirty families in the town; a meeting-house had been built for public worship; a trading post for traffic with the Indians had been established; a road had been constructed to connect the settlement with Durham; and a fort crowned the hill near the present residence of Mr. Pillsbury, half way from the railroad station to the Centre. During the hostilities with the Indians in 1743–45 the fort was garrisoned by a company of volunteers, and was the head-quarters for the various scouting parties who ranged in search of the enemy beyond the line of settlements. One learns from the Colonial records that Captain Jeremiah Clough, their commander, regularly presented his pay-roll for the company. In 1738, Shepard and Blanchard, two of the settlers, were surprised a short distance from the fort by a party of seven hostile Indians, who rose from behind a log not more than two rods from the whites. Both parties fired. Shepard made his escape; Blanchard, less fortunate, fell into the hands of the Indians, was wounded and mangled, and survived but a short time. During another incursion they ransacked the house of Thomas Clough, and carried his negro servant and a lad named Jackman captives to Canada. Jackman returned in 1749 and lived until after 1820, to narrate the incidents of his capture.

In April, 1752, two Indians, named Sabatis and Christi, came into Canterbury, where they were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants for more than a month. At their departure they forced away two negroes, one of whom made his escape and returned. The other was taken to Crown Point and there sold to an officer. The next year Sabatis, with another Indian, called Plausawa, returned to Canterbury, when being reproached for his misconduct on his former visit, Sabatis and his companion behaved in a very insolent manner. Much excitement was produced against them. Some persons treated them freely with strong drink. One pursued them into the woods, and taking advantage of their situation, killed them. Their bodies were soon discovered, and the perpetrators of the deed were arrested and carried to Portsmouth for trial. Before the trial, however, they were rescued by an armed mob and regained their liberty.

In 1775 the town had 723 inhabitants. Among the veterans of the Revolution in the First New Hampshire Regiment were Edmund and Daniel Colby, Samuel Danford, Phineas Fletcher, Nathaniel and William Glines, William Rhines, Michael Sutten, Merrill Sheppard, and William Walker.

After the war the town, reduced to its present size, grew rapidly in population and importance; in 1790 the inhabitants numbered 1038; in 1800, 1114; in 1810, 1526; in 1820, 1702. Since 1820 the town has gradually decreased in population, and the farms have increased in size as the attention of the people has been more and more devoted to agriculture. In 1830 there were 1663 inhabitants; in 1840, 1643; in 1850, 1614; in 1860, 1522; in 1870, 1169; in 1880, 1034.

The surface of the town is diversified: along the Merrimack river extends the wide, rich intervale, highly culti-

vated and very productive; about one hundred feet above the river level is the second river terrace, known throughout this section as the pine plains, where the trees have long since fell, victim to man's cupidity, and the sheep find a precarious living among the scrub bushes and sprout growth. Rolling back from this plain are the hills, not precipitous, cultivated on the sides and summits, checkered by field, pasture, and wood-lots. The rolling fields, immaculately free from stones, surrounded by massive walls, indicate the perseverance and energy of a former generation who, owning the soil they cultivated for the first time in centuries, loved it and loved to cultivate it and adorn it. The grand old elms, oaks and maples are relics of their foresight. The town was originally laid out in the irregular checker-board style, but the highways, ignoring all regularity or convenience, spread out over the town with the most mysterious intent, leading somewhere and everywhere, by the most devious ways, clinging fondly to the most precipitous and impossible, yet, withal, most picturesque routes.

The town is becoming a popular resort for the people from the city, who seek among its hills and vales the health and pleasure which quiet, rest, mountain air and beautiful scenery insure. For them the old house is burnished up, the door-yard freed from chips, and dimity curtains hung in the windows.

The only semblance of a village is at the Centre; where the Orthodox church rears its proud steeple heavenward, and faces the quiet graveyard where generations of Canterbury yeomen, esquires, gentlemen and dames await the last trump. In the good old days of personal freedom the town maintained a hostelry known as the tramp-house, which is now domesticated as a dependent L. Modestly the town-house of the fathers shrinks from observation and is partially hid by its more pretentious neighbor, the church. The prudent selectmen have squandered no money upon its exterior for probably a century, and its weather-stained front blends with the rural scene. Dr. Jonathan Kittredge lived in the mansion flanking the square, doled out his medical secrets for hire, and raised a family who have graced the various professions. Here Judge Jonathan Kittredge first exercised the judicial functions of his mind. The house reminds one of the medieval ages; yet its halls resound to the prattle of infancy. A. H. Brown is the A. T. Stewart of the town. For twenty years last past he has ministered to the corporal wants of Canterbury, dealing out the sweets and sours, attending to the clerkly business of the town, and devoting considerable attention to the improvement of an assorted breed of hogs. He is not to the manor born, although his better half is. His mercantile operations are not confined to the limited sphere of Canterbury. His energies have sought an outlet at the Weirs, where a branch store will be run at full blast the coming season.

Tradition has it that the maiden speech of William E. Chandler was delivered in this village while yet he was in his legal infancy. This fact should be ascertained beyond a question. Certain it is, however, that the village echoes have been awakened by the silvery tones of Henry Robinson, James O. Lyford, and Herbert F. Norris.

A weather-worn blacksmith-shop encroaches on the cemetery.

All the highways converge more or less directly to the Centre. The main thoroughfare extends toward the railroad station, thence across the intervale and a substantial bridge to Boscawen Plains. Another road leads to Fisherville. One road leads to the base of Zion's Hill, while a branch leads by its summit onwards to the borough, or Hackelborough District.

This Zion's Hill is crowned by a deserted farm, and deserves a more particular description. It is situated about two miles north of the Centre. Here, in the early part of the century, the sect of Osgoodites flourished. All the buildings have been removed or have crumbled in ruins, save a dilap-

idated shanty, which is fast falling to pieces. The farm shows signs of careful cultivation in past years, although now it has a sadly neglected appearance. The stone walls, so nicely built, dividing field from pasture, are tumbling down. The apple trees and the cherry trees show the lack of cultivation, and there is the air of desolation everywhere. From the main road the house is approached by a drive bordered by a row of maples, planted at regular distances. One of the saddest spots around the old place is the grave-yard. From the grave stones which it contains I copied the following inscriptions:

"Betsey, wife of Joseph Kenison, died Aug. 37, 1829, æ 57 years."

"Here beneath these marble stones
Sleeps the dust and rests the bones
Of one who lived a christian life
Twas Hannah Haines, Josiah's wife
She was a woman full of truth
And feared God from early youth
And priest and elders did her light
Because she brought her deeds to light.
She died April 26, 1828, in the 40th year of her age.

"Josiah Haines died May 29, 1838, æ 60.
He was a blessing to the saints
To sinners rich and poor
He was a kind and worthy man
He's gone to be no more
He kept the faith unto the end
And left the world in peace
He did not for a Doctor send
Nor for a hireling Priest."

"Josiah, son of Josiah and Hannah Haines died Sept. 6, 1813, æ 6 years."

"Jonathan McDaniel, died Mar. 31, 1858, æ 53 years, 7 mos. 21ds. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"Charlotte, wife of Jonathan McDaniel, died Dec. 6, 1855, æ 63 years 9 mos. 6ds."

"Betsey Kenison, wife of John Lake, died Mar. 2, 1859, æ 63;
My children dear as you pass by
Your mother's grave you see
Not long ago I was with you
And soon you will be with me."

"Nancy, wife of George C. Palmer, died June 25, 1860, æ 47.
Dearest wife thou has left me
Though your loss I deeply feel
But 'tis God that has bereft me
He can all our sorrows heal."

"Polly, wife of Josiah Haines, died Sept. 7, 1872, æ 86."

"Jane Haines, died Sept. 19, 1867, æ 85."

"Here lies Phebe, wife of David Ames, who was a succo-urer of many & brother Osgood also, she died Oct. 30, 1838, æ 82."

Here beside these leaning stones and forgotten graves the poet of the future can sit and ponder and drink in the inspiration of the place, and behold a lovely prospect spread before him. Now that the prim Osgoodites have "gone to be no more," the doctor and even the "hireling priest" can safely visit the spot and gain bodily and spiritual health for themselves from the arduous climb and invigorating atmosphere. There is but a remnant of this sect in existence to-day

About three miles west of the Centre is a cross-road, where a Free Will Baptist church stands sentinel. It has for neighbors a few cottages and a grave-yard. Two miles further away is the wide domain of the Shakers.

Their farm comprises a tract of about 3500 acres most delightfully situated. It was my privilege, two years ago, to map out their property. The month passed in their society will always be pleasantly remembered.

Theirs is a Communistic Society founded in the last part of the eighteenth century, whose members aim to arrive at human perfection. Their ranks are recruited now-a-days from the children whom they receive at a tender age, and carefully instruct in their peculiar tenets. The three families number about one hundred and fifty, including old and young. The main village is a model of prim neatness, where there is a place for everything, and everything can be found in its place. There are on the farm 15 horses, 18 oxen, 65 cows, 20 young cattle, 150 sheep, and six hogs. Their great barn receives annually two hundred tons of hay. A liberal use of fertilizers keeps their fields in good condition from year to year, and their crops are as regular and sure as the season. Much of their land is covered by old growth timber ready for the axe-man, while large groves of maples and extensive apple orchards are an unfailing source of wealth. Everybody about the place is busy, from the half dozen "hired men" to the inevitable small boy. Just east of the village is the vegetable garden cultivated every year for nearly a century, growing richer year by year; to the north of this is the herb garden where are carefully cultivated the medicinal shrubs which enter into the composition of their far-famed SARSAPARILLA; between the two is the bee gard-

en and bee-house. Down the hill to the east, extending into one of their artificial ponds, is a peninsular devoted to the boys, where each youngster cultivates his little patch according to his own sweet will, raising melons, cucumbers, strawberries, or whatever his fancy dictates. This peculiar Society deserves, and shall sometime receive a more detailed description in these pages.

A town depends more upon the character of its inhabitants for fame than upon its natural advantages. Canterbury was originally settled by strong men who have left their impress on the present generation. They were the Cloughs, Gibsons, Fosters, Blanchards, Morrills, Emerys, Kimballs, et als.

Of the present generation Colonel David M. Clough is one of the most energetic, enterprising, successful and celebrated farmers within the Granite State, and has deservedly earned the title of the corn king of New Hampshire. The colonel is the great-grandson of Jeremiah Clough, who settled in Canterbury in 1727, and built the old garrison. Here the hardy pioneer raised a family of five boys and two girls. The oldest boy, Jeremiah Clough, succeeded to his father's home farm; Henry Clough joined the Shakers and became a leading man in that denomination, being one of the founders of the Lebanon (N. Y.) community. Thomas Clough, settled on Bay hill in Northfield, and left no issue. Abner settled on Clough hill in Loudon, giving name to that section of the town, and has left numerous descendants; while Leavitt, the youngest son, and grandfather of Colonel D. M. Clough, settled on the farm now owned by Edward Osgood. One of the sisters married a Gerrish of Boscawen, and has left a numerous progeny; the other married the son of Dr. McCarragain, and was the mother of Hon. Philip Carragain, of the city of Concord, well known as the author of the Carrigain map. Leavitt Clough married Abigail, the youngest daughter of Deacon David Morrill and aunt of Hon. David Morrill, a prominent citizen of Canterbury and ex-state senator. Their only son was Leavitt, who was a member of the legislature, a prominent man in the town, but who died in 1825 at an early age. His children were Henry Clough, who graduated at Dartmouth college in 1824, settled in Maryland and died young; William Patrick, who still lives with his daughter and only child, the wife of Rev. Howard Moody of Andover; Colonel David Morrill Clough; Leavitt Morrill Clough who went South and disappeared about the time of a noted steamboat explosion, and never having been heard from was supposed to have been lost; Thomas Clough, who was one of the first settlers on the Western Reserve (Ohio); Daniel Webster Clough, who still resides in Hill; Mary Ann, who married Deacon Jonathan Brown; and Miranda Clough, wife of Jonathan Prescott, both of Gilmanton.

Colonel D. M. Clough was born on his grandfather's farm, June 9, 1805, and succeeded to the homestead on coming of age. In 1832, he settled in Gilmanton, remaining there ten years, when he returned to the neighborhood of his old home. In 1848, he took a trip of inspection and discovery through the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and after an absence of several months returned with the firm conviction that New Hampshire offered as many inducements to the farmer as any state in the Union—an opinion to which he still adheres—and accordingly purchased that very fall the farm he now owns on the Merrimack intervale, between the Canterbury and Boscawen stations, paying $4600. To this farm of some 500 acres he gave work and capital. In thirteen years he brought its market value up to $17,000, and its supporting capacity for 12 cattle to that for over 100. He has added outlying pieces as they have come into the market, until he now owns about 1200 acres of land. His average crop of corn on the ear is some 3000 bushels. He has now 120 head of cattle, 115 sheep, and 6 horses.

The Colonel came up for office

before he was twenty-one, and was commissioned captain of the militia. In the regular course he was promoted to colonel, and was only barred from further advance by his removal out of the reach of his regiment. He has served the town of Canterbury as selectman for four years, and as representative two years. Three times he received the nomination of the Democratic party for member of the governor's council, and was elected during Governor Weston's first term. During his term in the legislature he was a strong advocate for the establishment of the agricultural college, and was one of the board of trustees for several years. In politics the Colonel has been a Free-soil Democrat, attending the national convention which nominated John P. Hale. After the abolition of slavery he gravitated into the Democratic party, but found a more congenial political haven within the land-locked harbor of the Greenbackers. His first wife was Almira, daughter of Ebenezer Batchelder and mother of his five children: Henry Leavitt Clough, Democratic candidate for high sheriff in Merrimack county in the recent election; Edwin David Clough (comprising the firm of E. D. Clough & Co., on Washington street), and Charles Newell Clough, who is interested with his father in the homestead farm. The Colonel has lost two daughters and his first wife. For his second wife he married Mrs. Caroline (Gibson) Tallant.

Thomas Clough and Esquire Joseph Clough are two highly respected citizens of the town, sons of Obadiah Clough. Thomas was born in 1799, and married Hannah, daughter of Abiel Hazeltine who lived just at the foot of Zion's Hill. Their son, Philip, born February 19, 1835, married Elizabeth, daughter of Ebenezer Batchelder, and lives at home cultivating the paternal farm of 150 acres, and called upon frequently to serve the town in some important office. His brother, Thomas U. B. Clough, resides in Franklin.

Esquire Joseph Clough was born February 1, 1795, at the old homestead, where he still resides. The house was built about 1780 on the old stage road to Sanbornton Bridge, and was formerly used as a tavern. It is a massive, three-story structure, and good for a century to come. For many years Mr. Clough was an active business man, deeply interested in the construction of the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad, in the lumber business, and in other enterprises. He built the original buildings now occupied by the Page Belting Company in Concord. Of his sons, Albert B. Clough, the youngest, remains at home. In connection with his cousin, Philip Clough, he has disposed of $12,000 worth of lumber during the past year. Lieut. Jeremiah Clough was admitted to the bar, and was killed at Fort Donelson during the war of the Rebellion. Hon. Lucian B. Clough is a prominent lawyer in Manchester, and deeply interested in furthering the history of Canterbury; and Obadiah A. Clough is the well-known and popular editor of the *South*, published in New York city.

Our readers shall hear more of Canterbury in the future.

RECORD OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWN OF CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

George Barnes and Elizabeth Hacket, married ye 1769.
Benjamin Barnes, Born October ye 1765.

Births, &c., of Stephen Cross, Junr., and family:

Stephen Cross, Junr. was born ——bury in New Hampshire, July 20th, 1773.
Sally Durgen, the Wife of said Stephen, was born at Sanbornton, March 17, 1782, and were Married June 23, 1799.
Mary Groves Cross, the first child, Born at Canterbury, March the 29th, 1800.
Timothy, their first Son, born October the 8th, 1801.
Judith, their 2nd Daughter, born Sept. the 17th, 1804.
Hazen Newell Cross, born August the 15th, 1807.
Charles Harrison Cross, born at Sanbornton, Feb. 13, 1812.
Martha Cross, born at Sanbornton, January the 8th, 1816.

Polly Gilman (Daughter of James Gilman of Exeter), born June the 10, A. D. [N. B. born Epping, 1769.]
Fabens Holden, Son to John Holden, was born at Canterbury, Febr. the 11, A. D. 1774.
James Shepherd, the 3, born July the 28th, 1780.
Elisabeth Bigalow (the Mother of the above Children) Departed this Life, April the 19th, 1807.

The Birth of Efqr. Clough Children:
Jeremiah Clough, Junr., Born August ye 10th, 1738.
Deliverance Clough, February 2nd, 1741.
Martha Clough, November 9th, 1742.
Hannah Clough, December 29th, 1744, and Died September 25th, 1756.
Thomas Clough, January 5th, 1746.
Abner Clough, June 3rd, 1749, and Died februaary 22, 1757.
Leuitt Clough, July 21, 1751.
Henry Clough, februaary 8th, 1754.
Joseph Clough, May 23, 1756.
Sarah Clough, December 3rd, 1759.
Abner Clough, January 7th, 1764, & died Febr. the 12th, 1808.
Hannah Clough Died September 25th, 1756.

Births, &c., of Leavitt Clough's Children:
Sarah Clough, Born may the 19, 1777.
Leavitt Clough, Junr., Born October the 30th, 1778.
Hannah (Fletcher), the wife of Leavitt Clough, Died January the 8th, 1782.
Peggy Mason, Second wife of Leavitt Clough, was Born April the 2d, 1761.
Hannah Clough was born June 29th, 1788.
Sukey Clough was born Novm. the 19th, 1795.

Ezekiel Morrill and Jemima Morrill entered marriage Covenant July 15, 1731. Children Born to them:
Abigail Morrill was Born August 4th, 1732; and Departed this life March 9, 1733.
David Morrill was Born January 24, 1734.
Abigail Morrill was Born October 6th, 1735.
Ruben Morrill was Born May 5th, 1737.
Elizabeth Morrill was Born March 2th, 1739.
Laben Morrill was Born September 25th, 17—.
all these ware Born in Salisbury.
Susannah Morrill was Born May 21th, 1742.
Mary Morrill was Born March 6, 1744.
Susannah Morrill Departed this life November 17.
Ezekiel Morrill was Born Janr. 27th, 1746.
Ezekiel Morrill Departed this life febuery 27th.
Ezekiel Morrill was Born Nouember 4th, 174-.
all these in South Hampton.
one Child, that Died at two Days old, was Born —— 17.
Masten Morrill was Born March 29th, 175-.
all these Old Stile.
Sargent Morrill was born June 24th.
Abraham Morrill was Born January
Susannah Morrill was Born March 7, 1758.
all these in Canterbury.

Lieut. William Miles Departed this life Jan. 1st, 1761.
Capt. Josiah Miles, Senr., Born Augus ye 4th, 1719; and married the 23d year of his age, 1741; his Wife, Elisabeth, Born June ye 11th, 1724.
Mary Miles, Born May ye 31, 1742.
Archelaus Miles, Born Nouember ye 20th, 1743.
Josiah Miles, Born Apriel ye 6th, 1745.
Hannah Miles, Born Nouember ye 10th, 1748, and Died August ye 1st, 1749.
Samuel Miles, Born March ye 29th, 1750.
Abner Miles, Born September ye 28th, 1751.
William Miles, Born Nouember 18th, 1753.
Note, all the above wafe Born in Old Stile.
—— Stile Susanna Miles, Born December ye 7th, 1755.
——abeth Miles, Born March ye 12th, 1757.
—— Miles, Born May ye 26th, 1760.
——ah Miles, Born Nouember ye 22nd, 1763.
——erance Miles, Born Nouember ye 2d, 1763.
Thomas Miles Wadley, born November ye 21st, 1774.
Susannah Wadley, his Mother, Died December ye 18th, 1774.

Thomas Clough and Mary, —— —— the marriage Couenant, December ye 10th, 1741. Children Born to them:
Mary Clough was Born nouember the 5th, 1742.

Sarah Clough was Born february ye 8th, 1745.
Martha Clough was Born July ye 11th, 1748.
Elizabeth Clough was Born July ye 20th, 1750.
Obadiah Clough was Born August ye 29th, 1753.
Thomas Clough and his wife, and their marriage, and their Children's Births, ware recorded February ye 27th, 1762, by Thomas Clough, Town-Clerk, Chosen in ye year of our Lord 1761.
N. B. The above named Elisabeth Clough, the wife of Doctor Philip Carrigan, departed this Life at Concord, November the 25th, A. D. 1805, and was buried at Canterbury on the 27th of the above said November.
N. B. The above mentioned Obadiah Clough Departed this life, Novr. 29th, 1823, aged 70.

—— Chase, Born September 25th, 1741, Old Stile.
—chitable Fry, which is now his wife, Born Apriel ye — 1741.
They Two Married August ye 22nd, 1765.
Thomas Chase, Their first Born Son, Born August ye 7th, 1766.

Anna Williams was born at Barrington, Sept. the 20th, 1778.
Philip Clough, her Son, was born at Canterbury, Novm. the 28th, 1799.
Andrew Trumbull, Jr., (Son of Andrew Trumbull) was born February the 20th, 1800.

The Rev'd. Abiel Foster Married to Miss Hannah Bad— May the 15, 1761.
Hannah Foster, born April 25, 1762.
William Foster, born Decem'r. 24, 1763.
James Foster, born Decem'r. 28, 1765.
Sarah Foster, born December ye 3rd, 1767.
Mrs. Hannah Foster, Wife to Abiel Foster, departed this Life January ye 10, 1768.
Abiel Foster Married to Miss Mary Rogers of Ipswic—, October ye 11, 1769.
Martha Foster, born August ye 19th, 1770.
Abiel Foster, Jun'r., born February 19th, 1773.
Mary Foster, born October 1, 1774.
Elisabeth Foster, born March 9th, 1777.
Nancy Foster, born May 25, 1782.
Abiel Foster, Esqr. (& Father of the above sd. Children), Departed this Life February the 6th, A. D. 1806, in the 71st year of his age.
Mrs. Mary Foster Died March 12, 1813.

Archelaus Moor, Born Apriel ye 6th, 1722.
Hannah Elkins, Born February ye 24th, 1719.
they two entred the Marriage Couenant, September 19th, 1745.
Hannah Moor, Junr., Born December ye 1st, 1746.
John Moor, Junr., Born Nouember ye 1st, 1748.
Elkins Moor, Born July 1st, 1751; and Died March 25th, 1756.
Abigail Moor, born March ye 2nd, 1754.
Hannah Clough, Died Apriel ye 6, 1770.

Ensn. John Moor, Born Apriel ye 9th, 1696.
Hannah Sias, his wife, Born August 21st, 1700.
William Moor, the oldest Son, Born August ye 19, 1720.
Archelaus Moor, Born Apriel ye 6th, 1722.
Elisabeth Moor, Born June 11th, 1724.
Samuel Moor, Born September 13th, 1726.
Sarrah Moor, Born June 1st, 1729.
Nathaniel Moor, Born May 16th, 1733.
Hannah Moor, Born May 6th, 1737.
Mary Moor, Born May 6th, 1740.
Hannah Moore, Wife of ye above John Moore, Died February 11th, 1786.
The above named John Moore Died April ye 10th, A. D. 1786.

William Forriest, Junr., and Latty Man entred the Marriage Couenant June ye 11th, 1752.
William Forriest, Junr., Born October ye 29th, 1731.
His Wife 1 year younger.
Children Born to them:
Janne, Born August ye 25th, 1753.
Mary, Born November ye 22nd, 1755.
Robart, Born October ye 5th, 1757.
Latty, Born June ye 2nd, 1760.
Anne, Born July ye 12, 1762.
Margret, Born Apriel ye 7, 1765; and Dyed May ye 5, 1765.
Elisabeth, Born June ye 3, 1766.

Benjamin Sias, Born July ye 4th, 1747, and married to Abigail Moore, December 25th, 1771.
Jeremiah Sias, born June ye 5th, 1773.
Samuel Sias, born December 23rd, 1775.
Archelaus Sias, born August ye 29th, 1778.

Hazzen Webster, the Son of Enoch Webster & Elisabeth, his Wife, wafe Born ye 22nd day of July, 1767; and died Apriel ye 14th, 1768.
John, the Son of Enoch Webster, and Elizabeth, his wife, wafe Born December 25th, 1769.
Lieytenant John Webster of Canterbury Died Nouember 25th, 1769.

Mr. David Morrill Married to Miss Abigail Stevens, December ye 28th, 1763.
Reuben Morrill, Born October ye 18, 1764.
Hannah Morrill, Born October ye 21st, 1766.

David Morrill, Born December ye 5th, 1768; and Died December ye about the 20th, 1768.
Betsey Morrill, Born May ye 30th, 1770.
Sarah Morrill, born May 17 1772.
Ruth Morrill, Born December 25th, 1776.
Abigail Morrill, Born February 8th, 1779.
Dea'n. David Morrill, The father of the above Children, departed this Life June 10, A. D. 1799.

John Moore, Junr., Married to Abiah Stevens December ye 5th, 1770.
Hannah Moore, their first Born Child, Born October ye 10th, 1771.
Abigail, ye Second, born March ye 15th, 1773.
Abiah, The Third, born March ye 30th, 1775.
The above Named Abigail Died May ye 19th, 1776.
There fourth Child, Elkins, born March ye 28th, 1777.
There fifth Child, named Archelaus, born March ye 1st, 1779.
There Sixth Child, named Mary, born January ye 3rd, 1781.
There Seventh Child, Named Jacob, Born December ye 25th, 1782.
There Eighth Child, named Martha, born July ye 31st, 1785.
There Ninth Child, Named John, Born September ye 16th, 1787.
There Tenth Child, named Betsey, Born September ye 9th, 1789.

The Age of Ephraim Hackett's Children, that were Born in Canterbury:
Meriam Hacket, born May ye 22nd, 1751.
Ephraim Hackett, born August ye 16th, 1754.
Dorthy Hackett, born July ye 13th, 1756.
Allen Hackett, born February ye 1st, 1758.
Charles Hackett, born Apriel ye 29th, 1760.
Ebenezer Hackett, born October ye 13th, 1767; and Lived Sixteen months and two days, then Died.

Births, &c., of Bradbury Hacket's family:
Sally, their first child, was Born July the 10th, 1793.
Apphia, their 2nd Child, was born Sept. the 25th, 1795.
Jeremiah, their Son, was born August the 3d, 1797.
Miriam, their 3d Daughter, was born January the 19th, 1801.
Anna, their 4th Daughter, was born December the 7th, 1803.
Bradbury, their 2nd Son, born July the 25th, 1805.
Nathaniel Ambrose Hacket, born February the 11th, 1808.

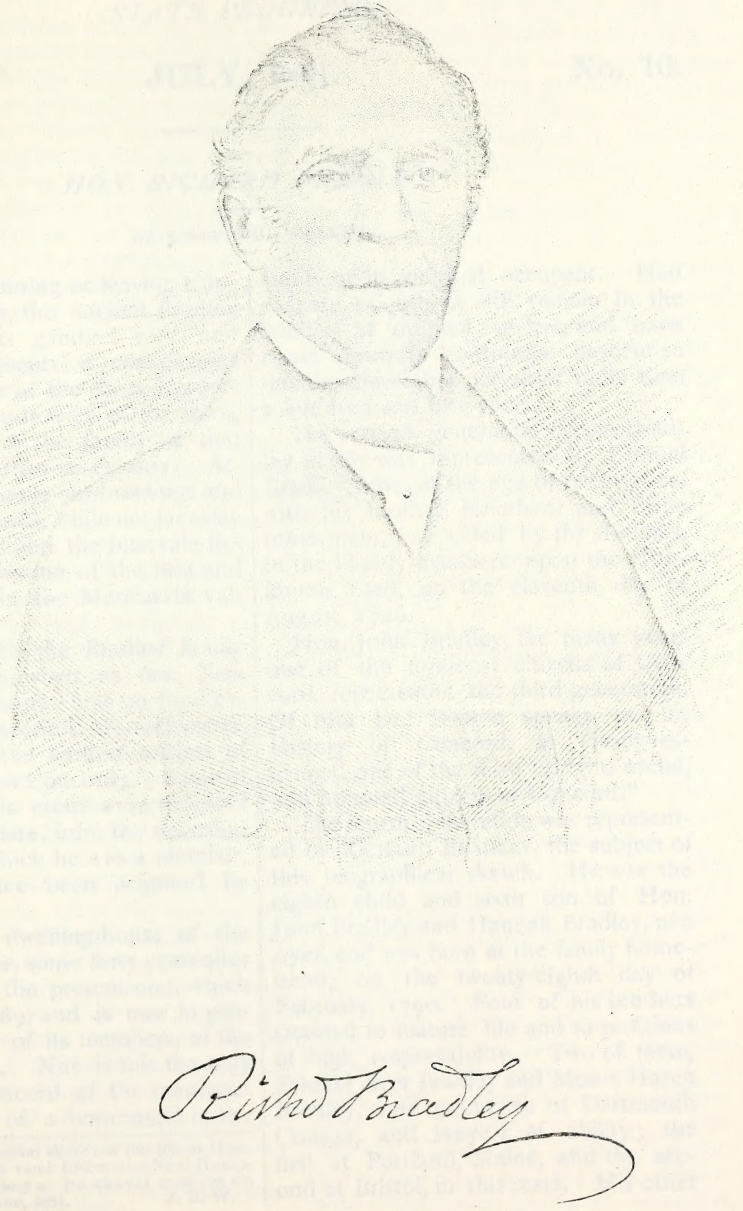
The Birth of William Curry's Children:
William Curry, the oldest Child, Born August ye 1st, 1741.
Samuel Curry wafe Born August ye 5th, 1745.
Mary Curry wafe Born July ye 22, 1747.
Elisabeth Curry wafe Born May 21st, 1749.
Margerit Curry wafe Born March 23rd, 1751.
Sarah Curry wafe Born November ye 15th, 1752.
John Curry wafe Born January 1st, 1754.
Robart Currier wafe Born Apriel ye 30th, 1757.
Thomas Curry wafe born August 31, 1760.
and William Curry, the Paren of the aboue mentioned Children, Died the 30th day of January, in ye year 1763.

Asa Foster married to Hannah Symons.
The birth of their children:
Asa Foster, Born June ye 3d, 1765.
Mehitable Foster, Born November ye 19th, 1771.
Susanna Foster, born February ye 7th, 1775.
Hannah Foster, the wife of Asa Foster, Died June ye 28, 1775.
Asa Foster, the Father of the above Children, died September 23d, 1814.
Hannah Foster, second Wife of the said Asa, died January 11th, 1815.

Thomas Foss'es Children's Age:
Prssillia, born July ye 22nd day, A. D. 1772.
Nathaniel, born November ye 4th, 1774.
Hannah Crosby's first born Child, named Hannah, born July 25th, A. D. 1773.
Sarah Foss, Daughter of Thomas Thomas, born November ye 19th, 1781.
Stephen Sutton, Junr., was born at Loudon October the 15th, A. D. 1783.

The Age of Moses Foss'es Children:
Stephen, born June ye 30th, 1774.

May ye 9th, 1772.—Then recorded the Birth of David Norris's Children:
his Oldest Son, named Benjamin, wafe born March the fourteenth, 1766.
the Second Child, named Mark, born February ye 5th, 1768.
the Third Child, named David, born July ye 14th, 1770.
the fourth Child, named John, born August ye 25th, 1772.
the fifth Child, named Edward, born Decemr. 5th, 1774; and died April ye 6th, 1775.
the sixth Child, named Nathaniel, born March, ye 22nd, 1776.



Rivd Bradley



—THE—

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HON. RICHARD BRADLEY.

BY JOSEPH B. WALKER.

To persons entering or leaving Concord on the north, the ancient Bradley mansion, with its gambrel roof and spacious ell, presents a conspicuous object. It is one of the second generation of dwelling-houses of the town, and has sheltered the family of that name for more than a century. Attached to it are ample out-buildings and surrounding grounds, while not far away upon the uplands and the intervale lies the Bradley farm—one of the best and most extensive in the Merrimack valley.

Here has dwelt the Bradley family ever since 1729, when its first New Hampshire ancestor, Abraham Bradley, coming from Haverhill, Massachusetts, became one of the earliest settlers of Penny Cook (now Concord). Some of the lands of this estate were received by him, as his share, from the township proprietary, of which he was a member. Others have since been acquired by purchase.

The original dwelling-house of the family gave place, some forty years after its erection, to the present one, which was built in 1769, and is now in possession of one of its members, of the fifth generation. Nor is this the only instance in Concord of the continuation to this day of a homestead in the family of its original occupant. Half a score of others still remain in the families of original settlers, and have come down in continuous descent to this day through a period of more than a hundred and fifty years.

The second generation of the Bradley family was represented by Samuel Bradley, who, at the age of twenty-five, with his brother, Jonathan, and three other men, was killed by the Indians, in the bloody massacre upon the Hopkinton road, on the eleventh day of August, 1746.

Hon. John Bradley, for many years one of the foremost citizens of Concord, represented the third generation. Of him Dr. Bouton speaks in his History of Concord, as "justly esteemed one of the most upright, useful, and honored citizens of Concord."

The fourth generation was represented by RICHARD BRADLEY, the subject of this biographical sketch. He was the eighth child and sixth son of Hon. John Bradley and Hannah Bradley, nèe Ayer, and was born at the family homestead, on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1790. Four of his brothers attained to mature life and to positions of high respectability. Two of them, Samuel Ayer Bradley and Moses Hazen Bradley, were graduates of Dartmouth College, and lawyers of ability; the first at Portland, Maine, and the second at Bristol, in this state. His other

NOTE.—This memorial sketch of the life of Hon. Richard Bradley was read before the New Hampshire Historical Society at its annual meeting on the eighth day of June, 1881. J. B. W.

brothers, Robert and John, both resided in Maine, where they were men of mark in business circles, possessing extensive influence and large landed estates. One only of his sisters lived to womanhood and became the wife of John S. Barrows, Esq., a well remembered lawyer of Fryeburg, in that state.

The English law of descent has influenced but little the transmission of landed estates in New Hampshire, and the eldest son has, generally, been less likely to inherit his father's homestead than some younger brother. It was to Richard, his youngest son, that Hon. John Bradley, at his decease, in 1815, left the family homestead and farm. This act he had long contemplated, and to their management and other general business the education of his son had been adapted.

In childhood, Richard pursued the common branches then taught in the Concord district school. At a later date, about 1807, he was sent to Atkinson Academy, which had been established in 1791, and held high rank among the educational institutions of the state. The studies to which he gave attention were of a higher range, broadening and elevating the attainments hitherto made at home. Of his residence at Atkinson he ever retained pleasant remembrances, and often recalled the doings and sayings of some of its most prominent citizens—of General Nathaniel Peabody, then an old man, in particular. Such was his educational outfit for the long and active career upon which he was soon to enter.

Almost immediately after attaining his majority, in 1811, Mr. Bradley was appointed a deputy sheriff for the county of Rockingham.* This county, then much larger than at present, extended as far north as Northfield, embracing several towns now in the county of Merrimack, and south to Massachusetts line and the sea. It had a length of some sixty miles, and an average breadth of half that number. Its courts were holden at Exeter and Portsmouth, both of which places were distant from Concord about forty miles by the carriage roads then travelled.

The discharge of his official duties led the new sheriff upon constant journeyings throughout all the northern portions of this territory and to frequent visits to the shire towns just mentioned. Nearly all of the localities to which his business led him, could be reached only by private conveyance, and the journeys which he was called upon to make were frequently long and fatiguing.

At this period every considerable town in the county had its lawyer and a large number of the people were decidedly litigious. Suits were exceedingly common, many being brought upon claims of trivial amounts, out of all proportion to the bills of cost inevitably involved. The services of the sheriff were in constant demand, and he was kept in continual association with people of all classes and conditions. He saw human character in most of its various phases and had besides ample opportunities to learn much of common and statute law. Mr. Bradley was not a person to neglect these, and it is not unfair to suppose that the experiences of this period of his life may have done much to confirm in his mind the doctrine of total depravity which he had been taught by the town minister, as well as to lay the foundations of the very respectable legal acquirements which he subsequently used to much advantage.

During the entire period from 1811 to 1830, inclusive, with the exception of the years 1815 and 1816, Mr. Bradley held the office of deputy sheriff and discharged with great intelligence and efficiency the duties, at times intricate and trying, which it imposed upon him. Never before nor since has the New Hampshire bar been composed of abler men. Jeremiah Mason, William Plummer, Jeremiah Smith, George Sullivan, Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, Levi Woodbury and Ichabod Bartlett were conspicuous among the lawyers of

* He was subsequently deputized to do business in Hillsborough county, also.

that time. A broad knowledge of the law and of the great principles underlying it, acuteness in pleading, rare skill in advocacy, and oratory of a high order, were continually apparent to attendants upon our courts of that period. Many of the contests there occurring were titanic. Of these our friend, the deputy sheriff, was a frequent witness. They were peculiarly interesting to him, inasmuch as he had a clear knowledge of the points at issue, and very often personal acquaintance with the parties engaged therein.

From 1823, when the county of Merrimack was established, onward to the close of his life, he continuously held a commission of justice of the peace, either for his county or throughout the state. Forty or fifty years ago, when justice trials were common, this office was quite often an important one —far more so than now, when few, comparatively, holding a commission, are called to act under it or regard its bestowal otherwise than complimentary, or as a reward for political services or influence.

In 1824, 1825, 1826, 1828, 1829, and 1830, he represented with much ability his native town in the state legislature; and in 1844, when Concord had failed to elect representatives to the general court, Franklin Pierce, William Low, and Richard Bradley were appointed by the town its agents to represent its interests to the legislative committee selected to prepare a bill for a new apportionment of the state tax; the two former being taken from the political party then dominant in Concord, and he from the one in a minority.

Nor were his fellow citizens slow to discern his capacity for town business. In 1815, four years only after he had become a voter, he was elected one of the selectmen of Concord and served with such acceptance as to secure his reëlection no less than seven times, viz.: in 1816, 1817, 1820, 1821, 1824, 1830, and 1832. During four of these years he was chairman of the board. To discharge well the duties of a New England selectman requires much practical knowledge of common business and a rare skill in managing men. These qualifications Mr. Bradley possessed in an eminent degree. Clear headed and self reliant, he did business with accuracy and dispatch. His perceptions were keen, quick, and correct. His decisions were prompt, and, as between man and man, or between men and the town, disinterested and just.

We refrain from extended allusion to most of the other town offices to which he was from time to time elected, such as those of constable, member of the board of health, fireward, auditor, and moderator. The latter office, which he held in 1831, 1832, and 1842, was generally no sinecure in Concord, where a large body of voters, animated by strong partisan feelings, held excited and protracted meetings every year, in a hall of limited size, to discharge the town business.

To moderate one of these town meetings forty years ago was not unfrequently difficult and ungrateful. The legal voters of the town, numbering more than two thousand, met every March, to elect officers and perform the ordinary town business, in one general assembly. Such meetings always consumed two days and sometimes even a week. They were held in the old town-hall which occupied the site of the present city-hall and court-house. It was a gloomy room, some fifty feet wide and sixty or seventy long, constructed years before the first architect had appeared in Concord. Against its north wall a large, high, square pen was raised, some six feet above the floor. This was occupied on such occasions by the moderator and selectmen. Upon the wall directly opposite was an immense clock-case and dial, painted green, but without any clock within it. This, like that solitary and mysterious portrait, which hung for many years in the old Senate chamber, had a history which nobody knew. Long benches stretched across the north, south and west sides of this hall, while the large space which they surrounded was an open floor. Huge,

curtainless windows let in floods of light, but not enough to dissipate the clouds continually rising from innumerable pipes in full blast. The pine benches, just named, afforded the nearest approach to any upholstery which the hall contained. Numerous spider webs, of ashen hue, suspended at the corners or festooned above the windows, were its only drapery. Its only frescoing was an irregular commingling of many dark colors ranging all the way from dirty to dirtiest brown imaginable; as vague as one of Turner's latest master-pieces, and spread upon walls furrowed by original trowel marks, which suggested plowed fields or the beautiful simile, "Many like the billows, but one like the sea." Ventilation was unmistakably suggested by its absence, and the variegated odors which floated in the murky atmosphere came not from "Araby the blest."

It was in such a hall and over an assemblage of some ten or fifteen hundred voters, all animated by intense partizanship, some sitting, some standing in interested groups here and there, earnestly discussing matters of real or trivial consequence, that our friend was repeatedly called upon to preside, aided at times by a special police to keep the boys in order and to look after the dogs. His great presence of mind, which never forsook him, his intimate knowledge of the varied characters of the men before him, his ready and correct decision of questions continually arising, added to his own personal character and influence, enabled him to maintain all necessary order and to forward business correctly and with celerity. But, tumultuous as to a stranger might sometimes seem one of these town-meetings, it was always found, when the clerk's record was made up, that the appointed work had somehow got well and wisely done.

But no battlefield, at the close of bloodiest contest, ever presented a more doleful sight than did the floor of the old Concord town-hall after an annual meeting of three or four days. The thick mud, into which had been trampled innumerable ballots bearing the names of successful and defeated candidates alike, and everywhere strewn with the débris of valiant smokers and chewers of tobacco, were indications sure of a contest as ardent as that of Marathon or of Gettysburg. Nor could the genius of a Miltiades or of a Meade have secured better results on any field than did our friend when presiding as moderator.

Many of the discussions on such occasions were exceedingly able. In fact, a person had, necessarily, to speak pointedly and well to hold the attention of his audience. As we glance back, we can remember no better town-meeting orator than Mr. Bradley. We can recall but one or two who commanded such attention in those meetings as did he. Always speaking with great ease, lucidly and pointedly, he was easily understood by every one. His "*bonhomie*" and good sense, always conspicuous, and at times aided by great keenness of repartee, secured to him general attention. Said an old Concord citizen, a short time since: "No man exercised so potent an influence in Concord for thirty years as did Richard Bradley." Said another: "My father, not much used to investigate questions of public interest generally followed Richard Bradley." Many others did the same. In former days, our New England towns had, necessarily and always, their leaders. Where these led wisely, as they usually did, the masses were fortunate and followed them wisely. No men, who have ever lived, have been more worthy of respect than were the born leaders of our former New England yeomanry.

Up to 1818, the visitation of the public schools had been intrusted to the town minister. This year a new departure was taken, and the first superintending school committee was appointed which ever did service in Concord. It consisted of Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, Dr. Asa McFarland, Capt. Richard Ayer, Hon. William A. Kent, George Hough, Abial Rolfe, Stephen Ambrose, Dr. Thomas Chadborne, Dr. Moses Long, Richard Bradley, Samuel A. Kimball, and Samuel Fletcher.

Their first annual report, which is said to have been drawn by Mr. Fletcher, is entered at length in the town records, and is a document of great historic value.

Mr. Bradley's interest in the schools of his native town was ever deep and abiding. He generally attended the district meetings and took an active part in their deliberations. Some forty years after his appointment upon the committee just mentioned, and soon after the three central districts of Concord had been consolidated into one, whose dozen or fifteen schools, struggling out of general confusion to systematic order, encountered disheartening embarrassments in the lack of proper school structures, which tax-payers were unwilling to furnish, he boldly proposed, at an important meeting of the district, and carried to adoption, a vote for the immediate erection of the present Merrimack and Rumford school-houses.

The erection of these houses rendered possible the introduction of a graded system, and mark one of the earliest and most important steps in the elevation of the Concord schools to the high plane upon which they now move. On this, as on many other occasions, he threw the whole weight of his strong influence upon a vital point at a vital moment, and carried it; a thousand times more to the interest of those who were opposed to him than to his own, for he was then far past life's meridian and had no children to be educated.

Besides official services performed for the town, were numberless others of a semi-official kind, which extended throughout his whole career. We can allude to but a very few of them, but will note in passing, as specimens, the agency to which he was appointed by the town in 1816, for the disposal of the wood and timber prostrated by the great gale of that year upon its Rocky Pond and Parsonage wood lands. We will also mention that of defending the town in an important suit for damages, arising from a freshet, brought by one of its prominent citizens.

In 1836, when the deplorable condition of the insane had awakened a lively interest in many sections of New Hampshire, Mr. Bradley was made one of an important committee of Concord citizens to represent them in a general meeting, to be holden at Portsmouth, to devise measures for the erection of an asylum for the protection and treatment of that unfortunate class. Later, in 1848, he may be found to have been doing efficient service upon an important committee to procure plans and estimates of the cost of a new town-house. Four years later still, we may also find him active upon another, appointed to purchase additional land and have erected thereon, in connection with the county of Merrimack, the present court-house and city-hall.

When, in 1852, the death of Daniel Webster filled all sections of his native state with sorrow, and the citizens of Concord, of all political parties, impelled by a common impulse, assembled at the state-house to deplore the sad event, they intrusted to William H. Bartlett, Richard Bradley, Nathaniel B. Baker, Ezra Carter, and Henry A. Bellows, the delicate duty of preparing a fit expression of their profound regret.

Thirty years ago the population of Concord had so far increased as to demand a change of its town government for that of a city. A charter having been obtained and adopted, a meeting for the election of mayor was called, in 1853, and each of the two political parties presented a candidate for the office. The Whigs brought forward Richard Bradley. Joseph Low was the Democratic candidate. The first election resulted in no choice; the second in that of the Democratic candidate, General Low leading Mr. Bradley by about two hundred (192) votes. But the latter cared less for the result than did his political friends, who had placed him in nomination, and was ever afterwards ready to aid any administration which sought to further the city's interests.

But we will desist from further allusion to services rendered by Mr. Bradley to his native town. From his en-

trance upon business life in 1811, to his death in 1869, a period of fifty-eight years, he was continually prominent among the public men of his locality, and, whenever for limited periods his party was in power, his activities were often manifested upon a more extended field.

The various enterprises of a semi-public character in which Mr. Bradley took an active part, from first to last, were almost numberless. Although yielding him no pecuniary return, he always seemed satisfied if they were of benefit to his town, or to any of its people.

He was one of the early members of the Concord Musical Society, serving as clerk in 1818, and as treasurer from 1821 to 1828. Much interested in sacred music, and a good singer, he retained his membership in this institution as long as he lived.

For a great many years he was one of the directors of the Federal Bridge corporation. These gentlemen held quarterly meetings at the toll-house, examined the condition of the bridge, footed up carefully the receipts and expenditures of the preceding three months, and then declared such a dividends as the condition of the treasury seemed to warrant. The writer of this paper was once present, in early life, at an annual meeting of this corporation, when the whole number in attendance was some five or six. Being the candidate for treasurer he modestly refrained from voting for that officer, but was plainly given to understand that if he could not vote for himself, he must not expect the votes of his associates. It is unnecessary to add that he has never since been guilty of a like offence.

In 1845 a Natural History Society was formed in Concord, largely in consequence of efforts of the late Dr. William Prescott. The subject of our sketch readily responded to an invita- to aid in its establishment, and became one of its first managers. It enjoyed for several years a prosperous career, furnishing courses of valuable lectures and gathering a respectable museum. But the destruction by fire of its hall, library, and cabinets, proved a disaster from which it has never recovered.

A year or two later we find him earnest to secure the establishment in Concord of the Methodist General Biblical Institute, a theological school, then temporarily located at Newbury, Vermont. The trustees had decided to remove it to Concord, provided the citizens would furnish a suitable building and grounds for its accommodation. To meet this condition, the Old North Church was obtained, and, subsequently remodelled at an expense of about three thousand dollars, was placed at their disposal. To obtain of the numerous proprietors a relinquishment of their several interests therein, required much discriminating effort, no small portion of which was contributed by Mr. Bradley. It was the ancient meeting-house of his fathers, from which four different societies had gone out. Now that it was left desolate he felt an interest, as strong as it was natural, that it might subserve some further purpose kindred to that to which for nearly a century it had been devoted. For the next twenty years, and until its removal to Boston, in 1867, this venerable building continued the seat of the First Methodist Theological Seminary in New England.

When about 1860, Concord, having outgrown its oldest burying ground, was seeking a new and more extensive one, our excellent friend manifested as much anxiety for the welfare of the dead as he had ever before done for the living. The writer will never forget his peculiar and tender expression at that time, repeated again and again: "A comfortable b u r y i n g ground," meaning thereby dry grounds, of a sunny exposure and sheltered, where the daisies start earliest in spring, and the frost flowers linger latest in autumn. It mattered not that it was to afford no lot to him, who was to repose at life's close with his fathers in the ancient burying yard of the town. Large numbers of his neighbors would find resting place within it, and that to him was abundant reason for rendering

it beautiful. When, on the thirteenth day of July, 1860, it was consecrated to its sacred uses, he took active part in the services of the occasion and proposed for adoption the name it now bears of *Blosssom Hill Cemetery*—a name peculiarly significant of the renaisance one day to terminate the general repose which now characterizes its quiet paths and verdant lawns.

In 1842 the First Congregational Society in Concord, quartered by three successive withdrawals from its membership for the formation of new religious organizations, had become greatly reduced in numbers and pecuniary strength. It was then found that by time and the movements of population, its venerable house of worship had lost its attractiveness and centrality of position, and that a new one was required. The suggestion of abandoning it and of erecting another elsewhere for a time divided the society, and its very life seemed imperilled. It was apparent that its future safety was dependent upon the union and energy of its membership. To secure then a firm and inspiring leader was indispensable. Such, very fortunately, was ere long found in Mr. Bradley, who, seeing clearly the exigencies of the situation, and laying aside all personal attachments to the old house and all preferences of location, in direct opposition to the views of some of his best friends, advocated the erection of a new house in a new location, offering at the same time to bear about a tenth part of the entire expense of the undertaking. His leadership, gladly accepted, conducted to success. The society passed the crucial period of its life and soon rose from division and despondency to union and prosperity. For this service it has ever accorded to him gratitude and love.

The New Hampshire Historical Society also owes Mr. Bradley a debt of gratitude. He had a strong fondness for historical matters, particularly such as related to this locality and state. No one possessed a fuller knowledge of Concord genealogy, so far as the older families were concerned. His acquaintance with these had been lifelong, and he had treasured in a retentive memory numberless facts regarding their history.

He joined this society in 1838, and ever after manifested a deep interest in its welfare. He attended its meetings, participated in its deliberations, and always stood ready to aid in any effort for its advancement or support. He gave to it the Bradley monument and lot, which commemorates the massacre by the Indians of his grandfather, great uncle, and three others, before alluded to. In 1867, when the society was called upon to vacate the rooms which it had long occupied, and, in its poverty had not elsewhere to go, he appeared as one of the very first and most liberal contributors to a fund for the purchase of this building where it has since had a home of its own.

The first discount bank in Concord was chartered in 1806. Strange as it may appear, owing to an early disagreement among its grantees, two different institutions were organized and did business for twenty years under one and the same charter. One was located just north of the spot where we are now assembled. Twenty years after its original incorporation, it erected this building, in which it subsequently did business for forty years. From 1809, onwards to his death, Hon. John Bradley was one of its directors. In 1816, the vacancy occasioned by his decease was filled by the election of his son, Richard, then twenty-five years of age, as his successor. He left the board two years afterwards, but subsequently returned to it and remained a member until the expiration of the bank's third charter, in 1866, having gratuitously rendered to it an acceptable service of thirty years, just one half the entire period of its existence.

During the latter part of this time, the membership of the board of directors varied but little. Isaac Hill, Matthew Harvey, Nathaniel G. Upham, John George, and some others at times belonged to it. But those latest and longest in association with Mr. Bradley in this capacity were Abial Walker, Francis N. Fisk, and Samuel Coffin.

I ought here to remark that these four men met regularly in directors' meeting, in our smaller newspaper room below, every Monday forenoon, at ten o'clock, for more than twenty successive years. Their meetings were always harmonious, for the minority always ruled. They discussed confidentially, and in the freest manner both the moral and financial characters of all applicants for loans, their conclusions being subsequently communicated to the cashier, and by him to the parties applying. Many persons of limited means, but rich in probity and business character were always accommodated. To others of large properties, but less highly esteemed, not unfrequently came the irrevocable "*Non possumus.*" That they judged well financial character, the regularity of good dividends, and the large surplus on hand when the institution terminated its business career, bore conclusive proof. They all felt the responsibility of their trust. In its administration, they knew neither friend, nor foe, nor self. They managed the bank for the accommodation of its customers, and for the pecuniary benefit of its stockholders. The abuse of a solemn trust for personal gain, or the corrupt connection of a government Senator with a Star Route postal contract, they would have considered infamous. They silently regarded honesty as of priceless worth, and looked upon chicanery and fraud, with utter contempt.

With one exception, these four men were natives of Concord. They all lived as near neighbors for more than fifty years. All were earnest partisans, equally divided between the Whig or Republican and the Democratic parties. In politics they followed their convictions. Upon other questions, they generally thought alike, and their influence was a unit. They took active parts in town affairs, and if, occasionally, their conservatism was decided, they were always for the common good, and against all selfish or dishonest schemes. They were honest men. The word of either, was as good as his bond. They spoke in public councils directly to the point in issue, clearly, plainly, and, if necessary, boldly. They were just men, and, for more than a generation, a power for good among their townsmen. Following conscienciously the path of duty,

"They would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

I have felt at liberty to speak freely of these men, who have all passed from earth, as I know within my heart of hearts, that what I have said of them is true.

Besides the numerous avocations already cited, which claimed his attention, Mr. Bradley all his life had charge of a large landed estate. His was one of the largest farms in the town, and he was one of Concord's best farmers. While by no means swift to embrace new ideas for their novelty, he was a close observer of agricultural progress, and generally conformed thereto his practice of husbandry. His mowing machine was the first used in Concord. He was one of the first to exchange the hand-rake for the horse-rake. He raised large crops of all kinds, and cut more hay than any of his neighbors.

He understood perfectly all the flattering promises of fancy farming, and once said, good naturedly, to a lawyer at Exeter Court, who had added agriculture to his law practice and was boasting of his crops, just housed, and of the profits he was to derive therefrom: "I have raised the past season, more hay and corn and beef and pork than you have, but I don't make as much money. By next summer, my cattle will have eaten up my hay, my pigs will have eaten up my corn, and my hired men will have made way with my cattle and pigs. Wait until the year comes round, and then give us your figures."

We shall get very pleasing views of Mr. Bradley, if we look at him in his later life, when, having retired largely from public cares, he devoted himself to the superintendence of his farm and to the leisurely discharge of such other duties as still devolved upon him. He passed much of his time at home.

From the east window of his spacious sitting-room, he overlooked his fertile acres upon the intervale. From those opposite sloped upward and westward the uplands of his estate—verdant grass fields and pastures and forests.

It was here that he received with charming cordiality the friends who called upon him. It was here that he gave gratuitous counsels to a numerous clientage which was continually seeking his advice as to the management of their affairs or the final disposition of their estates. He always heard them patiently and advised them wisely.

Nowhere in Concord was hospitality dispensed with a freer hand than at this old homestead of the Bradleys. Nowhere did the visitor meet with a heartier welcome. Nowhere were the amenities of life more apparent. The latch strings of its wide doors always hung outward. When, as often happened, visitors from abroad coming to Concord in attendance upon religious or other conventions, were to be gratuitously entertained at private houses, Mr. Bradley always claimed his full share of them. "Send us," he used to say to the committees appointed to provide beforehand accommodations for such occasions, "Send us four; yes, if you come short of places, we'll take six, and if need be, one or two more; we'll manage somehow to take care of them."

But his was not the only eye that beamed unmistakable welcome to the coming guest. The mistress of the mansion had a heart as warm as that of the master, and her hospitalities were supplemented by her charities. Benefactions, quiet as the falling leaves of autumn, went forth from her continually. Her plain carriage, standing before the door of the needy, indicated to all who recognized it that sickness was being cared for, or that want was being relieved. When, during the rebellion, our sick soldiers needed aid, she contributed bountifully of her time and her means. For many years she was an honored officer of the Concord Female Charitable Society, and for half a century one of its best friends. As we read the touching words of the Saviour of men: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto [one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," we involuntarily think of Mrs. Bradley.

Mr. Bradley's intellectual endowments were of a high order. Nature did more for him than the schools. His apprehension of the vital points of a subject was instantaneous. His judgment was rarely at fault. He possessed the happy faculty of presenting lucidly to others and forcibly the ideas he entertained. When much interested, he spoke with animation, and at times with an eloquence which rarely failed to warm the feelings of his hearers and lead to the adoption of views similar to his own. His broad common sense was not acquired. It was a gift of God. It had been improved, indeed, by long experience, but it was as truly born in him as has been the afflatus divine which marks the true poet.

He was a just man and integrity was a part of his very being. The slender inheritance of the widow and orphan was safe in his hands. But while his scorn of meanness and dishonesty was intense, he always exercised a broad charity. When once asked if he considered a certain person an honest man, he replied: "As honest as supreme selfishness will allow him to be."

Mr. Bradley held the religious views taught by the church of his forefathers, with great firmness. No one appreciated more clearly the elevating and conservative power of pure religion than did he. No one had for those who in honesty preached or professed it a higher respect. He contributed liberally for its support and was ready to pay his full share. He treated the clergy with the deference due to their sacred calling. A constant attendant upon divine service until the last year or two of his life, he invariably listened with attention to the sermon, however dull it might chance to be, never finding it so poor as not to afford him some fresh ideas or some impulse heavenward.

But he was not a member of the

church. His father before him, one of Concord's purest men, had not been. He saw obstacles to a personal membership which a man of less sensitive nature would have disregarded. In his last years he considered his witholding from it a mistake, which, had his life been prolonged, he would have rectified.

There have always been important men, in all religious societies organized as such mostly are in New England, who have been powers for good, and staunchest supporters of the church, but never of its membership. They have done their service outside of it, just as do the solid buttresses of old gothic cathedrals, which render invaluable support to lofty walls of which unconsciously they are a part.

The earthly career of Mr. Bradley closed on the sixth day of June, 1869. His form and face are perfectly remembered by thousands now living in Concord and elsewhere. He had an impressive presence which attracted notice in promiscuous assemblies, where he was a stranger. He was of average height and inclined in later years to spareness of person, but earlier he had been somewhat robust. His features were very marked. There was a firmness about his mouth which unmistakably indicated positive decision of character. His nose was prominent. His eye, mild generally as the morning, at times flashed brilliantly and even fiercely, as his mind was stirred by some exciting subject. He was accessible to every one and delightfully affable. His manners were those of a gentleman. His courtesy was dignified and as graceful as it was cordial. His great heart was warm and always true.

The subject of the foregoing sketch, so imperfectly drawn, was a fine type of a class of practical business men who flourished in greater or less numbers in many of our New Hampshire towns forty years ago. They were safe and able leaders of the masses, who trusted them and were rarely disappointed. They were confined to no one vocation. Some were farmers; some, mechanics; some, store-keepers. Others belonged to the professions. Under their rule, public business was conducted prudently and honestly. The moral tone of society was high, and popular government in all its details received no detriment. They have mostly passed away. A few only yet linger among us—would that they might all have been immortal!

SOMETHING ABOUT THE EARLY HISTORY OF CANDIA.

BY F. B. EATON.

In 1762 the population of that part of the "Chestnut Country" called Charmingfare, numbered so many families who were obliged to make their way over bridle-paths and through woods ten or twelve miles to meeting, that the freeholders of Chester voted to set off a new parish north and west of their present limits and north of Long Meadows, now Auburn. The new township was supposed to measure five and one half miles one way, by four miles the other, being nearly a parallelogram in shape and was divided into one hundred and thirty proprietary lots. According to more recent survey the southern boundary line runs six miles two hundred and twenty-three rods sixty-five degrees ten minutes west, and the eastern four miles one hun-

dred and twenty-two rods thirty-one degrees forty-five minutes west.

If one begins at the beginning, the oldest thing to be considered, and that about which there need be no dispute, is the physical conformation of the territory. The primeval forest is no longer there, but the hills, the valleys, the stream beds, the foundations of gneiss and granite remain as they were when the first settler, uneasy or crowded at Chester Centre, made his way due north to the slope of what is now called Patten's hill or beyond to the valley of the Lamprey North Branch, where the road from the south now leads into Candia Village.

Three very considerable elevations stand guard at the south-east, south-west and north-west corners of the town. Patten's hill, Tower hill, and Hall's mountain, which, though partly in Hooksett, yet lays heavily over the border, and heads a ridge which terminates in the graceful crest of Walnut hill, a mile or more toward the east. At the foot of these hills begins the general depression of the coast line, and from the tops of either no obstruction stays the vision, so that in a clear day the glittering line dividing sea and sky is visible thirty miles east-north-east, or with a glass the outmost sentinel of the Isles of Shoals may be seen. North of Walnut hill, across Deerfield line, arises a stream, which is the north branch of the Lamprey river. The valley which it follows into Candia continues east by south about four miles, when it passes the Raymond line, in that vicinity broadening, reaching out to the foot of Patten's hill and also pushing back to meet a central plateau on which the main street of the town runs nearly east and west. This street or road when within about four hundred rods of Raymond line divides into two forks, one running north-east by Bean's island and the other south-east through the village at East Candia, while towards the Hooksett line it divides in the same way at a distance of one hundred and fifty rods, one branch leading north-west to Allenstown and the other south-west to Martin's Ferry on the Merrimack. South of this thoroughfare is another irregular valley, stretching two thirds the length of the parish, at the bottom of which runs a mill stream, which comes out of the ground somewhere near Kinnicum swamp and finds its way through very tortuous and winding channels into Jones's pond at Raymond. Just above the swamp is the summit between the Atlantic and the Merrimack valley, and here another mill stream arises and runs westerly towards Tower hill pond. It will be seen that there was ample water power for grinding or sawing, and there were fish also in the streams and deer in the forests. To this may be attributed the old name of "Charmingfare."

The original forests appear to have been maple, beech, red oak and hemlock. The walnut also grew in several localities, while a few immense and patriarchal chestnuts shaded the hill near the parsonage lot.

FIRST SETTLERS.

The earliest date at which anyone moved within the limits of the new parish, cannot now be determined. The late Colonel R. E. Patten claimed to have heard it said by one of the fathers who knew, that David McClure built his log cabin on the north-east slope of Patten's hill, in 1743. Chase, in his history of Chester, remarks that McClure did not take his farm at Chester Centre before 1744. On page two hundred and sixty, however, of that history, the invoice table of 1741 gives David McClure as assessed for a house and a horse.

William Turner generally considered the first settler, and who appears to have been in Chester in 1741, or before, built a house in 1748, on a swell of land near the present Candia village. The next year came Benjamin Smith from Exeter, and began a clearing about one half mile south-east. Enoch Colby came from Hampton about the same time, and settled a mile or more south-west from Turner. They appear to have been neighborly, for Mr. Turner married Colby's sister, and their daugh-

ter Sarah was the first child born in town. In 1753, Nathaniel Burpee came from Rowley, Massachusetts, and built one quarter of a mile north; he united in his person two very useful functions—he was tailor and deacon. After this the influx of population, if not rapid was steady. The earliest recorded census in 1767 gives the number as three hundred and sixty-three. Eight years later it had more than doubled.

INCORPORATED 1763.

Under the consent signified by the vote of Chester, thirty-eight freeholders petitioned for a charter, and in 1763 it was duly granted by the Governor, Council and Assembly, whereby "the inhabitants and their estates are made a parish by the name of Candia."

In Moore and Farmer's New Hampshire Gazetteer, it is said that this name was given by Governor Benning Wentworth, who had been a prisoner on the island of Crete, now Candia, in the Mediteranean. The statement was adopted in Eaton's History, and also by the late Rev. Dr. Bouton, in some notes on the names of towns in his State Papers. I have not seen any allusion to this imprisonment in Belknap's or in Brewster's Rambles. Some circumstances in the life of Wentworth, however, gives it an air of probability. He was a native of Portsmouth, born in 1695, a graduate of Harvard in 1715. He became a merchant in his native place, spent several years in England, and also visited Spain, where he contracted to supply the government with lumber from the American colonies. The Dons did not prove good paymasters, and our adventurous merchant had no end of trouble. It is not a violent supposition that in some escapade from the Mediteranean shores of Spain, young Wentworth sighted the "Isles of Greece" or for some reason got into limbo on the ancient Crete. At all events, it is not until 1734 that he appears as one of the twelve councillors in the government of New Hampshire, nineteen years after he had left college, giving ample time both for trade and adventure. Seven years later, in 1741, he began his twenty-six years' term of office as governor.

It is to the distinction of the people of that rough but thrifty little town, that the world knows but one other place of like name. There are Chesters and Raymonds and Deerfields in abundance, but especially to those to the manor born, but one Candia in fact or in sentiment.

FIRST TOWN-MEETING.

It would be interesting to know where the first town-meeting was held, but the record gives us no hint, though John Carr's tavern was surely built (and is now the oldest inhabited house in town), and Deacon Palmer's "Lintel" received the worshipping congregation on Sunday.

It was on March 13th, 1764, that this precursor of a long and lively series of March meetings was called by Samuel Emerson, Esq., duly authorized for that purpose. Doctor Samuel Moore, as the record styles him, who came from Hampstead two years before, was chosen Moderator and Parish Clerk, which latter office he held twenty-nine years. He was one of those universal factotums useful and indispensable in the building up of new towns, not a regular physician but able to pull teeth, perform simple surgical operations, and give common sense if not legal advice in matters of dispute. His wife was reputed equally efficient and capable in her own particular sphere.

The chief reason for the new charter was the difficulty of attending public worship, and so the first vote to raise money was of one hundred and fifty pounds old tenor, to hire preaching, and one hundred pounds for schooling. A small sum, the old tenor currency having depreciated to about one twentieth of its nominal amount, but it was enough for immediate use.

"Shirbane" Rowe was chosen inspector of deer, and John Carr tything-man. Three hawards or hay wardens were also chosen, whose duty it was to take up and impound any cattle found trespassing on inclosures or cornfields.

As there were few fences, cattle were of course allowed to roam at large, as well as sheep. To identify the sheep a system of ear marks were used, and they are recorded in quaint language in the "town book," as for instance: "Shirbane" Rowe's mark for creatures a happenny under side left ear. "Silas Cammet mark for his creatures a slit in ye Rite ear." "Nicholas French's mark for his creatures a cropp of the left ear swallow tail in ye right." Inspectors of deer were appointed to see that the game laws were enforced, which forbade the killing of deer at certain seasons. The tything men served as local police, not only maintaining the order and attention in meeting, but they arrested unlucky travellers making more than a Sabbath day's journey, and saw that the guests in Colonel John Carr's Inn, did not cary their carousing to excess. The remaining officers chosen did not differ in title or function from those chosen at the present day, and therefore call for no mention in an article of this nature. About this time the following terse vote appears upon the record, without gloss or comment: "Concerning Hoggs, we will stand by the old laws in that case provided."

BUILDING A MEETING-HOUSE.

In all those days they were looking out for a minister, and various sums were voted for preaching. Rev. Tristram Gilman very acceptably served them for forty-one sabbaths, Rev. Mr. Webster fifteen, and Rev. Jonathan Searle ten. Besides Rev. Messrs Hall, Joseph Currier and Thomas Lancaster preached each a shorter time. Calls were extended to Messrs Gilman and Searle, but not accepted. Neither were the schools neglected, eighteen pounds being appropriated to each quarter or district, and a writing and reading school established the whole of the year. In January, 1766, the amount voted for preaching and schools was more than doubled, and four hundred pounds old tenor expended on the parsonage lot. September 8th, at a special meeting of the parish, they voted sixty pounds lawful money in labor, and five pounds in cash, toward building a meeting-house, preaching having been maintained meanwhile in Deacon Palmer's "Lintel," the house thus designated being situated a few rods east of the present parsonage, on the spot where the late N. B. Hall resided. There was, I remember, a triangular pediment over the front door from which the name given to the whole structure doubtless came. Whether this is any thing more than a local term my observation or reading does not inform me.

It was voted, that the meeting-house frame should be begun on the 22nd of the month, and "John Clay, Walter Robie, Esq., Benjamin Cass, Moses Baker, Jonathan Bean, Nathaniel Emerson and Abraham Fitts," were chosen a committee to take the work in charge.

The sixty pounds could be paid in labor at two shillings six pence per day, or in lumber at current rates, and the frame was to be completed by the last of October. If any member of the parish failed to pay in lumber or labor the constable could collect it in money.

October 20th the selectmen were authorized to assess a sufficient sum to finish the frame, and codfish, potatoes and butter were provided for the raising supper. The house was forty-five feet long by forty wide and was laid out into pew lots which were sold to raise money to complete the building. Eighty-two years after, when this meeting-house was burned, a neighboring blacksmith, with whimsical thrift sowed turnip seed in the ashes, to save, as he said, the interest on his money. Nearly all the materials required could be furnished home made, except the glass, and in order to provide for what the record calls the "glassing," liberty was given to cut red oak timber on the school and parsonage lots, to be made into staves three feet eight inches long. Eighteen shillings per M was allowed for the staves until enough had been cut to amount to sixty pounds lawful money. It took several years to finish the glazing, and in 1771, a committee was chosen to look after the glass rate, and see that no more red oak staves

were cut than was necessary. Possibly the incumbent, Rev. Mr. Jewett, made some objections, as the income of the lot was part of his salary. The committee offered, if allowed to cut the staves, to build a fence around the lot.

In addition to the ordinary trials of a frontier life, the war of the Revolution approached. In 1770, they had called and settled the Rev. David Jewett, engaging to pay him eventually sixty-five pounds a year, with the income of the parsonage, to build him a house and barn, and dig a well, thus increasing the burdens of the day. Any adequate mention of Candia men in that earlier war, would far transcend the limits of this paper, so let us follow out, rather, the fortunes of the meeting-house. In 1796, a steeple and porch were added, and in 1802, a bell and weather-cock. Major Samuel Moore seems to have been the contractor for finishing the steeple, as it is said that he employed a Newburyport copper-smith to make the weather-cock, and soon after, failing in business, did not pay him. The town had paid Mr. Moore all that was his due, but on a representation that the copper-smith was a poor man, voted to allow his claim. One of the townsmen, antedating wall street by a century, hurried down to Newbury, bought the claim at half price, paying in sugar which he had got in trade, probably for barrels, and came back to the selectmen to realize; by some means the transaction became known to the town fathers, and they sent down the full amount to the artisan. Let us be thankful that thus this bird was an honest rooster, and served the parish well for thirty-six years, when, at the burning of the house, he took his final flight, and was resolved into his native copper, ceasing forever to breast the storm, or guide the winds. The oaken frame of the house was very massive, but, heavy as it was, the famous gale of September 1815, started the roof, which was seen to lift as if meditating a flight, but finally thought better of it, and settled back to its old position.

The house stood on the hill, or central plateau before mentioned, fronting the south, and not far from the geographical centre of the parish; it was at least beautiful for situation, but in following out its history, we have passed many and important events.

Materials for a good history of Candia, as complete as may be, are probably now more accessible than at any former period. Eaton's History, published in 1852, would in these days of ponderous octavoes, hardly be considered a sketch, but it has the merit of having been earliest in the field, and thus saving to posterity much that would have been forgotten. Chase's History of Chester, the mother town, takes somewhat more from the town records, and adds some interesting matters of family history and genealogy. The Candia Banner, a local paper, has also added, through its correspondents, many reminiscences, such as go to make the atmosphere of local history, and give it life. By far the most important contributions, however, which have been made of late, are two addresses by the Rev. James H. Fitts, now of East New Market, a native of Candia. One delivered at the centennial celebration of the organization of the church in 1870, and the other, a graphic and thorough *resume* on the revolutionary history of the town, delivered in 1876, in a grove not far from the place where William Turner settled, and where the second growth of beautiful beeches do honor to their sylvan ancestry.

THE GOVERNOR WEARE ESTATE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Hampton Falls, in Rockingham County, and the south-eastern part of the state, is one of the Meccas of pilgrimage to those who find charms in its rural seclusion, in the bold and picturesque scenery of its shore upon which the wild Atlantic incessantly beats, and in its haunts rich with the fragrance of the historic past. It is a part of the old town of Hampton, which was the fourth settlement in New Hampshire, thus dating back to a time as ancient as the year 1636, when the first house was built by Richard Dummer and John Spencer, and long known as the Bound House. Two hundred and fifty years, or nearly that, is a respectable antiquity for anything in America. So that if Hampton Falls had nothing but the venerableness of its age as a recommendation it would still be worthy of the tourist's attention. But, as we have said, it has other attractions: seclusion, lovely scenery, and the memories of a noble and great man, whose ancient mansion stands a picture of the past, its simplicity, its ruggedness, and its grandeur, surrounded by its more modern neighbors.

The object of my visit had an immediate connection, both with the present and the past of this historic home. I had journeyed thither not only to view the famous Hampton beach, and old "Boar's Head," not only to examine the beautiful and well cultivated farms of its thriving yeomanry, but to gaze as well at the roof that had sheltered a patriot and a hero, to gather from old tomb-stones musty records and oral tradition, something of the life of this man of whom history says so much and yet so little, and to rehabilitate that past in which he moved, and of which he was a central figure. Something of what I saw, something of that I heard, I design at this time to lay before the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

It was a cheerful June morning that we chose for our excursion. We had stopped all night with our friend, Hon. John M. Weare, at his pleasant home at Seabrook, and at an early hour after breakfast the Colonel "hitched up" his team, and we were soon rolling along the highway through the ancient township ycleped "Winnicummet" by the native lords of the soil. Our road led in a northerly direction through a rural district, past white painted farm houses shut in from the highway by white-washed fences, and well cultivated fields stretching beyond and between. A bright, busy, splashing creek is crossed by a bridge. On one side is a pasture where kine are feeding hoof deep in honey-suckle, on the other is a mill. Here in the olden time stood another mill to which the surrounding settlers came to get their corn ground. In a summer day of 1703, the Indian war-whoop resounded among the woods and above the roar of the dam fall. Thomas Lancaster, who was walking along this very road with a grist on his shoulder, on his way to the mill, was struck down and killed by the savages. A friend of his, who had stopped at a neighbor's house "to drink a syllabub," escaped, affording one instance at least when it can be said literally that wine made glad the heart of man. The earthen beaker from which this fortunate drink was quaffed is still preserved among the relics of the Gove family of Seabrook. Several other persons were killed at that time, among whom was the widow Muzzey, a prominent member of the Society of Friends.

With these bloody memories of a bygone time thronging upon the mind, we passed on in the June sunshine. The odors of apple blossoms were wafted to our nostrils on the summer breeze. We passed whole orchards that were all one purple bloom. Some-

times they came up close to the road on both sides, forming a beautiful lane that reminded us of some of Turner's bits of English landscape. Two or three miles away on the right we catch, ever and anon, a glimpse of the Atlantic, with perhaps a white speck upon its bosom. Now we descend into a valley full of houses, Hampton Falls, busy, enterprising and thrifty; then we ascend an elevation crowned by a church spire whose gilded vane flashes in the sun. This is "The Hill" as it is locally called, a hamlet of a dozen houses, store, post-office, school-house and church. We are now about eight miles from Newburyport, Mass., thirteen south from Portsmouth, seven from Exeter, and forty from Concord, the state capital. The road we are on is the old Portsmouth stage road, the oldest turnpike in the state. The coach has now given way to the railway car, and you see only the wagon of the peddler or farmer, or perchance a more elegant pleasure equipage. But in former days the travel upon this turnpike was enormous. Over this road went the slow coaches and the "Flying stage coach." It was the most direct route between Boston and Portsmouth. George Washington and President Monroe, and many a lesser celebrity, have passed over this route. Independently of its dower of nature, the old highway is rich in its past associations.

Upon our near right, occupied by a modern building, is the site of Sanborn's Hotel, where the state legislature sat in 1737 to settle the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Just before us is a large common of four acres. In the centre of the green stands a chaste and noble monument which was erected on the spot at the expense of the government, as a testimonial of its gratitude to the ever revered name and memory of the first civil ruler of our state under a redeemed sovereignty. A dozen rods beyond, on the right hand side of the street and facing the south, stands a grand, old-fashioned, two-story mansion. Its unpainted walls are deeply stained by time; cornice and window, ledge and threshold, show the evident marks of years. The ancient elms drop their shadows dark and heavy upon the old and mossy roof, fitting roof-trees for such a mansion. The venerable house stands solitarily apart from the busy world, as it were, a grand relic of a departed epoch, but to every son of New Hampshire, indeed to every American patriot, this structure will ever have the deepest interest, for it was the home of Hon. Meshech Weare.

The Weares have a great name in New Hampshire history. Back in the early times of the colony lived Nathaniel Weare, who was a man of great influence and marked ability. He acted as agent for the colony in an important crisis, and spent considerable time in England to prosecute the complaints of the colonists against the royal governor, Edward Cranfield, in 1684. His son, the second Nathaniel Weare, was much engaged in public business, and was a trusty and capable servant, alike of the crown and the people. He lived within the present limits of Seabrook, and the old house still stands a mile beyond the Falls, near Seabrook Village, sheltered by a noble elm, the largest in that part of the state, being some over twenty feet in circumference. Nathaniel was the father of two sons, Jonathan and Meshech. Jonathan Weare was one of the grantees of Seabrook, when it was set apart from Hampton, in 1768, and is the ancestor of our distinguished citizen, Colonel John M. Weare.

Meshech Weare was born in that old house under the elm, June 16th, 1713. He received the common school education of his time in his native town. His father being a man of means, the young patrician was sent to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1735. Weare chose the practice of law for his profession, and marrying Miss Elizabeth Swain, a beautiful young lady of Hampton Falls, settled in that place. In 1745, his excellent wife died at the early age of twenty-four. A year afterwards he married for his second wife Miss Mehitable

Shaw, the daughter and heiress of Richard Shaw, a prosperous farmer of "The Hill." He now moved into the Shaw house, his wife's home, where he ever afterwards continued to reside.

Meshech Weare began about this time to be a man of authority. The prestige of his high birth, his powerful connections, and his own strong character and great abilities made him the leading citizen of Hampton Falls. Many offices in the gift of the people were thrust upon him. He was chosen speaker of the House of Representatives in 1752, and in 1754 was the of the delegates to the great Congress at Albany, when a treaty was made with the Five Nations, and a campaign was determined upon against the French in America. He was made Colonel of a New Hampshire regiment in 1759 part of which, under the command of Captain Jeremiah Marston, ancestor of Hon. Gilman Marston, participated in the capture of Ticonderoga and Montreal. Colonel Weare remained at the head of the third New Hampshire regiment of militia until the breaking out of the Revolution. During those latter years he was one of the Judges of the Superior Court.

When the storm of the Revolution commenced, Meshech Weare was an old man of sixty-two, but he was not past the ability to labor. There was not a more earnest patriot than he, and his services throughout that contest were unprecedented. Towering in influence and political position above all the other heroes of our state, as stern as Stark, as gifted as Livermore, as patriotic as Langdon, eloquent, of remarkable penetration, upright and prudent, calm and steadfast, Meshech Weare was a tower of strength in that long and deadly struggle. Strong in faith, of ardent feelings, he was the centre around whom all that was patriotic in the state was accustomed to assemble. His was the eye ever watchful, the brain ever fertile and creative, his the shoulder that bore the yoke when the load was heaviest. In the darkest hour his hope was firm. From Morristown and from Valley Forge, Washington's letters to him show that he relied implicity on the man. Without the pale of Congress and the army, there was no other man to whom the commander-in-chief looked with such unswerving confidence for hearty coöperation as he did upon Meshech Weare, unless it might have been Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut.

A short time after the battle of Lexington, in May, 1775, a convention assembled at Exeter, to serve for a period of six months. Colonel Weare was a member of this body, and clerk of the same, the oath for the faithful discharge of his office being administrated by the speaker, Hon. Matthew Thornton. The most important act of this body was the appointment of a Committee of Safety, wherein rested the chief executive power of the Colony. Agreeably to the recommendation of Congress, a new convention was called, which met on the 21st of December. There was a more general representation of the people at this time, and the new body proceeded to form a temporary government. Having assumed the name of House of Representatives, they chose twelve persons to be a distinct branch, called the Council, with power to elect their own president. Colonel Weare was the first councillor chosen. The councillors retired immediately, and chose Colonel Weare their president. It was ordained that no act should be valid unless passed by both branches; that all money bills should originate with the House of Representatives; that the secretary and other public officers should be elected by the two houses, and that the present assembly should continue one year, and if the dispute with Great Britain should continue, precepts should be issued annually to the several towns, on or before the first day of November, for the choice of councillors and representatives. No provision was made for an executive branch; but during their session the two houses performed the duty of this department of government. At their adjournment, however, a Committee

of Safety was appointed to sit in the recess. The president of the council was president also of this committee. To this responsible office Colonel Weare was annually elected during the war.

In 1777, Colonel Weare was appointed chief justice of the state. He was thus invested with the highest legislative, executive, and judicial authority at the same time, a fact that proves the entire confidence of the people in his capacity and honor. When the new constitution was adopted in 1783, and a president was wanted under the same, the eyes of all the people of the state turned to Meshech Weare. He accordingly was elected the first president of New Hampshire. On account of ill health President Weare resigned the office before the close of the political year, and was succeeded by John Langdon. After his retirement from the chief magistracy, Meshech Weare lived for the most part in seclusion and the undisturbed enjoyment of those rights and privileges which he, in common with his countrymen, had labored so long, so arduously, and so successfully to obtain and secure. At length, in his seventy-third year, it became evident that the patriot's days were numbered. He died on the 14th of January, 1786. His remains were interred at Hampton Falls, with all the honors due to a hero whose patriotism had been pure, and whose acts had added so eminently to the glory of his native state.

There is no known portrait existing of Governor Weare. His is the only face missing in the collection of portraits of the chief magistrates of New Hampshire, which hang on the walls of the council chamber at the state capitol. There is however, definite and authentic information as to what manner of man he was. Colonel J. M. Weare gives this description of Governor Weare, derived from his father, who remembered how his famous relative looked: "Meshech Weare was six feet and an inch in height, slimmish and very straight. The Weare family for generations have been tall and slender. The governor's hair was black before it turned silvery, his eyes a dark gray or hazel, surmounted by overhanging brows. His features were large but noble, and indomitable will and lordly majesty was stamped on every line and lineament of his countenance." Such is the portrait of New Hampshire's great Revolutionary governor, as given by one of his name. We have no doubt that it is a true one; at any rate it entirely agrees with our conception of him.

The house in which he lived is one of those fine old homesteads with which the mind readily associates all manner of interesting and romantic tales. It is in the best of old-fashioned style, large, substantial, the square post being forty-four by forty feet, and the ell nearly as large, with a huge chimney at either end, the general aspect impressing one with a sense that it is a contented old house, eminently respectable, and possessing a weight of dignity which is the growth of many years. The four large elms that toss their branches in the breeze in front of the house, and whose leaves shimmer with their bright green in the sunlight, have heavy trunks, rough and moss covered. One of them was transplanted by the governor more than one hundred and thirty years ago. The house itself was built in 1735, by Mr. Shaw, the father of the governor's second wife.

Livy says, "In contemplating antiquity the mind itself becomes antique" —my condition, doubtless, or perhaps I should not see so much to admire and reverence in a large two-story, wood colored mansion where once a hero lived and died. It is only the botanist, he who loves and has made a study of flowers, that can perceive all the intricate beauties of a leaf or a blossom. So perhaps only an antiquary, one who loves the past and whose mind is in accord with the scenes, events, characters and costumes of departed ages, who can best discern the beauty and the romance that lingers around the home of ancient greatness. Still there is an intrinsic beauty in the spot and the surroundings that even the most

practical utilitarian cannot fail to admire.

From the lawn of the house magnificent views are obtained of landscape and ocean scenery. Fertile farms and white farm houses sleeping in valleys or crowning gentle eminences are all around. Green woods stretch westerly far away, woods that have contributed many a timber to noble fleets in the days that are past. The salt marshes of Hampton and Hampton Falls occupy the space easterly between the farms and woods and the sea. Great Boar's Head is in full view with the long stretch of beach north from the Hampton River. Beyond flashes the waters of the Atlantic, which can be seen till they dash against the rocky barrenness of the Isles of Shoals. The church, the village, the green sward, the woods, the farm covered hills, the broad marshes, the bare white beach, the glittering, illimitable ocean, all these united and blended together, make a view worth gazing upon once in a man's lifetime.

Upon the roof of the house there was formerly and within the memory of men now living, a large platform with railing and seats. It is gone now. There, in the ancient time, the governor's guests were accustomed to retire for the purpose of tea or punch drinking. It must have been a glorious retreat in the warm summer days. How I wished that morning for the magic mirror of Agrippa, for the wondrous second sight of the Rosicrucians, that I might call for the repopulation of the scene as it was when the noble governor, six feet and an inch in his stockings, sat there with the officers of his regiment, all in lace and showy uniform, or later, when his dark hair was gray, with his friends, Josiah Bartlett and Judge Dudley, talking gravely of the passing events of the Revolution. On Sunday nights it would be a more domestic scene. The colonel's wife would sit by his side, and around them their children gathered, daughters with the bloom and grace of the Shaw's, sons dark-eyed and royal featured, stately like all the ancestral Weare's.

Entering the house through the wide hospitable door, the hallway spreads before us ample and noble. The room extends through the square part, opening upon the garden at the farther end, and is twelve or fourteen feet wide. The walls are covered with old-fashioned paper of a greenish shade, with large figures. It is a quaint, splendid room, and it is easy to let the imagination wander at will about the apartment and paint its own pictures, till fancies become almost memories, and mental visions turn to flesh and blood realities. The first door at the right leads into the sitting room. As we enter we notice two wooden pegs driven into the ceiling above the door. We are told that thereby hangs a tale. Colonel Weare, when returning from the Congress at Albany, in 1754, killed a caribou, the antlers of which he carried home and placed in the hallway above the sitting room door, supported by these two pegs. Upon this it was the Colonel's custom to always hang his hat when he came in. These deer antlers were long since taken down, and are now in the possession of Elbridge Bacheldor, Esq., of Boston. It is well; no presence as lofty, no figure so grand, passes the door now, and the antlers, if there, would be useless.

The sitting room is small. The hall does not extend through the middle of the house, but rather toward one side, so that the rooms on the west side below and above are considerably larger than those on the east side. This room is well furnished in modern style, and preserves few if any mementoes of former days, save the elaborately carved cornice. It is a cheerful and well lighted room, its four windows looking out upon the common. It has other attractions also, for here the family sit and make the *home*.

On the opposite side of the hall is a great square room, usually designated as the President's Parlor. In the old time this was the great room of the house, the apartment of state. Here the ancient governor held his social and civil assemblies with dignified

pomp and ceremony, where all the military men, members of the assembly, and judges, with the ladies and loyalty of the state, thronged to do him honor. In this room Meshech Weare was married to his second wife with all the *eclat* commensurate with the wealth and station of the parties, and in keeping with the good old customs of the time. From far and near came the laced coats and small clothes, the powdered hair and long queues, till the hospitable mansion was filled with the wealth and beauty and gayety of the neighboring provincial towns. And a noble couple they were, the bridegroom in the prime of life, tall and handsome; the bride scarcely more than twenty, graceful and beautiful, with tender dark eyes and a face radiant with happiness. From this room forty years later the lifeless form of the great war governor and tried patriot was carried forth, followed by a weeping concourse, to be committed to its last resting place under the January snows.

What a place it must have been to get a look at the lions! Here Washington was seen once, coming in from Cambridge in his carriage drawn by four horses, looking wonderfully like an English nobleman, with his courtly manners and rich suit, but with his face grave and solemn with the cares and responsibilities of his exalted position. Perhaps with him came his stepson and aid-de-camp, John Parker Custis, on his fair, aristocratic Virginian face the shadow of that destiny that had marked him for an early grave.

Hither also came the Wentworths, uncle and nephew, who held vice-regal sway at Portsmouth, the one portly, florid, somewhat pompous, dressed in diamonds and lace and broadcloth, like an English earl, the other handsome, chivalric, enterprising, his eyes keen, his manners democratic, wearing his pride and his dignities graciously, as became one of his race. And the ladies of their heart have stepped daintily across the oaken floor on their high heeled shoes, and rustled their brocades and tossed their stately headdresses as they received the addresses of the lady of the house.

Now and then, coming down from Raymond, suddenly entered the room the stiffly attired form of John Dudley, judge, and member of the Committee of Safety, middle sized, rugged faced, gravely spoken. Somewhat sober was his face, but his smile was hearty, and his eyes had the calm, steady, enduring gaze that looks out from the portraits of those leaders of his race, the provincial governors and the belted earls that bore the Dudley name. Here he was met by another man, alert and slender and long, a man with a wise, superior look, free from severity and condescension, who mingled curiously Athenian philosophy, fine and aesthetic, and Yankee "cuteness," cool and practical—Josiah Bartlett, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration, and subsequently the first *governor* by that name of New Hampshire.

Sometimes came Langdon, the genial, courtly, wealthy merchant and ardent patriot; more often came Nathaniel Folsom of Exeter, with buoyancy of step, and active, abrupt manner; Nicholas Gilman with watchful eyes, big brained and trusty; and John Sullivan, impulsive, brilliant, his head full of law, and his face showing the soldier's dash and bravery.

More than once was seen here Theodore Atkinson, the son of Theodore Atkinson of Newcastle, and the father of Theodore Atkinson, councillor and secretary of the Province, and himself for forty years the wealthiest and most prominent citizen of New Hampshire, sheriff, naval officer, councillor and secretary, colonel for many years of the first state regiment of militia, and the first major-general of troops that the Province ever had. He was Colonel Weare's coadjutor at the Albany Congress, a man lively, social, fond of merriment and good living, whose last days were afflicted by that patrician disease, the gout. I cannot speak of more.

The room looks as if still conscious of the presence of all its illustrious

visitors, and yet it can hardly boast of faded magnificence now. Modern taste and iconoclastic innovation have been at work here. There are, however, some things worth glancing at. Note the paper upon the walls. It is dim and dusty with age, and its figures are as antique as those of a painted missal of the middle ages. That paper is considerably more than a hundred years old, having been imported from England by Colonel Weare not long after his marriage. It is nearly as thick as straw-board and is nailed to the ceiling by long tacks sheathed with broad heads of leather. But the glory of the room is the fireplace. It is very unique and rich and spacious. With a roaring back log in that brick cavern, the room must have been full of cheer. To sit before it now in the long winter evenings, with a fire blazing up the chimney, would, I fancy, be a delightful experience.

Beyond the parlor on the same side of the hall is another square room which was used by Meshech Weare as a library and sleeping room. In this room, one summer night, during the French and Indian War, sleeping with one of the windows open, Colonel Weare heard the stealthy footsteps of the savage marauder. He arose quickly and grasped his sword. Presently a dark figure appeared at the window, and the bronzed face of an Indian looked cautiously within. The colonel struck him with his sword, the Indian uttered a howl, and several figures arose from the grass and scampered away. Tempted by the large bribes offered by the French governor of Canada, a body of the savages had endeavored to seize Weare in his bed, and carry him as prisoner to Montreal, a plan that his wakefulness fortunately prevented being consummated. The apartment serves the present occupants as a dining-room

The kitchen is in the ell part, a large, sombre room, with huge beams, high dressers, and big fireplace, the latter now displaced in use by a modern stove. It has three windows on the east side, and is entered by six doors. The room is as large as two modern kitchens, and probably was the living room of the house. It was where the family clustered, and where the meals were eaten, and the servants sat. Mellow, brown old kitchen, it has memories as rich and noble as the wide hallway or the stately parlor, and far more precious.

The staircase is one of the most remarkable features of this mansion home. It is broad and inclined; the balusters are massive and handsomely carved. A series of fourteen steps conducts you to the first landing, which is as wide as the hall below. With this part of the dwelling there is connected a pathetic narrative. Richard Weare was the governor's youngest son, a brave, handsome young fellow, who was engaged to be married when the Revolution broke out. His wedding suit was already prepared, and the day was set for the marriage. But the patriotic blood he had inherited from distinguished sires would not permit young Weare to dally in the lap of love, when his country needed him. He was among the first to enlist. Before he marched, he packed his wedding suit in a trunk, locked it and placed it in the upper hallway. He never came back. In 1777, while captain of a company in Scammel's regiment he was killed at Fort Ann, New York, upon the retreat of our troops from Ticonderoga. For fifty years the trunk with the clothes in it remained undisturbed on the stairway landing, where the young man had left it. What a tale that trunk must have told to all who looked upon it! The picture of a young curly haired hero lying dead upon a battle field could not convey a sadder thought.

There are six sleeping rooms in the upper story, of which only one needs any particular mention. That is the guest chamber in the south-west part of the mansion. One side of this room is panelled, the other sides are covered with the original paper put there by Colonel Weare. The color of the paper is an easy blue with small figures. The walls are high, and overhead the bare pine beams are visible,

The bed is an ancient, stately affair, canopied by curtains of faded blue. In this chamber and in this bed Washington is said to have slept. As the years pass on, there are so many houses that claim the honor of sheltering his devoted head, that we are inclined to grow sceptical, and think that he must have slept more than the average of military men, or that he had some elfin power to transport him quickly from point to point. But in this case there is not much room for doubt. Washington certainly visited the Weare Place, and as he would not be likely to return the same day, he must perforce have occupied the chamber, unless indeed he sat up all night, which is not probable, for Washington was very methodical and hardly ever let anything rob him of his usual hours of sleep.

After "doing" the old house we wandered forth to the ancient cemetery, where lies the remains of the Weare family. It is only a short distance beyond the house upon the opposite side of the road, toward Exeter. A fence encloses it, and an iron gate opens to it from the highway. The first monument that catches the eye, is a tall, white marble shaft. It marks the site of the old governor's resting place. On it is engraved his name, date of birth and death, and those of his wives, his children and their wives and husbands. Several modern marble slabs bear inscriptions relating to descendants who have more recently died. In various parts of the enclosure are more ancient memorials. Broken stones and sunken shafts mark the place where the dust of many an early settler who fought the wilderness, rests in peace. Among others is the tomb of Theophilus Cotton, the first minister of Hampton Falls, who died in 1726.

From the grave-yard we return to the green to examine the beautiful Weare monument. Upon a broad pedestal rises an obelisk of pure white marble to the height of twenty feet. On one side is inscribed the name "Meshech Weare," on the other one reads the dedication, "Erected A. D., 1853, by the State of New Hampshire, to perpetuate the memory of her illustrious son whose early efforts, sage counsel and persevering labors contributed largely toward establishing his country's independence and shaping the future destiny of his native state." It is a deserving tribute to a noble patriot.

Governor Weare owned a considerable estate, and was a farmer as well as a lawyer, legislator and patriot. The land lay north and west of the mansion and was very fertile. Corn and wheat and fruit were grown on the farm. When the American army lay before Boston in the winter of 1775 and '76, President Weare sent a cart load of provision from his farm to help feed the New Hampshire troops. He prided himself on his neat stock, and improved breeds of cattle, traces of which are yet to be seen in that vicinity He left a valuable estate, which has come down nearly intact to the present day.

Mrs. Weare, she that was Mehitabel Shaw, survived her husband nearly two years, dying Nov. 20th, 1787, aged sixty-two years. The house and estate then became the property of Nathaniel Weare, Meshech's oldest son, who lived on the place till his death in 1799, when it went into the possession of Major Joseph Dow, who had married Elizabeth Weare, the governor's daughter. Major Dow was a prominent man in his day, serving in many municipal trusts, and representing his town on two occasions as representative to the legislature. He was for several years brigade major and inspector of the first brigade of state militia. The major was rather an eccentric man, and cherished some singular beliefs. He was very blunt and concise in his speech, and had a certain grim humor that was not without point. Some one asked him of a certain relative of the gentle sex who was incessantly active, if she was still at the Falls. "No, sir," was the reply. Sometime afterwards the question was put again in this way. "Then you said, Major, that Hannah is not at Hampton Falls?" "No, sir,"

he replied again. "She is there, but not *still* at the Falls, she is never *still* anywhere." It is said that on his death bed he expressed a desire to be buried standing so that, as he said, "He might be up as quick as any of them."

Major Dow died in 1838, and was succeeded in the ownership of the estate by his son, Zebulon Dow. Hannah Weare, another daughter of Meshech, and her husband, John Porter, lived in the house several years, and both died here, Mrs. Porter, in 1849, at the age of ninety five. Zebulon Dow died in 1873. Miss Ellen M. Dow, his oldest daughter, is the present proprietor. In the spring of 1880, the barn on the estate was burned, but a new structure has since been erected. The farm contains about one hundred acres.

POEM.

BY HON. MOODY CURRIER.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Before the "beginning," what? Where was God?

Before that the heavens were in glory outspread;
Before the stars and the sun;
In the boundless and far-distant regions of space,
Oh! where was the Infinite One?

Before that the light, thin, nebulous mists
To gather in space had begun;
Before that the bright beams of light had appeared,
Oh! where was the Infinite One?

Before that the quick, kindling pulses of life
Its mystical web had yet spun;
Before the first throbbings of love had awoke;
Oh! where was the Infinite One?

Before that the dark, empty regions of night
The cycles of death had outrun;
Before that the broodings of chaos had ceased;
Oh! where was the Infinite One?

Eternal in God has the universe stood;
Eternal the stars and the sun;
And the boundless regions of light and of space
Are filled by the Infinite One.

Eternal in Him are the fountains of love;
Nor has aught, that exists, e'er begun;*
Eternal is life, eternal is love;
Eternal the Infinite One.

*Nullam rem e nilo gigni divinitus unquam—*Lucretius de Natura Rerum. B. 1, v. 150.*
That nought from nought by power divine has risen.—*Dr. Good's translation.*
Admit this truth, that *nought from nothing springs*, and all is clear.—*Ibidem.*

A SHORT SKETCH OF MANCHESTER.

Cowper says: "God made the country and man the town." However this may be, certain it is that Manchester owes her wonderful growth to those far-sighted men, who, appreciating the beauties and advantages of the Amoskeag Falls, built there the town, the nucleus of the city of to-day. Few manufacturing cities of like importance possess such natural attractions as this one. Lying in the valley of the Merrimack, it is surrounded on all sides by the most beautiful scenery. The Merrimack river here descends in a series of cascades and falls nearly fifty-five feet, and notwithstanding all the great mills upon its banks below, at Amoskeag it preserves in a great measure its pristine wildness and beauty.

From the west bank the land rises gradually until it merges into the Uncanoonuc Mountains, from whose peaks a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country can be obtained. Rock Rimmon, an ancient landmark, also overlooks the city from the west. On the east side the slope is slight until t culminates in the ridge which forms the watershed between Lake Massabesic and the Merrimac. From this ridge an excellent view of the city may be had, with the Uncanoonuc Mountains, Rock Rimmon, Joe English Hill, and the Francistown Range as a grand background.

About four miles east from the city is Lake Massabesic, a beautiful sheet of water some twenty-eight miles in circumference, which is rapidly becoming to the people of Manchester what Coney Island is to New York. Above the Amoskeag Falls the river affords admirable facilities for aquatic amusements of every sort, which are more and more appreciated every year. The drives along the river, around the lake, and through the suburbs are perhaps unsurpassed in New England for beauty and smoothness.

The city extends a distance of nearly three miles on both sides of the river, is sixteen miles south of Concord, seventeen north of Nashua, forty-one west of Portsmouth, twenty-six northwest from Lawrence, and fifty-two north-north-west from Boston. It is the largest and wealthiest city in the state, possessing one-tenth of the population (33,000) and wealth, and is the fourth city in the United States in the value of its cotton and woolen manufactures. At one time there were a great many villages, which have been swallowed up by the growth of the city. Of these, Amoskeag and Piscataquog, on the west side of the river, are at present the largest, and in view of the increase of the mills and other works it is not unsafe to predict that these two will soon be joined together and so form no inconsiderable part of the city. Upon Main street, from Amoskeag to Piscataquog, a large number of houses are in the process of erection, and everywhere there is great activity. The main portions of the city lie on the east bank, and there are all the manufactories and the greater part of the business interests. Parallel with the river, and between it and the canals, are the immense buildings devoted to the extensive industries for which the city is famous. The history of the city and that of its manufactures are one and the same, beginning back in that time when on the west side of the river the yarn was spun, having previously been cleaned by hand, until now the business

NOTE.—It was the intention to publish an extended article, but for lack of proper encouragement, only this can be presented now. In regard to the notices of professional men, so many objected to giving the requisite facts for fear of being accused of desiring to advertise themselves that to publish the little obtained *would* give color to the charge. We ought not to be obliged to remark in connection with this, that in articles of this sort we aim, if possible, to represent things as they are at present, so that the future historian and genealogist may find ready material.

is so increased that the corporations find employment for about nine thousand persons, and pay to their employés not far from three and three quarters millions dollars in the course of the year. The amount of cloth made in a year by all these corporations would be sufficient to encircle the earth twice around. The principal corporations are the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, making cotton goods; the Stark Mills, cotton and linen goods; Manchester Mills, dress goods; Langdon Mills, paper and shirtings and sheetings; Namaske Mills, gingham and shirting flannels; Derry Mills, dress goods; Manchester Locomotive Works, locomotives, steam fire engines, and hose carriages; Amoskeag Ax Company, axes, adzes, and picks. There are many smaller manufactories, devoted to various things, hosiery, card-board, book and news paper, brass and iron work; sashes, doors, and blinds; bobbins, spools, and shuttles; files; knitting machines, and needles.

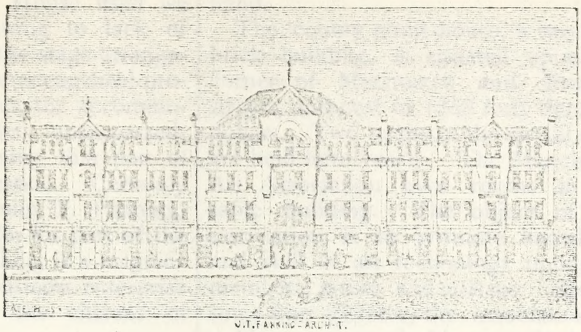
The streets of the city cross each other at right angles; running north and south, east and west, and are generally from fifty to sixty feet in width, adorned with beautiful shade trees. The principal street is Elm and is two and one half miles long and one hundred feet wide. It is paved with granite blocks throughout its entire business portion, and derived its name from the elms which were formerly planted in the centre of the street.

The city possesses fine public squares or commons, gifts from the Amoskeag Corporation. They are called Merrimack, Concord, Tremont, Hanover, and Park. Three of these contain ponds and all of them are delightfully shaded with trees of various kinds. The largest and most beautiful is Merrimack, in the centre of which is the "Soldier's Monument." Here in the midst of crowding industries, the city has erected this monument to the valor and devotion of the twenty-eight hundred men who filled her quota in the war of the Rebellion.

The design of the monument is in every respect an original one, filling the threefold idea of an historical and military monument as well as that of an ornamental fountain. The column is in the centre of a cruciform basin, thirty feet in width, surrounded by a granite parapet. In the centre of the four projecting arms of the basin is the pedestal, on a line with the parapet, supporting bronze statues of heroic size, representing the principal divisions of warlike service; infantry, cavalry, artillery, and navy. Alternating in pairs between these figures are eight bronze posts for gas-lights, surmounted by our national emblems. The column, fifty feet in height, is supported on a circular pedestal four feet in diameter, and is crowned with a capital, richly carved with appropriate gothic ornament. Upon this is placed a colossal statue in granite, eight feet in height, representing Victory with her mural crown, a shield lying at her feet, and holding a wreath and recumbent sword, emblematic of triumph and peace. At the base of the column is placed a shield with the arms of the city, while above are displayed flags and weapons of war. Surrounding the circular pedestal is a bronze bas-relief, four feet in height, representing such incidents of recruiting, arming, parting from friends, marching and fighting, as tell in a simple and effective manner the meaning of the memorial. The legend above this is DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI. The base of the pedestal is octagonal in form, and on its west side bears a bronze tablet, upon which are written these words:

IN HONOR OF
THE MEN OF MANCHESTER
WHO GAVE THEIR SERVICES
IN THE WAR WHICH
PRESERVED THE UNION OF THE STATES
AND
SECURED EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL UNDER
THE CONTITUTION
THIS MONUMENT IS BUILT
BY
A GRATEFUL CITY.

Above the bas-relief are twelve gargoyles, attached to the cornice of the circular pedestal; and issuing from these are jets of water falling into the basin



OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

below. The monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, September 11, 1879.

The city owns two large cemeteries which, beautiful by nature, have still been very much improved. The Valley Cemetery, bounded by Auburn, Pine, Valley and Willow streets, contains nineteen and seven tenths acres, and is cut into two irregular paths, by a gorge, through which runs the Cemetery Brook, rendering the scenery of exceptional fineness. Pine Grove Cemetery is about two and a half miles south of the City Hall, between the River and Calef roads, and contains about forty acres. There are several small cemeteries in various parts of the city.

Near the compact part of the city there are three bridges over the Merrimack for common traffic. Of these the Granite Street Bridge is the most southern, built in 1851; the McGregor Bridge on Market Street, next north, not yet completed, has two roadways one above the other, and is designed by a corporation to extend its control on the Piscataquog side of the river; the last is the Amoskeag Falls Bridge, built in 1854. There are two railroad bridges, the Manchester and North Weare R. R., built in 1871, and the Concord R. R., at Goffe's Falls, built as a single track in 1842, and enlarged to a double track in 1869.

The city can boast in its Opera House Block, of a building, which, in point of magnitude, architectural beauty and substantial construction, has not an equal in the state, and provides a theatre which for its size has no superior in the Union. The building has a length on Hanover Street of over two hundred feet, and a depth on Elm back street of one hundred and forty-six feet. The block is divided by ownership into three sections; the westerly section being known as the Harrington; the easterly as the Smith; and the space between and behind the two, as the Opera House. The entire Hanover Street front is four stories in height excepting the central section where the roof of the Opera House extends to the front making an additional story. The front is of the Queen Anne order of architecture, somewhat modified and modernized to suit the surroundings. It is built of pressed brick, trimmed with Nova Scotia sandstone, terra-cotta and white brick. Twelve heavy pilasters extend from the foundation up to the front, five terminating above the roof in terra-cotta pinnacles, the extreme westerly one being capped with an ornamental terra-cotta chimney top, and the others merging into three gabled pediments which form the most notable feature of the front. The largest pediment is in the centre, directly over the arched entrance to the Opera House, while the smaller ones on each side are over the main stairways. The ground floor is occupied by stores; the upper floors of both sections are ex-

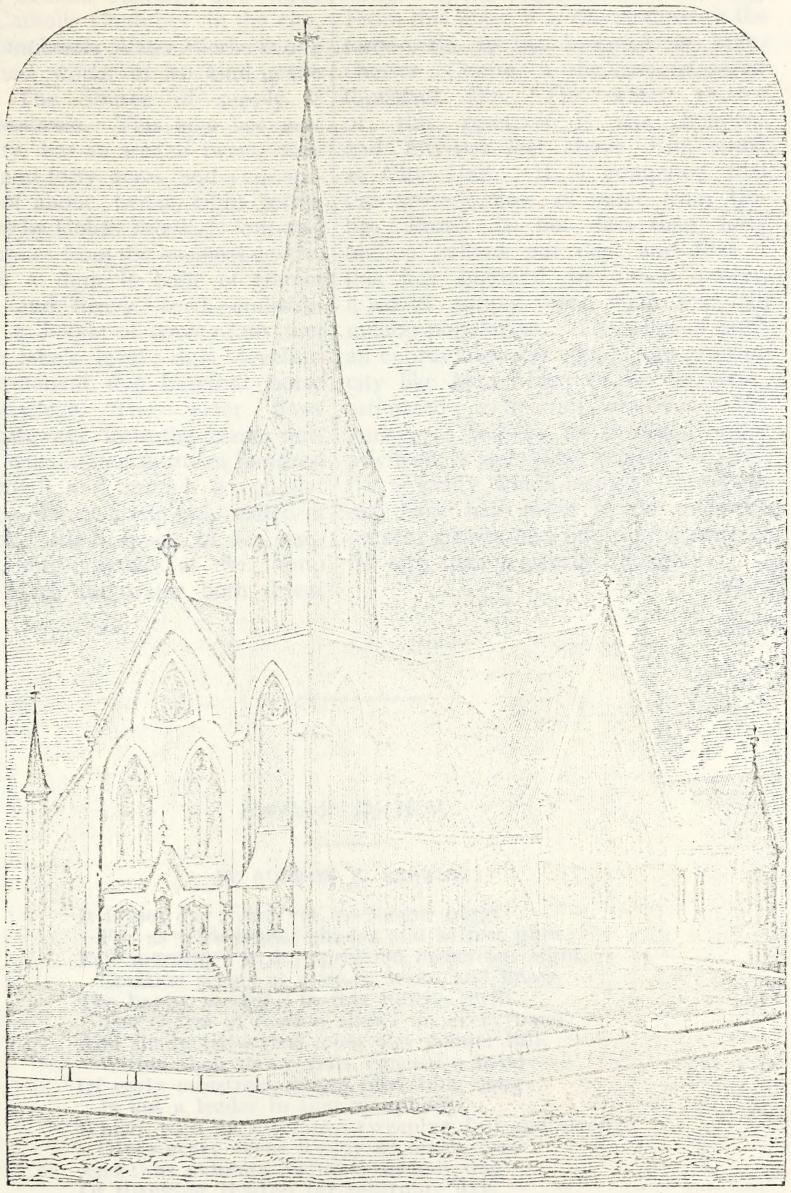
tensively used as offices by the professions. Of the Opera House itself we can say but little, owing to lack of space. To say that the stage arrangements are perfect, the accoustical properties of a high order, the accommodations for spectators unsurpassed, would be scarcely doing that part of the building mere justice. Certainly the architect, Mr. John T. Fanning, deserves great credit for his part of the work, and the whole thing is a magnificent tribute to the business enterprise and public spirit of the citizens of Manchester.

The public library is located in a brick building, erected for it at a cost of thirty thousand dollars upon a lot on Franklin street which was given to the city by the Amoskeag Company. It contains a well assorted collection of books in every department and constant additions are being made. A reading room is in connection, supplied with fifty-five periodicals, and both are open eight hours each day during the week, except Sundays, Wednesday evenings and legal holidays. There are in the library 24,200 volumes in the English Language, and a donation has lately been made by the Hon. Moody Currier of 420 volumes in other languages. During the year 1880 there were in circulation 45,109 volumes, being 8,500 volumes less than the preceding year. This difference was due to the change in the system of record —the clumsy old way of entering the numbers, etc., in a book being replaced by an original slip system, which has brought forth thus far very favorable results. The library is open to every citizen of Manchester and is essentially a public affair. The annual cost to the city is about two thousand dollars, and under the efficient management of the librarian, Mrs. Mary J. Buncher, every effort has been made to put this library in such a condition as will best meet the wants of the public. A plan is now being considered to build an annex which, while not detracting from the looks of the building, will so enlarge the capacity as to enable it to accommodate five times the number of volumes now on hand.

The county court-house, a two-story brick building, is situated upon the corner of Merrimack and Franklin streets, and cost in 1868 forty thousand dollars. Two terms of the circuit court are held here yearly. The Manchester Art Association have rooms in the same building. The object of this association is to promote knowledge and skill in art technology among the members, artists and artisans. Besides some fine pictures, the association has a library on art subjects. It has a membership of three hundred, was founded in 1871, and incorporated in 1876.

The schools of the city are quite numerous, and the system is so extended as to keep pace with the city's growth and prosperity. The High School has a well earned reputation, and annually fits and sends students to the various colleges in New England. There are five grammar, eleven middle, and twenty-two primary schools in the central part of the city, also a training school for teachers. There are two evening schools during the winter months, for the benefit of those unable to attend during the daytime, and these schools are well attended. The school buildings seem to be designed more for hard usage than with any idea of making them at the same time ornamental. The value of the school property belonging to the city is estimated at about three hundred thousand dollars. Besides the regular schools, there are public and parochial schools to the number of fourteen, supported by the Roman Catholics. Of these the largest is the Park Street school, which is owned by the city. The principal is Thomas Corcoran, and the teachers, both in this school and in the others are mainly nuns from the convent of the Sisters of Mercy. In these schools there is an attendance of fourteen hundred. There are also eight evening schools taught by the nuns, for girls engaged in the mills.

Manchester has quite a number of fine churches, the newest and finest



HANOVER STREET CHURCH.

being the Hanover Street Church (Congregational), which was begun in 1879 under the supervision of the architect, who was also the architect of the Opera House, Mr. Fanning. This church is elegantly finished both exterior and interior, and is one of the main features of the city. The Franklin Street Church (Congregational), has a chime of nine bells. There are four



Baptist, three Methodist, one Episcopal, one each Unitarian, Univeralist, Christian, and Second Advent, and three Roman Catholic Churches in the city.

The Manchester Water Works is one of the finest works of its kind in the country. The source of supply is Lake Massabesic. This lake lies east of the city, has an area of twenty-four hundred and forty acres and a circumference of about twenty-eight miles. The outlet by Cohas Brook, is four and one half miles from the business centre, and there a dam is built of granite masonry and heavy earth embankments to a height of twenty-four feet above the lake's level; thus developing a permanent five hundred horse power privilege. The water flows through gateways from the former outlet into a canal about fourteen hundred feet in length, and through a cylinder of Georgia Pine, commonly called a "Penstock," the distance of six hundred feet, until it arrives at the Pump House. Here the water both drives the enormous turbines, and also feeds the pumps, which are from original designs by the engineer, Mr. Fanning. From this place it is driven through the force-main to the reservoir at Manchester Centre, a distance of seven thousand feet. The water surface of this reservoir is one hundred and fifty-two feet above Elm street at City Hall. It is computed that the average flow of water from Cohas Brook is not less than forty million gallons per day, and that if this was pumped by steam power, it would supply more than one half million population. The value of such an enormous water supply to a growing city like Manchester cannot be overestimated; its nearness, abundance and purity, as well as its powerful water privilege, is something remarkable, and the sagacity which inspired the work may have had more to do with the present growth and future prosperity of the city, than is usually thought.

W.

EARLY DAWN.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

It is not day; and yet, no longer night!
For as with tender shades and softest glow,
Fair morning's first expression meets our sight,
Creation seems at once to wake, and know
The happy meaning in this subtile thrill.
The charm of motion shows on every hand:
And shady trees that loom o'er yonder hill,
Within their dewy veils, conceal a band
Of early minstrels, whose refreshing song
Is but a leader in that symphony,
Which, with an utterance sweeping full and strong,
Gives every scene its joy of music free.
And thus exhibits Nature's ancient way
Of thanking Heaven for returning day.

JOURNAL OF ABBE ROBIN, CHAPLAIN OF COUNT ROCHAMBEAU'S ARMY, RELATING TO THE REVOLUTION.

CONTRIBUTED BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D.

In this year we expect to celebrate the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown. It was a memorable event, occurring on the 19th of October, 1781. ABBE ROBIN, a chaplain in Rochambeau's army, was an eye-witness of this scene. Embodied in a series of letters addressed to a friend, we have before us an interesting narrative by Robin of the victorious campaign of the allied armies of Washington and Rochchambeau of 1781. The letters are thirteen in number, and make up a pamphlet of one hundred pages, with an appendix of important matter, first published in 1783.

We propose to give you extracts from some of his letters, which will exhibit the results of his observations upon the men and manners of American life, and the ordinary incidents of military operations as they occurred before him. After being tossed about upon the ocean eighty-five days, he arrives at length in Boston, June, 1781. "He estimates that the city then contained about six thousand houses and thirty thousand inhabitants." A probable over-estimate. "There were nineteen churches for the several sects, all of them convenient, and several finished with taste and elegance. The poor as well as the rich hear the word of God in these places, where there reigns a profound silence. An order and respect were also observable, which have not been seen for a long time in our Catholic churches. Their psalmody is grave and majestic, and the harmony of their poetry in their national tongue adds a grace to the music, and contributes greatly towards keeping the attention of the worshippers.

"All these churches are destitute of ornaments. No appeal is made to the heart or imagination. Neither painting nor sculpture represent those great events which ought to recall man to his duty, and awaken his gratitude; nor are those heroes in piety brought into view, whom it is his duty to admire and his endeavor to imitate. Robin remarks that he found the churches furnished the best theatres where he could witness and study the manner and character of the American people. As to the American ladies, they have less cheerfulness and ease of behavior than the ladies of France, but more of greatness and dignity. I have even imagined that I have seen something in them that answers to the ideas of beauty we gain from those master-pieces of the artists of antiquity, which are still extant in our days. As to the men, they are tall and their carriage erect, but not very robust in body, and their color inclining to paleness. At twenty-five years of age the women begin to loose the freshness of youth, and at thirty-five or forty it is mostly gone. The decay of the men is equally premature. I visited all the burying grounds of Boston and many others between that city and Williamsburg, Virginia, and examined the ages inscribed upon the stones of the deceased, and I found but few who had advanced beyond their fiftieth year, fewer still to seventy, beyond that scarcely any."

A longer acquaintance with the American people would probably have enabled Robin to form more just conclusions upon the subject of longevity.

Rochambeau's army had been stationed at Newport, R. I., for some time, but on the 9th day of June it arrived at Providence, where Robin joined it, being destined, as was supposed, to a southern campaign. This army was under good discipline, being well sup-

plied with arms, ammunition, clothing, provisions, and all other necessaries, and in number about five thousand. It marched through Connecticut and arrived at the North River about the middle of July. They there effected a junction with the American troops. Robin remarks that their march was in a time of extreme heat and under great fatigue, and performed by most of the French officers on foot at the head of their regiments, the whole distance being 215 miles. Here for the first time he met General Washington, and thus he gives the impressions made on his mind by him :

"I have seen General Washington, that singular man, the soul and support of one of the greatest revolutions that has ever happened or ever can happen again. I fixed my eyes upon him with that keen attention which the sight of a great man always inspires. We naturally entertain a secret hope of discovering in the features of such illustrious men some traces of that excellent genius which distinguishes them from and elevates them above their fellow mortals. The exterior of this man fully gratified my expectations.

He is of a tall and noble stature, well proportioned, a fine, cheerful, open countenance, a simple and modest carriage, and his whole mien has something in it that interests the French and Americans and even his enemies themselves in his favor. His reputation has arisen to a most brilliant pitch. He has shown himself superior to fortune, and in the most trying adversity has discovered resources till then unknown. His arms have never been so fatal to his enemies, as at the very instant when they thought they had crushed him forever. He is intrepid in danger, yet never seeks it, only when the good of his country demands it. Like Peter the Great, he has by defeats conducted his army to victory ; and like Fabius, but with fewer resources and more difficulty, he has conquered without fighting, and saved his country. The Americans, that cool and sedate people, who in the midst of their most trying difficulties have attended only to the direction and impulses of plain method and common reason, are roused, animated, and inflamed at the very mention of his name ; and the first songs that sentiment or gratitude has dictated, have been to celebrate General Washington."

Such is the record of this distinguished foreigner, rendered prior to the siege of Cornwallis, long before the public services of Washington in behalf of our country were half finished.

The combined American and French armies spent some weeks during the summer of 1781 before the city of New York, watching the movements of Sir Henry Clinton, and waiting for the arrival of the expected French fleet. In the meantime Cornwallis and the traitor, General Arnold, had invaded Virginia, and were plundering the people of that state, being opposed only by Fayette who had the command of an inferior force. Early in September a southern expedition was resolved upon. Washington, leaving a portion of his troops in New York, led the remainder, together with the French army, to Virginia. The armies arrived at Philadelphia on the 6th of September, where Congress was in session, and where they were met by the French minister, Luzerne, and many other distinguished individuals, and where the troops were reviewed. After the review Luzerne had invited the officers to dine with him. Robin says : "Hardly were we seated at the table, when an express arrived conveying the agreeable intelligence that thirty-six ships of the line, commanded by Count De Grasse, had arrived in Chesapeake bay, and three thousand men had landed and opened a communication with Marquis De La Fayette. This intelligence was received with great joy and satisfaction by all present. The President of Congress, Hon. Thomas McKean, clothed in a suit of black velvet, honored the review with his presence. Among others also, Charles Thompson, the secretary of Congress, the soul of that political body, came also to receive and present his compliments. His meagre figure, furrowed countenance, his hollow, spark-

ling eyes, his white, straight hair, that did not hang quite as low as his ears, fixed our thorough attention and filled us with surprise and admiration."

The high character ascribed by Robin to Charles Thompson was probably well deserved. He was secretary to Congress from 1774 to 1789. John Adams in his diary describes him as the Samuel Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty. He is represented as a good classical scholar. Born in Derry, Ireland, November, 1729; died in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1824.

Robin writes also: "We have the intelligence that Cornwallis is fortifying at York, a small town situate on a river of the same name, in Virginia. This intelligence induced us to hasten on with the utmost dispatch to meet him and to relieve Fayette."

Robin says: "This leader, I assure you, is a man of only twenty-four years of age, who has left the arms of an affectionate wife, a residence among the pleasures of high life, where his name with an alliance with an illustrious family opened a way to the highest dignities in France, to come to this country and under the American Fabius to defend the sacred cause of liberty, and so to learn to serve his king and country. The word marquis universally excites admiration and gratitude, and at the very mention of it an enthusiasm throughout the American world."

The combined army, having reached Williamsburgh some days previous to September 28th, on that day they marched to Yorktown and commenced the siege of Cornwallis. The distance between these two towns was stated to be twelve miles, and for most of the distance the road was lined by a wilderness. Robin comments with some justice on the conduct of Cornwallis, that he had left this wilderness exposed and wholly unobstructed. Again, that he had not before, with his army of eight thousand choice troops, prevented the junction of General St. Simon with his three thousand troops with Fayette, or that he had never used due exertions to attack Fayette before the arrival of reënforcements. Robin gives an historical account of the surrender of Burgoyne, and compares his generalship and the causes of his defeat with those of Cornwallis. He arrives to the conclusion that Cornwallis displayed less military skill and good judgment, under like circumstances, than Burgoyne, although the powers at home dealt out their censure and blame much more profusely upon Burgoyne than upon Cornwallis.

Robin relates all the details of the siege and surrender of Cornwallis with great ability and minuteness. Being an eye-witness we can rely upon his statements. We have not space for the recital of his eventful story. History tells us that the defeat of one general and his army brought to us the alliance and aid of France. The defeat of the other brought with it the downfall of Lord North's administration, and soon peace and prosperity to America.

But our present object is to give your readers some more intimate knowledge of Robin's book. After the the surrender of Cornwallis he visits Yorktown, and thus describes what he saw: "I have been through the unfortunate little town of York since the siege, and saw many elegant houses shot through and through in a thousand places and ready to crumble to pieces; rich household furniture crushed under their ruins, or broken by the brutal English soldier; carcasses of men and horses half covered with dirt, whose mouldering limbs, while they poisoned the air, struck dread and horror to the soul. I saw books piled in heaps and scattered among the ruins of the buildings. These served to give me an idea of the taste and morals of the inhabitants. They were either treatises upon religion, or controversial divinity; the history of the English nation, and their foreign settlements; collection of charts, acts of Parliament, &c.; the works of Alexander Pope; Montaigne's Essays; Gil Blas; and the excellent essay upon women by Mr. Thomas. There is hardly a place in America that I have visited that I have not met this work."

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Robin writes also: "We have the intelligence that Cornwallis is landing at York, a small town adjoining to Yorktown of the same name in Virginia. This intelligence induced us to leave our with the utmost dispatch to march and to relieve Fayette."

Robin says: "This leader [Lafayette] is a man of only twenty-one years of age, who has left the pride of an affectionate wife, a relations and the pleasures of high life, where his name with distinction in all parts of the family opened a way to the highest dignities in France, to come to this country and under the American Fabius to defend the sacred cause of liberty, and so to learn to serve his king and country. The word marquis universally excites admiration and gratitude, and at the very mention of it an enthusiasm throughout the American world."

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One of the buildings above referred to was Governor Nelson's elegant mansion. He had two boys in Washington's army; and, it is said, he pointed out his own house for bombardment, as being the headquarters of Cornwallis—vide *Irving's Life of Washington*. Among the learned men in the French army was General Chastellux, one of the forty members of the French Academy. He was the associate of Chaplain Robin, and was an eminent naturalist, and recorded the events of this campaign in two octavo volumes, which were published in France soon after his return home. Both of these authors made judicious observations upon the trees and other productions in America. Robin expresses much regret that the rock maple was not to be found in France. Robin records an anecdote, showing how Colonel Tarleton, one of the English officers, who had been made a prisoner, was humbled. He had been cruel in his treatment of the Americans in the southern campaign. There was an article in the terms of capitulation of Cornwallis, that all private property that had been taken from the inhabitants of the State of Virginia might be reclaimed on demand by the original owners. On one occasion Colonel Tarleton had been invited to dine by one of the French commanders, being mounted upon a very fine horse and conducted by some of the French aids to his dinner, when suddenly an American appeared and stopped Tarleton on the road, and made claim to his horse, and obliged him to dismount and surrender the animal, loading him at the same time with the most bitter invectives. Some one then lent him a mean beast upon which he arrived among our officers, who were at a loss to contrive how a man of so much spirit could endure to be so humbly mounted.

Robin, to show the mortification of Cornwallis, occasioned by his reverse and defeat, gives the following anecdote: "Soon after his surrender Cornwallis and Washington were walking together. Washington observing that Cornwallis held his hat under his arm, requested his lordship to be covered. He declined the invitation. Washington renewed the request, adding, 'Your head, my Lord, will be apt to catch cold.' 'Sir,' replied his lordship (at the same time striking his head three times with his hand), 'as to my head, it is no matter what becomes of it now.'"

In conclusion we find Robin commenting favorably upon the character and industrious habits of the Americans, upon their general intelligence, upon the fertility of their soil and its productive power, upon their comfortable houses and improved highways. Then we were astonished to see this people, scattered as they were over so broad a country, taking measures so wisely, and discussing their rights with so much boldness and truth, and discovering so much undaunted resolution, and disputing every inch of ground with the numerous and well appointed forces of the mother country. We were suprised to see this people, accustomed, as they were, to the quiet and peace of a rural life, willing to abandon their comfortable dwellings, submitting themselves to the severe discipline of the camp, despising hunger and the inclemency of the weather, supporting long and painful marches, giving and receiving death with intrepidity; all against a nation long practiced in battle, and abundantly supplied with everything that could ensure success. England no doubt at first was persuaded that a small number of her troops would suffice to fight and subdue the Americans; and if these troops, and the immense hosts that succeeded them, failed in their endeavors and were conquered, I will be bold to say it is a phenomenon in the political world, that no empire or kingdom has yet seen the like of this in past ages, and perhaps nothing like it will ever happen again.

With regard to America the wisest men of the English nation reasoned like children. Their folly and ambition have transferred a glorious sovereignty to the western world, which will, we hope, contribute largely in its effects to the happiness and well-being of man-

kind in general, but philosophy teaches that it will take several ages to complete the great revolution which has been begun in our day.

To the principle of toleration of all the different religious sects in this country, Robin ascribed their rapid increase of power and property, "and to suppose that toleration can be prejudicial to the growth of states is, whatever you may think of it, very far from the received opinion of our time."

The discussion of many topics embraced in this pamphlet of Robin's, will be found candid, liberal and interesting to the reader. We have referred to but a few of the important matters that were sketched by this foreigner with good taste and judgment one hundred years ago, only regretting that you have no space for more details at this time.

THE FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE—NO. 4.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY.

In the few years which elapsed after 1800, great changes had been wrought in individual as well as turnpike history.

Russell Freeman of Hanover was one of the foremost of the pioneers in this turnpike enterprise; he had been honored with a variety of trusts by the community in which he lived; he was a man of standing and character; he was active and energetic in business affairs: but misfortunes fell upon him and he became involved in debt; civilized and christian men because of this crime of poverty sent him to Haverhill jail, a place which to the minds of the multitude was a cross between the Black Hole of Calcutta and the prison home of the damned.

Starkweather, "Captain Joe," a very respectable citizen of Haverhill, was confined in the same cell with Freeman and one Josiah Burnham, who—to put it mildly—was guilty of lascivious conduct. Freeman and Starkweather to while away their dreary hours told humorous stories, cracked jokes at the expense of their situation and each other, and in jesting rallied "Old Burnham"—as the horrified mothers for a generation were accustomed to call him—about his paramour. Burnham, witless, sullen and brutal, threatened that if such allusions were repeated, whoever did it would suffer for it. He sharpened the point of a scythe and hid it in his pocket, waiting and seeking for an opportunity; it came, or he forced it; he let out their bowels, and sent the pioneer Freeman as well as Starkweather to their graves; the hangman in the midst of ten thousand lookers on at Powder Hill did his work faithfully. For nearly half a century the story of "Old Burnham" and his wicked murders was told by every mother in the long winter evenings to her children about the family hearth, and the narrator never failed to relate that before death he sold his body to the surgeons for the purpose of dissection, the price that he got, that he took his pay in rum, and was choked into the other world drunk.

A sad fate had overtaken others but none so tragic as that of poor Freeman. Mistakes had been made, too, by the Turnpike Corporation. Some of the active spirits had been driven out, and others had quietly made room for others still. 1804 had witnessed the completion of the great enterprise; that is, the road—to use the common speech of the times—had been "built through" and in some sense was open for public travel thereon; but the cost had far exceeded the expectations of the pio-

neers in the enterprise. Instead of costing $600 or less per mile, it had cost $61,157.00, or more than $1200, per mile. No toll houses had been erected. No turnpikes or gates were set up till March 2, 1806. The repairs were expensive and the prospect of fat dividends was remote. But there was a sea of other troubles.

We have seen by the report of the committee made to the meeting of February 7, 1804, that the town of Lebanon voted to raise the sum of $600 to be paid to the Turnpike Corporation if the road should be made eventually to cross the Mascoma river near Dr. Parkhurst's, etc., and that the proprietors made a conditional acceptance thereof. The people in Lebanon who were opposed to this change stocked hands and brought trespass against the selectmen of Lebanon for assessing a tax to carry out this arrangement. The test suit was made returnable before James Wheelock, Esq., on May 11, 1805. Nobody seems to know what the ultimate disposition of the suit was.

In the midst of the hard times some of the stockholders had given their notes instead of paying for their shares in money. Some of these notes became worthless, others had to be put in suit with the usual accompaniments of bitterness and expense in litigation.

Until the turnpikes were set up, there was little disposition to pay toll. The location of these turnpikes was regarded as a matter of great importance, second only to the location of the road itself. Besides other places, tradition says that a gate was erected at George Hill in Enfield, which we know was afterwards removed to Fishmarket. Another was erected at the low Gay House in what is now Wilmot, some thirty or forty rods on the road to Springfield from the Porter K. Philbrick stand. The most important, with perhaps one exception, was that at West Andover. It barred not only the Fourth but its great feeder the Grafton Turnpike. It was erected almost opposite to the great Elm tree which now stands near the house of George M. Babbitt. The Babbitt premises were for many years occupied by Thomas Clark, Esq., as a hotel and country store, and by his sharp, money making lieutenant, Moses Frazier. Clark accumulated quite a fortune, as it was regarded in those days, at that place. He was a man of affairs and a cross-roads legal oracle. He had great renown as a magistrate. In the first suit brought before him, after a grave argument upon knotty points by the opposing counsel, he rendered his famous judgment of "squushment." Deeds, wills, and other legal instruments, almost innumerable in this region, were the work of his hands. His spelling was based upon the rule laid down by that eminent authority, Dr. Franklin. He and Frazier for many years had charge of the toll gate. He planted the great elm with his own hands and bequeathed his curse to whoever with impious hands should cut it down.

There was another, known as the "Parker Gate," not far from the "Pet Webster place" in Salisbury, near what is now known as the Heath premises. The site of the old cellar of the toll house may yet be seen.

There was another in Boscawen about which there was no end of contention.

These gates were sometimes set up temporally in one place and then removed to another for the greater security of the interests of the corporation. All sorts of lies, tricks, and evasions were resorted to to get rid of the payment of toll. Selectmen sometimes laid out roads or changed the route of old ones in order to enable the traveler to leave the turnpike before he reached the gate and then resume his travel on the turnpike beyond it. The Flanders' case reported in Smith's report, page 205, is an illustration of another class.

Early in February, Flanders, who was traveling to Boston, turned out of the turnpike road, in Salisbury, with his team on land adjacent, which was not a public highway, to get rid of the payment of toll. Samuel Green, a justice of the peace, issued a writ and committed it to Richard Herbert, a constable, for service, and detained Flanders till

ners in the enterprise. Instead of costing $800 or less per mile, it had cost $3,432.99 or more than $2,000 per mile. No toll houses had been erected. No turnpike or gates were set up till March 2, 1806. The repairs were expensive and the prospect of an dividends was remote. But there was a sea of other troubles.

We have seen by the report of the committee made to the meeting of February 7, 1804, that the town of Lebanon voted to raise the sum of $800 to be paid to the Turnpike Corporation if the road should be made eventually to cross the Mascoma River near Dr. Perkins's, and that the Corporation made a conditional agreement thereto. The people in Enfield also were opposed to this change, and by the selectmen of Lebanon in refusing a tax to carry out this arrangement. The vote was made void by the action of the town of Enfield, May 21, 1805. Nobody seems to know what the ultimate disposition of the matter was.

In the midst of the hard times and of the stockholders' not given their notes instead of paying for their shares in money. Some of these notes became worthless, others had to be put to suit with the usual accompaniments of bitterness and expense in litigation.

Until the turnpikes were set up, there was little objection to pay toll. The location of these turnpikes was regulated as a matter of great importance, second only to the location of the road itself. Besides other places, tradition says that a gate was erected at George Hill in Enfield, which was known afterwards removed to Fishmarket. Another was erected at the low Cox House in what is now Wilmot, some thirty or forty rods on the road to Springfield from the Porter K. Phillips stand. The most important, with perhaps one exception, was that at West Andover. It burned not only the Fourth but the great federal Grafton Turnpike. It was erected almost opposite to the great Elm tree which now stands near the house of George M. Hobbit. The Hobbit premises were for many years

he compromised the suit with the attorney of the corporation. The writ was framed in such a hurry that no declaration was inserted, but simply the words "In a plea of the case for that whereas." Flanders thereupon sued the constable in trespass for imprisoning him ten hours at Concord. He recovered forty dollars damages at the hands of a jury who undoubtedly sympathized with whoever "run the toll," and this verdict was affirmed by a majority of the court, Judge Livermore dissenting.

Ungodly sinners evaded the payment of toll by claiming that they were passing with their horses and carriages to or from "public worship," when they never intended to attend anything of the kind in any sense known to the religious world. Among themselves they claimed that the charter did not define public worship, that going a courting, attending a card party, or a drinking bout where parties regaled themselves with that choice elixir of the saints, West India or New England rum, was religious service. Good christians cheated the corporation out of its due by claiming that they were going to mill when they were going a visiting or attending to their private business, and that they were engaged in their common or ordinary affairs of business concerns within the town where they belonged when they were not engaged in such business, and were out of the town where they belonged.

The winds blew, the floods came and washed away the road bed and rendered the travel thereon and upon the bridges unsafe.

There were no stages here in those days to aid in swelling dividends. They were the product of a later epoch. There was a rumor that such things had been seen in New York, in 1804. It was said, though not fully believed, that there was a New York and Albany stage line on the east side of the Hudson River, that the stage left the city every morning at six o'clock and reached Albany on the third day, that the fare of each through passenger was eight dollars, and that every way passenger had to pay a York sixpence a mile. It was also said that a like stage ran daily on the west side of the river between New York and Albany, that the through fare was the same as on the other route, and that way passengers only had to pay five cents a mile.

There were then no great transportation companies and the canal craze which came on at a later day had not even reached this part of New Hampshire.

No one at this day knows what the dividends were or what the expenses of the corporation were prior to 1820. Deacon Pettingell and "the Parson" undoubtedly conducted the corporation with due regard to its financial interests, and in strict observance of the laws of God as they understood them, but they paid little attention to human laws and utterly disregarded some of the most important provisions in their charter.

Section 14 of the act of incorporation, as we have seen, provided that the corporation should lay before the legislature at the end of every six years after the setting up of any toll gate an account of the expenditures of said road and the profits arising therefrom, under the penalty of a forfeiture of the charter. We are not aware that any such account was ever presented to any legislature. But what purported to be such an account was rendered in the years 1830, '36, and '42. Those that we have examined were brief and contained nothing but totals, a mere statement that the receipts up to a certain time were so much and the expenditures were so much. When on trial for its life, the corporation made no claim that any other attempt had been made to comply with this provision of its charter, prior to 1830.

RECORD OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWN OF CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

February ye 25th, 1766.
The Birth of Jeremiah Clough, Junr's. Childrens:
Sarah Clough, Born February ye 20th, 1766.
Jeremiah Clough, Born August ye 21th, 1768.
Susanna Clough, Born march th 16, 1776.
Martha Clough, Born may th 7, 1779.
N. B. Jeremiah Clough, Esqr., the father of the above named Children, died July the 10th, A. D., 1819.

Birth, Marriage, &c., of Benjamin Bradley and family.
Benjamin Bradley, born January 6, 1761.
Judith Mace, his 2nd wf. September 17, 1776.
They were married December 26, 1799.
The Births &C. of Benjamin Bradley's Children:
By his 1st wife Abr'ham Sanborn Bradley was born June 27, 1796.
Lucretia Bradley, by his 2d wife, was born Novm. 16, 1800.
Betsey Bradley, his 2d Daughter by his 2d wife, Born Decm. the 4th, 1802, and Died November the 12th, 1804.
John Langdon Bradley, his first Son by by his 2nd wife was born March the 27th, 1805.
Sarah Dole Bradley, their 3d daughter was born May the 15th, 1807.
Benjamin Bradley, father of the above children, Died June 24, 1840.

Canterbury, February ye 5th, 1773.
The Birth of one of Thomas Hoyt's Children, named Jonathan. Born January ye 31st, 1773,———october tenth, 1796.
the Barth of Capt. thomas Curry Children:
Nancy Curry, Born October th 2, 1791.
Polly Curry, Born November 11, 1793.
Bettsy Curry, Born January th 6, 1796.

Canterbury, April ye 5th, 1775.
The Age of Benjamin Blanchard's ye 3d Children:
Amos Blanchard's born June ye 8th, 1773.
Ralph Blanchard, born January ye 11th, A. D., 1775.
Benjamin Blanchard, Junr., married to Sarah Burbank July ye 9th, 1778.
Keziah Blanchard, born May 20, 1781.
Martha, Born June 18th, 1783.
Salle, born May ye 11th, 1786.
John Blanchard, Born February ye 18th, 1788.

Canterbury, February ye 24th, 1774.
Then Samuel Gerish Married to Lucy Noyes.
There First Born, a son named Enoch, Born February ye 20th, 1775.
Joseph Gerish, born March ye 7th, 1777.
Stephen Gerrish, Born December ye 23rd, 1786.
the abov named Stephen Gerrish departed this Life on the 2nd day of February, A. D., 1807, in the 21st year of his Age.
Lucy, the wife of the above said Samuel Gerrish, departed this Life March the 28th, A. D., 1818.

Richard Blanchard Married to his Second Wife, Handcok, Anno Domini, 1768.
Jacob, there first born Child, born October ye 6, 1669.
Hannah, born August ye 6, 1771.
Benjamin, born March ye 2, 1774.
Edward, born June ye 22, 1776.

Canterbury, July ye 5th, 1776.
The Birth of sum of Samuel Colby's Children. Viz.:
his Twin Sons, Joseph and Simeon, born September 14, 1775.

Jeremiah Gipson Married Eleanor Forrest November ye 21st, 1776.
Married by Winthrop Young in the year 1802.
Isaac Richardson to Lucy Rogers May the 24th, 1802.
Acquilla Moffett to Anna Sleeper Jnly the 25th, 1802.
Levi Hill to Lydia Wiggin Sept. the 12th, 1802.
Eliphalet Brown to the widow, Anna Thompson January the 27th, 1803.

Mr. Obediah Mooney, Married to Joanna Moore January ye 8th, 1777.

James Blanchard, Married to Mercy Shannon, Febry 20th, 1777.

Robart Aaistains Child Named Rhoda, born April ye, 1776.

David Blanchard, Married to Azubah Heath, Febry 20th, 1777.

George Hancock, Married to Sarah Williams, Febry 27th, 1777.

Benjamin Collings to Susannah Khenistone Febry 27th, 1777.

David M. Crellis, Married to Susannah Moor Febry 27th, 1777.

Charles Moodey, Born Augus 1, 1794, widow modey Son.
Canterbury, march th 16, 1797.
John Love, Child Recorded.
Bettsy Love, Born January th 10, 1794.

Hezekiah Young, Married to Mary Young, May 15th, 1777.

Barnard Stiles, Son of Barnard Stiles, born February 11th, 1776.

Canterbury,
April 21, 1792.
Now Recorded, the Birth of Jeremiah Hacket Children: Salley hacket, there oldest Daughter, Born July the 29th, 1769.
Bradbury, oldest son, Born December 25, 1770.
Jeremiah hacket, Junr., Born october 15, 1874.
Aling hacket, Born July 15th, 1777.
Daniel Hacket, Born June 15, 1780, and Dyed october the 1, 1787.
Polly hacket, Born March 2, 1783.
asa hacket, Born October the 2, 1785.
Bettsy hacket, Born September the 1, 1789, and Dyed feberuary 1, 1790.
Sukey hacket, Born April 6th, 1791.
Patty hacket, Born December 8, 1793.
The above named Asa Hacket departed this life February 18, 1825.

Sergant Morrill, Married to Ruth Hoyt, September 16th, 1777.

Joseph Durgen, Married to Abigal Hoyt, Decemr 4th, 1777.

William Dyer, married to Anne Morrisson, Decemr 18th, 1777.

Samuel Berry, ju., Married to Mary M'Ginnis, Janury 29th, 1778.

Canterbury, January ye 4th, 1777.
The Birth of Capt. Samuel Moore's Children:
Samuel Moore, Jun., Born October ye 10th, 1751.
Joanna Moore, Born May ye 13th, 1754.
Elkins Moore, Born October ye 30th, 1756.
Mary Moore, Born February ye —1759.
Thomas Moore, Born February ye 6th, 1761.
Hannah Moore, Born October ye 18th, 1763.
Archelaus Moore, Born March ye 15th, 1766.
John Moore, Born February ye 27th, 1769.
Capt. Samuel, Departed This Life January ye 1st, 1776.
Reuben Moore, Born December ye 18th, 1770.
Susannah Moore, Born April ye 9th, 1775.
Stephen Moore, Born July ye 5, 1776.
Joanna Moor (daughter of Elkins Moor) was born at Freeport, in the District of Maine, July the 24th, 1789.
Eliza Mary Harvey, daughter of the above said Joanna Moor, was Born at Canterbury, May the 26th, 1810.

Joshua Weeks, Married to Susannah Morrill, Februry 5th, 1778.

Aaron Hartshorn, Married to Zeruiah Blunt, Febr 26th, 1778.

William Perkins, Married to Abigal Hancock, April 9th, 1778.

Israel Glines, Married to Mary Virgin, May 5th, 1778.

Nathaniel Tallet, Married to Mary Sandborn, Septemr 14th, 1778.

Thomas Gibson, Married to Jemima Shepard, October 15th, 1778.

The Rev. Nathan Ward, Married to Miss Lydia Clough, Decem 16th, 1778.

Jere Abbott Blunt, Married to Abigal Morrill, Decemr 24th, 1778.

John Forrest, jur, Married to Sarah Gibson, Decemr 29th, 1778.

Simon Derborn Wadleigh, Married to Dorothy How, Janury 5th, 1779.

Obediah Clough, Married to Sarah Clough, Janury 6th, 1779.

Capt. James Shepard, Married to Mrs. Abigal Handcock, Janury 18th, 1779.

William Brown, Married to Anna Ilsley, Janur 19th, 1779.

Mr. Benjamin Blanchard, Married to Mrs. Miriam Hoyt, November ye 25th, 1781.

Noah Sinkler, Married to Levina Gault, November ye 29th, 1781.

Benjamin Webster, Married to Judeth Heath, December ye 13th, 1781.

Jacob Gooden, Married to Sarah Stevens, August ye 1782.

Ebenezer Fooss, Married to Sarah Hoyte, December 26th, 1782.

Jonathan Taylor, Married to Ruth Matthews, Febr 1st, 1781.

Michard Glines, Married Anna Sherborn, July 25th, 1781.

Canterbury, September ye 28th, 1778.
The Birth of Edmund Colby Children:
Mary Colby, Born July 31st, 1758.
Elisabeth Colby, Born January ye 20th, 1759.
Sarah Colby, Born September ye 11th, 1762.
Susannah Colby, Born January 5th, 1765.
Daniel Colby, Born October ye 5th, 1767.
Joseph Colby, Born August ye 5th, 1769.
James Colby, Born August ye 1st, 1771.
Abner Colby, Born April ye 5th, 1773.
William Colby, Born February ye 12th, 1775.

Canterbury, March ye 17th, 1779.
The Birth of Michael Suttons Children.
Stephen Sutton, Born Septsmber ye 1st, 1756.
Michael, Born September ye 11th, 1757.
Edmund, Born May the 4th, 1759, and Departed this Life February ye 11th, 1776.
Mary, Born December ye 2rd, 1760: and Died March ye 27th 1761.
John, Born January ye 14th, 1762.
Solomon, Born May ye 18th, 1765.
Michael Sutton, died September 1797.
Solomen Sutton, died October 1814.
Widow Margaret Sutton, the Mother of the above Children, died March the 12th, 1810, Aged 86 years, 9 Months and ten days.

James Sherborn, Married to Elisabeth Gibson, August 9th, 1781.

John Eeastman, Married Sibbel Chamberlain, October 9th, 1781.

Ebenezer Chandler, Married to Sarah Sergeant, Janury 24th, 1782.

Abraham Durgin, Married to Mary Heath, March 11th, 1782.

William Moore, jr., Married to Mary Moore, Septemr 18th, 1782.

William Forrett, Married to Dorothy Worthing, Septemr 18th, 1782.

George Sergeant, married to Abigal Blasdel, March 14th, 1783.

Joseph Moore, Married to Elisabeth Whidden, May 1st, 1783.

William Simons, Married to Anne Eld, December 19, 1784.

Nathanael Whidden, Married to Janne Moore, March ye 10th, 1785.

Canterbury, March ye 17th, 1779.
The Birth of William Moores wife and Children:
Margret, his wife Born July ye 10th 1723.
Agnes, Born November ye 30th, 1743—and Died January 14th, 1744.
Sarah, Born December 30th, 1744.
Elisabeth, Born February ye 21st, 1747.
Mary, Born November ye 16th, 1749, and Departed this Life August ye 25th, 1743.
Lidia, born born June ye 8th, 1752, and Departed this Life September ye 1st, 1755.
Joseph, Born October ye 18th, 1754.
William, Born August ye 12th, 1757.
Susannah, Born September ye 12th, 1759.
Janne, Born July ye 8th, 1764.
William Moore, the father of the above Children, Died July the 3rd, 1804.

A Record of Marriages.

Abraham Morril, Married to Sarah Hoyt, March ye 24th, 1785.

William Clemment, Married to Elee Shepard, March ye 24th, 1785.

Zebadah Sergant, Married to Hannah Foster, June ye 14th, 1785.

Joseph Elison, Married to Sarah Hains, August ye 11th, 1785.

John Lougee, Married to Mary Avery, April ye 30th, 1782.

Leenard Weeks, Married to Bette Scales, November ye 17th, 1785.

Josiah Easman, Married to Doritha Carter, February ye 9th, 1786.

Samuel Ingals, Married to Anne Shepard, September ye 14th, 1786.

Isaac Clemant, Married to Dorotha McHorne, September ye 17th, 1786.

Peaslee Easman, Married to Mary Grayham, November ye 1st, 1786.

John Moor, Married to Tabatha Davis, November ye 2rd, 1786.

Thomas Moore, Married to Cumfort Perkins, January ye 11th, 1787.

Jacob Richerson, and Elle Kitredge, Married December ye 25th, 1787.

William Hambleton Bowls, Married to Margret Ervin, December ye 26th, 1787.

William Witcher, Married to Anner Sandborn, January ye 30th, 1788.

Timothy Bachelder, Married to Anne Morriell, February ye 11th, 1788.

MINES IN THE VICINITY OF LISBON.

Passing under the alluvium of the Connecticut valley at Woodsville, a mineral vein, carrying copper and iron, outcrops all along the Gardner range of mountains, through the towns of Bath, Monroe, Lyman, and Littleton, and disappears under the Connecticut, to again appear in Vermont. The ore from this vein carries from three to thirty per cent copper, and will assay from nine dollars to one hundred dollars per ton. On this vein is the

LANG MINE,

on which, several years ago, a shaft was sunk eighty feet.

THE STEVENS MINE

has a shaft of one hundred feet and a drift of one hundred and fifty feet. The ore from this mine carries both gold and silver, each in paying quantities.

THE HAVILAND MINE

has a shaft down two hundred and fifty feet, with a drift of one hundred and twenty feet on the sixty foot level, and a drift of two hundred feet on the two hundred foot level. Just west of the last is the

PADDOCK LEAD MINE,

upon which are two openings of ten feet. The argentiferous galena vein is about two feet wide and is very rich in silver and lead.

THE PADDOCK COPPER MINE

has one drift of two hundred and ninety feet, with three shafts of eighty, fifty, and fifteen feet respectively. Another shaft is down two hundred and fifty feet, with a drift of one hundred and twenty feet on the sixty foot level, and a drift of seventy-five feet on the one hundred and sixty foot level. A third shaft is down seventy-five feet with drifts of ninety-three, forty-five, and fifteen feet. Ore from this mine assays from seven to fourteen per cent of copper, and so is very rich. A drift or tunnel is being driven into the sidehill, which, at a distance of two hundred and fifty feet, will connect with the two hundred and fifty foot level.

THE GREGORY MINE

has two shafts down eighty feet, connected by a drift of eighty-five feet.

THE ALBEE MINE

has a shaft of eighty feet, another shaft of eighty feet, and a drift of one hundred and forty-two feet. The ore from the mine assays from seventeen to twenty-three per cent copper.

THE QUINT MINE

has a shaft down one hundred and fifteen feet, and a drift of forty-five feet on the forty foot level, and a drift of thirty feet on the one hundred foot level. Concentrated ore from this mine carries thirty per cent copper in sulphurets.

THE DODGE MINE

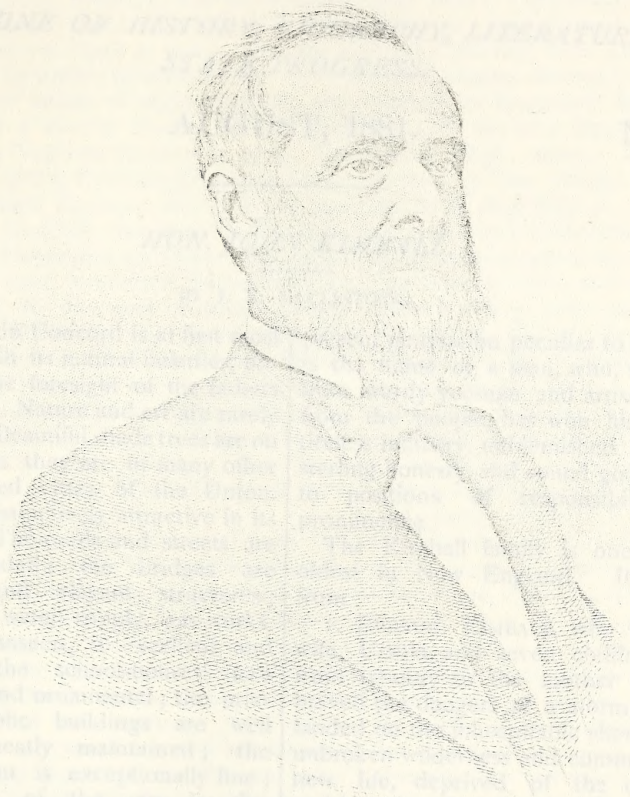
is perhaps the most celebrated mine in the whole Ammonoosuc Gold Field. For a number of years rich gold bearing quartz has been mined, and gold to the amount of some seventy thousand dollars has been delivered at the mint from this mine. This quartz vein is in a range parallel to the copper vein, and about three miles east of it.

THE LITTLE MAY MINE

is full of promise, and is actively operated. The crushing, concentrating, and smelting of the ores being all carried on by the operating company.

THE OLD LISBON MINE

is very rich and has been extensively opened. With the application of the new processes of recovering the metal from the ore, there can be scarcely a doubt as to the successful operation of this whole belt of mining properties. There is an immense body of ore in this section which only waits the skill of man to utilize.



John Kimball.



—THE—

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HON. JOHN KIMBALL.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

A stranger in Concord is at first most impressed with its natural beauties, enhanced by the foresight of the fathers of the town. Nature and art are rarely combined. Beautiful shade trees are on every hand, as they are in many other of the favored cities of the Union. Concord is distinctively attractive in its perfection. The roads and streets are carefully graded; the bridges are substantial and elegant structures; the system of water supply, gas-works, and sewers, unseen, is excellent and complete; the school-houses are appropriate and ornamental; the private and public buildings are well built and neatly maintained; the fire department is exceptionally fine; the property of the city is discreetly acquired, and well cared for; the policy of the city is at once progressive and liberal.

To no one man can be given the credit of accomplishing all these satisfactory results; they are the fruits of unity of purpose of the many, guided by a large, public-spirited policy dictated by a few. To no one, however, is the city of Concord more indebted for its material advancement and internal improvement during the first quarter century of its municipal existence than to its esteemed citizen, Hon. JOHN KIMBALL.

The name is a household word in Concord. It conveys a meaning to the present generation peculiar to itself. It is the name of a man, who, springing from sturdy yeoman and artisan stock, from the people, has won his way by tireless industry, unblemished integrity, sterling honesty, and sound good sense, to positions of responsibility and prominence.

The Kimball family is one of the oldest in New England. It sprang from

1. RICHARD KIMBALL, who with his wife, Ursula, and seven children, fled from tyranny in the mother country, braved the dangers of a stormy ocean, landed on the inhospitable shores of an unbroken wilderness and commenced a new life, deprived of the comforts and luxuries of civilization, but blessed with political and religious liberty. He came from the old town of Ipswich, in the east of England, sailed on the ship Elizabeth, and in the year 1634, at the age of thirty-nine, settled in Ipswich, in the Bay Colony. The next year he was admitted a freeman, which must be accepted as evidence that he was a Puritan in good standing. He was the father of eleven children, and died June 22, 1675. From this patriarchal family most of the Kimballs of New England can trace their descent.

2. RICHARD KIMBALL, son of Richard and Ursula (Scott) Kimball, was born in England in 1623, and was brought to this country by his parents in child-

hood. He was a wheelwright by trade; married Mary Gott; was the father of eight children; settled in Wenham, Mass., as early as 1656, and died there May 20, 1676. The mother of his children died Sept. 2, 1672.

3. Caleb Kimball, son of Richard and Mary (Gott) Kimball, was born in Wenham, April 9, 1665. He was a mason by trade; married Sarah ; was the father of eight children; settled for a time at Exeter, N. H.; and died in Wenham, January 25, 1725. His widow died in Wenham, January 20, 1831.

4. John Kimball, son of Caleb and Sarah Kimball, was born in Wenham, Mass., December 20, 1699. He settled on the land purchased by his father in Exeter, N. H., and married Abigail Lyford, February 14, 1722. She was the mother of six children, and died in Exeter, February 12, 1737. He afterwards married Sarah Wilson of Exeter, September 18, 1740. They were the parents of nine children. The fifteen children of John Kimball were all born in Exeter.

5. Joseph Kimball, son of John and Abigail (Lyford) Kimball, was born in Exeter, January 29, 1730. In early life he married and was the father of two children, but was left a childless widower in a few years. He afterwards married Sarah Smith. They were the parents of nine children. In 1793 he moved to Canterbury, and settled on a farm just north of the Shakers' property. In early life he was stricken with blindness and never looked upon the town of Canterbury, and never saw six of his children. He died November 6, 1814; his wife died March 1, 1808.*

6. John Kimball, son of Joseph and Sarah (Smith) Kimball, was born in Exeter, November 20, 1767; married Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Moulton, of Kensington, November 21, 1793; moved to Canterbury, February 17, 1794; and settled on their homestead just north of Shaker Village, where they resided nearly sixty years. They were the parents of nine children. His wife died April 30, 1853. He died February 26, 1861, reaching the good old age of ninety-three years. He was well known throughout central New Hampshire, and did a large business in buying wool.

7. Benjamin Kimball, son of John and Sarah (Moulton) Kimball, was born in Canterbury, December 27, 1794; married Ruth Ames, daughter of David Ames, February 1, 1820; and settled in Boscawen in the spring of 1824, on the farm known as the Frost place, High street. In 1830 he removed to the village of Fisherville, where he died July 21, 1834. He was an active and influential business man. In 1831 he erected the dam across the Contoocook river, and the brick grist-mills standing near the stone factory. He took an active part in all that was essential to the general and religious welfare of the town. In March preceding his death he was elected to represent the town in the legislature, but his health was so impaired he was not able to take his seat.

8. John Kimball,* the subject of this sketch, the son of Benjamin and Ruth (Ames) Kimball, was born in Canterbury, April 13, 1821. In infancy he was taken by his parents to Boscawen, where in early youth he had the educational advantages which the district schools of the town afforded. He enjoyed the privilege of attending the Concord Academy only one year, after which he was apprenticed with a relative to learn the trade of constructing mills and machinery. On attaining his majority, in 1842, his first work was to rebuild the grist-mill near Boscawen Plain. Afterward he followed the same business in Suncook, Manchester, Lowell, and Lawrence. In 1848 he was employed by the directors of the Concord Railroad to take charge of the new machine and car shops then building at Concord. He was appointed master mechanic of the Concord Railroad in 1850, and retained the position eight years, when he relinquished mechanical labor for other pursuits.

As a mechanic Mr. Kimball inherited a great natural aptitude, and has few

* From unpublished History of Canterbury, N. H.

* From History of Boscawen and Webster.

superiors. His sound judgment and skill were in constant requisition in the responsible office in the railroad service he held for so many years; and the experience and training there acquired, have been of great value to the city and state, when his services have been demanded by his fellow citizens. In 1856 Mr. Kimball was elected to the common council of the city of Concord; in 1857 he was reëlected and was chosen president of that body. In 1858 he was elected a member of the state legislature; and was reëlected in 1859, serving as chairman of committee on state prison. From the year 1859 to the year 1862 Mr. Kimball served the city of Concord as collector of taxes and city marshal. In 1862 he was appointed by President Lincoln collector of internal revenue for the second district of New Hampshire, including the counties of Merrimack and Hillsborough; and held the office for seven years, collecting and paying over to the treasurer of the United States nearly seven millions of dollars.

For eleven successive years he was elected moderator of Ward Five, gaining great experience as a presiding officer.

In 1872 Mr. Kimball was elected mayor of Concord, and was reëlected to this honorable and responsible office in 1873, 1874 and 1875.

Immediately after Mr. Kimball assumed the duties of this office a severe freshet either carried away or rendered impassable five of the seven wooden bridges spanning the Merrimack and Contoocook rivers. The work of rebuilding these structures devolved immediately upon him, as superintendent of roads and bridges. Some were rebuilt, and such bridges as were manifestly insecure were replaced by solid, substantial, and beautiful structures, which defy the wear and tear of ordinary travel, and were built for generations yet unborn. The Federal bridge and the bridge at Fisherville, both of iron, are monuments of his progressive ideas. During his administration the system of water supply from Long Pond was carried on to successful completion, and the purest of water has since been at the command of every citizen. This work required a large sum of money, which was so carefully expended that no one has ever felt the burden save as a blessing. The fire department was invested with new dignity by the city government during those years. The firemen had their demands for appropriate buildings fully satisfied, and are proud, as is the whole city, of the beautiful Central Fire Station, and other buildings of the department, which compare favorably with any in the country. Blossom Hill Cemetery was doubled in size to meet the demands of the future; the main thoroughfares leading through the city were graded and improved; new school-houses were built, and old ones repaired and renovated; substantial stone culverts replaced their primitive wooden apologies, which had answered for years; the credit of the city was given to foster railroad interests, which in turn would add to the wealth, importance, and business of the city of Concord.

Aside from his mechanical skill, Mr. Kimball long since won the enviable reputation of an able and successful financier. In 1870, upon the organization of the Merrimack County Savings Bank, he was elected its treasurer and has held the office ever since. The confidence of the people in the bank is evinced by the half million of dollars deposited in its keeping; and its successful management is shown by its regular dividends, fair surplus, and good financial standing. To its treasurer in no small degree is due the success of any banking institution.

On the subject of western investment Mr. Kimball is considered very good authority.

To him for many years has been intrusted the settlement of estates, the management of trust funds, and the care of the property of widows and orphans. As treasurer of the New Hampshire Bible Society and Orphans' Home, he has given to those institutions the benefit of his financial experience.

For the benefit of the city of Concord the mechanical skill and financial

ability of Mr. Kimball were fully exercised. During his term of office as mayor he was one of the water commissioners, *ex-officio*, and president of the board in 1875. He was subsequently appointed a water commissioner in 1877 for a term of three years; reappointed in 1880, and has been president of the board since his first appointment.

Upon the death of Hon. Nathaniel White, Mr. Kimball was appointed president of the Concord Gas-Light Company.

What little credit is due a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1876 is his. He represented the fifth ward in Concord, and served the Convention acceptably as chairman of its finance committee.

The demand for a new state prison in unison with the humanitarian ideas of the age, culminated, in the year 1877, in an act of the legislature, providing for the erection of a new state prison, and granting for the purpose a very moderate appropriation, hedged in by every possible safeguard. The governor, Benjamin F. Prescott, with the advice of his council, immediately upon the passage of the law appointed John Kimball, Albert M. Shaw and Alpha J. Pillsbury, commissioners to carry into effect the provisions of the act. Upon these commissioners has devolved for the last four years the duty of constructing the massive pile of buildings known as the new state prison, commodious for the officers, convenient for the contractors, humane and comfortable for the inmates, acceptable to the authorities and the people, and within the limits of the appropriation. Mr. Kimball was appointed chairman of the board.

In the autumn of 1880 the structure was appropriately dedicated to its future uses by fitting ceremony; and to the governor and council were given the keys of a finished establishment. Every dollar appropriated was wisely and judiciously expended; contractors were justly dealt with, and fairly performed their duty; not a dollar was wasted. The result is a pride to all connected with the great enterprise.

In 1880, when the Manchester and Keene Railroad was placed in the hands of the court, Mr. Kimball was appointed by Chief Justice Doe one of the trustees.

In November, 1880, Mr. Kimball was chosen a senator from District No. 10, and upon the organization of the legislature in June, 1881, he was elected to the office of president of the senate, in importance the second office in the state. As presiding officer he is dignified, courteous, and impartial. He carried to the position a fund of information, a wealth of experience, controlled by sound judgment and strong convictions.

Politically, Mr. Kimball is a Republican; for fifteen years, since 1863, he has been treasurer of the Republican state committee. He received his political convictions from his father and grandfather, who were staunch Whigs, the elder being a great admirer of Gov. John Taylor Gilman. With him right takes precedence of policy. It requires no finesse to know on what side he is to be found. In his dealings he is upright and downright; he has confidence in himself and in his own judgment, and it is hard to swerve him. He is frank and free in his general intercourse, bluff, and often brusque in manner, but never discourteous. He is a man of very large and progressive views and actuated by the most conscientious motives. His character for integrity is without blemish and as firmly established as the Granite hills.

In 1843 he joined the church at his old home in Boscawen, and ever since has affiliated with the Congregationalists. For many years he has been a member of the South Congregational church of Concord. He is eminently a man of affairs, of acts, not words. His reading is of a scientific character, enlivened by genealogical and historical research.

In person Mr. Kimball is of commanding presence and muscular figure, inclined to be spare, but of apparently great physical powers.

In private life he is a devoted friend, a kind neighbor, an esteemed citizen,

and a charitable, tolerant, self-reliant man. His house on State street is, indeed, a home, where the inborn culture of the owner is apparent.

In early manhood, May 27, 1846, Mr. Kimball was joined in marriage to Maria H. Phillips of Rupert, Vermont. Their only child, Clara Maria Kimball, born March 20, 1848, was married June 4, 1873, to Augustine R. Ayers, a successful merchant of Concord. Three children, Ruth Ames Ayers, John Kimball Ayers and Helen McGregor Ayers call Hon. John Kimball grandfather.

GILSUM.

BY SILVANUS HAYWARD.

Gilsum is one of the small towns of New Hampshire, little known beyond its immediate vicinity. Its population, according to different census returns, has been as follows: In 1773, 139; 1775, 178; 1786, 364; 1790, 298; 1800, missing; 1810, 513; 1820, 601; 1830, 642; 1840, 656; 1850, 668; 1860, 678; 1870, 590; 1880, 664. A record taken very carefully the last of December 1879, gave 611. The large increase during the following six months, is owing mainly to greater activity in manufactures.

The surface of Gilsum is very hilly, and abounds in coarse granite. Vessel Rock is a somewhat noted boulder near the centre of the town. It derives its name from a striking resemblance in form to a vessel under full sail. A rocky hill on the eastern border of the town has been known as Bearden from the earliest times, and is a place of much interest to the geologist, or the lover of wild nature. There are many rocky brooks of great beauty, and formerly of much interest to trout loving fishermen. The Ashuelot River flows through the town, from Marlow to Surry, furnishing good water power almost every forty rods, for a distance of six miles.

The soil is mostly heavy and stony, excellent for grazing, and strong to produce hay and similar crops, but, with the exception of a few farms, not well adapted for the higher kinds of produce. Apples are abundant, and few towns in the state produce as much maple sugar in proportion to their size. The amount made in 1881 would give nearly 89 pounds to each person in town. As elsewhere in the state, many good farms are now deserted, and are fast growing up to trees, largely white pines.

Gilsum originally included the larger part of both Sullivan and Surry, and was first granted in 1752, under the name of Boyle. It was regranted in 1763, and received its present unique name from a combination of the names of two of its leading proprietors, Col. Samuel Gilbert and his son-in-law, Rev. Clement Sumner. Its earliest settlers were from Connecticut, largely from Hebron, Bolton, and Glastonbury. The prominent family names of the first few years, were Kilburn, Dewey, Wilcox, Adams, Pease, Hurd, Bliss and Bill, of which only Hurd and Bill, now remain.

Gilsum had no Tories in the Revolution, and has always furnished her full quota of men, when called to defend the liberties of the people, or the nation's honor. Twenty names are credited to Gilsum on the Revolutionary rolls of the state, while the whole number of men between sixteen and and fifty, in 1777, was only thirty-nine. Seven Gilsum men served in the war of 1812, and seven more volunteered, but were not called for. In the war of the Rebellion, Gilsum furnished seventy-

one men, twenty-nine of whom were her own citizens.

A Congregational church was organized here in 1772, but no minister was secured till 1794, when Rev. Elisha Fish was settled by the *town*, and remained till his death in 1807. Opposition to the old system of supporting preaching by public taxation was very early developed, and after Mr. Fish's death no minister was settled by the town. The only church in Gilsum at the present time, is the original one above mentioned, now passing its one hundred and ninth year, with about forty resident members. A Methodist church, of considerable numbers and activity, flourished here for some years, but is now disbanded. A Christian church was established here about sixty years since, and numbered many converts, now mostly dispersed to other churches. A feeble Baptist church was removed here from Sullivan, but survived only a few years. A branch of the Mormon church was organized here in 1841, numbering nearly fifty resident members. Some of these perished on their way to Utah, and some are now residents of that Territory. Only one of the present inhabitants of Gilsum is known still to adhere to this faith.

Politically, Gilsum has been strongly Democratic, since the presidential election of 1828, when Jackson had sixty-three votes against fifty-one for Adams. The Know-Nothing fever carried the day in 1855, by twenty-three majority, and in 1858 the republicans secured ten majority for governor. With these two exceptions, the democrats have carried the town with majorities ranging from four in 1856, to ninety-one in 1837. In 1834 all the governor votes were cast for the democratic nominee.

Owing to its natural facilities for water-power, Gilsum has become a manufacturing town. A grist-mill and saw-mill was built at the "lower village" about 1776, and the spot was occupied for like purposes till 1869, when the buildings were accidentally burned. There have been at least eight other saw-mills in different parts of the town. In 1813 Luther Whitney built a clothing mill on the brook near his father's house. Seven years later he removed to the village. In 1832 the manufacture of cloth was first undertaken by David Brigham and H. G. Howe. Since then woollen manufactures in various forms have been the most important industry of the place. The site of the first woollen mill is now occupied by Rice & Rawson's tannery, which turns off about thirteen thousand hides annually. In 1828-9 a starch factory was built just below the village, and was carried on five years by Luther Abbot. A flannel mill was then established there, which continued operations with various ups and downs, for nearly twenty-five years. In 1867 Cuthbert, Gould & Minor took the business under the name of "The Granite Mill." In the year ending June, 1873, they manufactured 127,125 yards of white flannel. At the beginning of the present year, a new firm, called "Gilsum Woolen Manufacturing Co.," enlarged the buildings, and put in new machinery for the manufacture of cassimeres and woollen suitings. The enterprise is thus far very successful. About half a mile up the river an awl shop was built by Solon W. Eaton, in 1832. Four years after, Thurston & Gerould set up the flannel business there, and the spot has been occupied for woollen manufactures ever since. In 1850 Ebenezer Jones reported an annual production of fourteen thousand yards of broadcloth, valued at $24,500. Stephen Collins & Sons took the mill in 1867, and manufactured doeskin, beaver, and tricot, to the amount of about $100,000 each year. John S. Collins, the present owner, has produced the past year $125,000 worth of cassimeres and worsted suitings.

Though Gilsum has sent out almost no men of *national* reputation, yet many *useful* men, and men of considerable local distinction are identified with Gilsum history. Such men as David Kilburn, Samuel C. Loveland, George W. Hammond, Theron Howard, Oscar A. Mack, and others are worthy of special notice. The record

of their lives brings honor to the town of their nativity. The character of a town is, however, better known by the virtue and intelligence of the common men who compose the mass of its population. Judged by this standard, Gilsum will probably reach the full average of the small towns of the state. Too conservative for rapid progress, nevertheless each decade shows some advance to the observant eye. A new street has been opened, and five or six residences built the present season. The last ten years has witnessed the payment of the town debt, the purchase of much needed grounds for a new cemetery, the building of important highways, the purchase and repair of a good Town-Hall, also a good fire engine, and, more significant than either of these, the purchase of Webster's Unabridged for each of the seven school districts. "The world moves," and Gilsum moves with it.

"ALL FAIR IN LOVE."

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

"What a grand old place your home is, Dora; from all your letters descriptive of its beauty I never fully realized what a perfect Eden it was. I am really enchanted with it; and I am almost afraid it is too good to be true that I am here for three long months, that I shall not see the bricks and mortar of Boston for that time if I can help myself. Oh, how good the air does seem!" and she drew in a long refreshing breath.

"Yes, it is a grand old place, and I love it, but—" She stopped short and sighed.

"But what, Miss Doleful?" laughing, "Why such a long drawn sigh?"

"I am tired of pinching and scraping—in fact I am sick of poverty; but suppose I am not alone in my dislike. I would do almost anything honest to earn a little money to call my own. I know the house is substantial; it is all our own, too; the grounds are handsome; and the prospect something one never tires of: but the furniture and carpets are getting shabby; the table linen is beginning to break; and I am in need of everything. I have book-learning in abundance; but what good does that do me in an isolated place like this? Father will not listen to my going to a position in Boston where I could put it to a good use. He says I am his only daughter, and he wants me at home. He has just enough laid by to keep us in genteel poverty, and does not want me to work, except what I can do to help mother and our one hired girl," bitterly.

"I don't see how you manage to keep everything so exquisitely neat with such a small staff of help."

"Helen is a good girl, the best help I ever saw, and Sam and father do all the outside work, except in the busy season, when we hire extra. I suppose almost any one but myself would be satisfied with this lot, but I am not like any one else."

"Why don't you write, Dora? You might make use of your splendid education in that direction, and win fame and money by the bushel."

"Write!" the girl cried, contemptuously. "Haven't I been doing it for five long years, and made about that number of dollars. I write for love of it, or I should have given it up long ago. It is uphill work."

"Why have you never told me this before? I should like to read anything you wrote, cruel girl."

"You have read many of my poems, dear, and I have had the pleasure of hearing you praise and criticise them

quite freely, entirely unbiased by your friendship."

"Oh! Dora! what name?"

"Harry Phillips."

"Alas for my ideal! Why wretched girl, I was madly in love with Harry. He has haunted my dreams. I shall die of despair," tragically. Both laughed in a free, girlish way that showed each to be heart-whole now, at least.

"And what, may I ask, is your particular desire for becoming suddenly rich, just at present."

"Not rich, Kitty. I love pretty clothes, and new books, and music, and in fact everything that goes to make up the comfort of life. Then I want a piano. Ours is worn out. I am spoiling my voice. It will soon be as cracked as the instrument itself. Of course I cannot ask father for a new one. I know he cannot afford it."

"Whose place is that we can see from here, Dora? It looks as though it might be a lordly mansion."

"Kitty, that place is an eyesore to me, and I am not of a particularly jealous, or rather envious disposition; but—well there! It is just perfect, and I always pass it with feelings of envy."

"Who is the happy owner?"

"Paul Clifford, Esq."

"Married?"

"No, bachelor."

"Old?"

"Well—no—perhaps thirty or so."

"Good looking?"

"No, handsome in a cold haughty way. A regular aristocrat, lives there with his mother and sister in magnificent style, nothing too good for them."

"Why do you not set your cap for him?"

"And have my trouble for my reward. Why, Kitty! I don't suppose he would look at me if I was right under his aristocratic nose. By the way, Miss Lilian is to be married this morning. I don't envy her, I like my freedom too well."

"I suppose there will be a great many city folks at the wedding."

"Certainly."

"Dora, I don't know but I shall shock you by what I am going to say; but I shall say it, nevertheless, so prepare to be shocked."

"I will try to bear it with becoming equanimity, so proceed."

"Remember I have the floor, and don't interrupt me. I have heretofore expressed my admiration of your home, its beauties, its conveniences, and the admirable administration of your maternal parent and her handmaiden, also the neatness and thrift displayed by your paternal parent and his right hand man."

"Oh, Kitty! Kitty! For pity's sweet sake stop, talk common sense and I will listen to you," Dora laughingly interrupted.

"Dora, I told you I had the floor and did not wish to be interrupted. You have a home as lovely as ever poor mortal need wish for. Look at that piazza all shadowed with clambering vines, those beautiful elms, that shaded lawn; observe the view, the lake filled to repletion with delicious trout; look at your barnyard with its fine sleek cows, and poultry; remember the number of vacant rooms, comfortably furnished, your fine large dining room, and well filled kitchen garden." Here she stopped as if for breath, but she did not go on. She stood gazing dreamily over the wide expanse of country, drinking in its beauties with its pure sweet air. Dora looked at her for a minute or two in silence—then

"Well, Kitty! there is nothing very shocking in all that. I am waiting."

"Dora, did it never strike you that there were hundreds of city people who would be willing to spend a little fortune to pass the summer in a place like this?"

Dora stared. "Why no, dear. I never gave it a thought, but if I had, you know Kitty, we could not afford to ask them. Our farm and dairy products help support the family. I always invite one friend for the summer, but—"

"Oh! innocent dear! You mistake my meaning. I suppose it never

entered your high-toned little head to advertise for summer boarders?"

"Summer boarders! No, it never did, Kitty."

"There! I knew I should shock you."

"No, I don't think I am shocked much," she smilingly said, "rather surprised and astonished that we never did think of it. But, Oh Kitty! my beloved quiet and solitude would be broken into. I should have to give up some of my time of study, of course, and it would be so hard after having all to myself, and then they might be proud and disagreeable, and I, you know, am proud—"

"And not disagreeable," chimed in her friend.

"That is your verdict, dear. And we might not get along well."

"You could keep your own rooms, which are entirely removed from the rest, and hire another girl, and all your difficulties would be solved. All you would have to do would be to see that things were in order, and keep the house beautiful with flowers as you always do now the rooms you use. You have almost everything ready to your hand for a first-class summer boarding-house. Get the right sort of people, and you may make sure of your piano, I think, by fall."

"You are too sanguine, Kitty, but I will think it over and mention it to father and mother."

Well might the enthusiastic Kitty exclaim at the beauties and rare facilities of Ivydale, for surely the sun never shone on a fairer spot. It was the last of May, and Dora's home looked indeed an Eden to the town-bred girl. The sky was a picture in itself, of pure blue and white fleecy clouds. The fruit trees were so laden with the pink and white blossoms that a green leaf was hardly perceptible amongst them. The elms were putting on their cool spring garments, and the grass lay beneath their feet like a fresh green carpet. The air was odorous with sweet scent, and musical with bird songs.

The house of great size and substantial make was almost hidden beneath a closely clinging garment of English ivy, from which it took its name, and amongst which the birds, free and happy creatures, built their nests and reared their young, fearlessly, generation after generation. The lake gleamed and glittered like a great mirror in the morning sunlight, pure and placid, occasionally breaking into tiny ripples as the finny occupants beneath disported with reckless activity. A quarter of a mile or so to the westward stood the magnificent residence of Paul Clifford, a young lawyer of great eminence and enormous wealth. As Dora said, a bachelor and handsome as an Apollo, but strange to say of a peculiarly shy and retiring disposition, where ladies were concerned. It was not pride which kept him in the background and made him seem cold and haughty, but bashfulness, and his lady mother began to despair that her handsome son would ever give her a daughter-in-law, for she much desired that her only son should make a happy and suitable marriage.

I will now give you a picture of Dora, as she stands gazing dreamily across the blue lake. She is tall and straight, beautifully formed, with long, white, aristocratic hands, and small well-shaped feet, a decided blonde, with yellow hair, and pure white skin just tinged with pink in the rounded cheeks, with a delicious dimple in her chin, and great velvety brown eyes, shaded by lashes many degrees darker than her hair; a mouth, neither too large nor too small, and red and full; ears small and pinkish; and with all her beauty an air of utter unconsciousness of it, which added tenfold to her attractions. A calico dress of rather dark tint fitted her like a glove, though made in the plainest style, neat collar and cuffs of white linen, and a white ruffled apron made up her attire. Kitty, who had thrown herself upon the grass, with her arms under her head, and her hat over her eyes, was of an entirely different type, petite, and kitten-like as her name implied, gipsy-brown hair and eyes, and olive skin, and dressed in the height of fashion. A

dainty, white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with cherry silk, and sandal shoes, through whose openings could be seen the elegantly flowered stockings. The hat which covered the piquant face was of finest Fayal goods, trimmed with a wreath of artificial wild flowers, which almost rivalled nature in their perfection, rings adorned the pretty taper fingers, and a coral set fastened the dainty lace at her throat, and hung in the little brown ears, and there you had Kitty Wentworth from life.

"Well, Dora mia! a penny for your thoughts. I have been watching you for the last ten minutes in supreme patience; but there is a limit, you know, to everything, and I want to see you move, at least a finger. You might have had forty photos taken, and not an eye-winker would have been out of place. Your pose is grace itself, and that gate on which you lean is very picturesque. Pity Mr. Paul could not see you at this instant."

"What nonsense you do talk, Kitten. Set your own cap for him, and then we can always be neighbors."

"Just as sure as I should get the knot irrevocably tied, you would marry a Boston man and leave me alone in my glory. Else, I don't know but I would for the sake of being always near you. By the way, what does this Adonis look like?"

"Well, he is tall, well made—not stout at all—neither light or dark blue eyes—rather dark and very deep—hair just tinged with grey, and the sweetest smile I ever saw, when he does smile, which is not often."

"Are you at all acquainted with him, Do?"

"Oh, yes. I've met him several times. He comes to see father sometimes."

Kitty sat up suddenly. "Then what did you mean by saying he would not look at you if you were right under his aristocratic nose?"

"Matrimonially, of course I meant."

"Oh!" and she sank back upon the green sward.

"Come Kitty, don't lie there concocting plots matrimonial to entrap your poor friend; but let us go into the house and finish learning that duet, and then let us fill the vases with apple blossoms and crocusses, and make ourselves generally useful, besides I have to provide the dessert always, and the morning is speeding away quickly."

* * * * * * *

From the last of May to the middle of August, how quickly spanned over with the pen; but ah! how much may happen, of good or ill, in the weeks that come and go, without our calling or bidding depart. They come as they list, they will not stay at our request.

The apple blossoms were now fruit; the once green fields yellow with waving grain; the sweet grass, sweeter hay, lying in great heaps, ready for the swain; while the budding elms threw a deliciously leafy shade on the green lawn, and under their shade swung hammocks of many colors, and in those hammocks reclined maidens fair to see, whose stately mammas sat upon the piazza, knitting, reading, or talking what appeared to honest Dora like scandal, but which Kitty assured her was only gossip, quite harmless, as long as kept amongst themselves.

Kitty's plan worked to a charm; for Kitty's plan it was all through. She it was who got Dora's parents to consent. She it was who wrote a polite note to Mrs. Clifford, before the wedding guests departed, that Mr. and Mrs. Warren would be able to accommodate from ten to a dozen summer boarders, and would she kindly circulate the news amongst her guests? She would and did, and in June Kitty's dream became a reality, and a dozen or more of stylish men and women and their belongings were soon domiciled beneath the roof of Ivydale, and the prospect of Dora's piano became every day more of a reality.

My story does not have much to do with these boarders, or rather with only a few of them, Miss Stamworth and her brother being about all. She was a tall, elegant brunette, queenly, "handsome as a picter," as Sam told Helen, who pouted, for she did not like Sam

to admire other ladies. The sun was just setting. The dressing bell rang, and the gay hammocks gave up their pretty burdens, who flew up the broad steps and disappeared.

Miss Stamworth, already dressed, leaned over the railing of the piazza, and chatted with Paul Clifford. Philip Stamworth sat upon one of the settees, and talked with Dora, who looked very neat in a black silk made as plainly as her calico was, and in place of the linen collar and cuffs was a tiny ruffling of lace, her beautiful hair coiled plainly at the back of her dainty head. She talked to Philip, but she looked at Paul and Isabel. She seemed rather weary, and as soon as politeness would allow made her excuses and went into the house, and, strange to say, though she had not seen Mr. Clifford look her way more than once, her going seemed to be his signal for departure. She sought her room overlooking the piazza. He threw himself upon the lounge, just inside the folding Venetian blinds in the room below.

Miss Stamworth kept her position, humming a tune from a favorite opera. Her brother dawdled along to where she stood and began drumming upon the rail.

"Don't, Philip," she cried pettishly, "you make me nervous. What have you been saying to Miss Warren that seemed to interest you so much and her not at all?"

He colored. "I have been inviting or rather urging her to accept the invitation to the garden party at Paul Clifford's, that's all."

"Philip, I wish you had two grains of common sense."

"Where do I show my lack of it, sister mine."

"In making love to a girl who does not care two straws for you. I suppose you promised to be her attendant for the day."

"I certainly did."

"Why, Philip! the girl is a perfect dowdy."

"She is a perfect beauty, and neatness itself."

She is well looking enough; but a blue-stocking, and you know they are proverbial dowdys, and yet she has exquisite taste. You know how every one admired the way my hair was dressed at the county ball, well she did it, and yet wears her own so plainly that it just escapes being horrible."

"Why don't you enlighten her a little upon dressing."

"Ah, my brother!" she laughed, "I know a trick worth two of that. I shall do nothing to help her win Paul Clifford away from me."

"Paul Clifford," turning pale.

"Yes, Paul Clifford. Do you not see that the bashful, brave lawyer is half in love with her already. She will not see it, and he is to afraid to seek her, and I don't mean to let him, and I do mean to have him, even if I have to do half the proposing myself."

"Isabel, hush such joking. Suppose some one should hear you."

"Joking? You will find I am in dead earnest, Phil. Help her indeed to eclipse Isabel Stamworth, not I, brother mine," she laughed.

But alas for Isabel. She had already done so. Dora had been spellbound before her mirror, where she had gone to adjust her hair.

Dowdy! Exquisite taste! Paul Clifford half in love with her!

Dora covered her face with her trembling hands, to hide the blushes that would come. Then she took them away and gazed long and earnestly into the depths of the mirror. Beautiful! Was she? Was she? Did he think so? Would there be time? The party was day after to-morrow. There should be time. Time! Time for what? Ah! wait and see.

Paul Clifford was not deaf either, and alas for poor Philip his little love dream was trembling on the verge of destruction. Paul Clifford half in love with her—but she did not say Dora was half in love with him. There might still be hope for him.

The door of Dora's room opened and pretty Kitty entered, blushing and hiding something behind her, the morning after.

"Dora, you are twenty-one years old to-day."

"Kitty dear, tell me some news, wont you?"

"And as you always admired my coral set so much, I wrote to pa, and told him to get you a set just like it, and," bringing her hands to view, "here it is, dear, with a kiss from your loving friend, Kitty."

"Oh! Kitty dear! That is news indeed. How can I thank you?"

"By wearing them, and looking lovely at the garden party, and by not letting that flirt of an Isabel win Paul Clifford from you."

"From me, Kitty? What nonsense! I have not had him, so how can she win him away."

"Well, she is making a dead set at him, though I know she does not care for him, for she has a picture of a handsome man on her chain, and I saw her kiss it once when she thought no one was looking, and when she caught my eye I wish you could have seen her blush, just like any lovesick girl. Dora are you going with—with—Phil—I mean Mr. Stamworth to the garden party?" blushing.

"He has asked me," Dora answered looking in astonishment at Kitty's blushing face, as she stammered in asking so simple a question as it seemed to her. "Why, Kitty?"

"Oh, nothing particular, I only wanted to know."

"So I supposed," laconically answered her friend. "Kitty will you do me a favor? I want you to take the pony carriage and ride in to the town. Go to Farrar's and get me one of those Fayal hats we saw there the other day, and a quarter of a yard of cherry silk to line it."

"Any flowers, or other trimming?"

"No, nothing else, and now let me thank you a thousand times for your lovely present. Get the silk nearly to match as possible. I said cherry. I mean coral. I cannot go myself, as my time is fully laid out until to-morrow. Now good-bye. I am off to the woods."

"To the woods! What for?"

"I will tell you later."

An hour or two later Dora returned from her excursion in the woods with a basket laden with a shining waxy vine covered with tiny red berries, and a bunch of lovely grasses and oats, with which she disappeared into her room, and for the next twelve hours not much was seen of her, and her light was burning far into the night.

At half past ten the next morning the whole party was assembled upon the lawn, with the exception of Dora. They were waiting for her. At last she appeared.

Was it bad taste that a general oh! went through the company there assembled? It was at least excusable, for never had they seen a fairer vision.

"Pretty well for a dowdy," whispered Phil to his sister, upon whose face sat a strange smile, which he could not understand, and which deepened as Paul Clifford stepped up and begged leave to escort Dora to his home. She blushingly assented, not even looking in poor Phil's direction, who, much to Kitty's delight, was left to her tender mercies.

Shall I tell you what Dora wore? Well I will. She had been the happy possessor of two plain white muslin dresses, which she had never worn, and which had of course gone completely out of style, but which, with Kitty's and her mother's help, had been recut and modelled after the latest fashion, under and over dress; these she had trimmed exquisitely with the waxy vine and red berries, also the waist and sleeves. The hat, lined with coral silk, was laden with natural grasses, oats, and the vine and berries, and the glorious golden hair was dressed in a style to give a Parisian hair-dresser a severe fit of envy. Kitty's present added its charm to heighten the whole effect. Many richer, costlier dresses were at that party, but none lovelier. Dora stood preëminent in dress as she did in beauty.

The walk to Paul's home was a short and happy one, to judge by the laughter and pleasant voices, and ah! what a delightful day it was to Dora. She felt as if she was in a new world, as if she did not tread mortal ground. She thought often she must be dream-

ing, and slyly pinched herself to see if it was not so. Mrs. Clifford and her daughter, who had just returned from her wedding tour, vied with each other to see who should show her the most courtesy, or so it seemed to Dora, and her head was in a whirl. Paul looked on smilingly. Isabel toward the afternoon disappeared. Phil after a few futile attempts to monopolize Dora gave up in despair, and let Kitty soothe his ruffled feelings, which task seemed to please her, and did not seem to displease him. When the stars came out Dora wandered away by herself down to the margin of the lake. The quiet was pleasant to her. She could hear the music from the house. The air was heavy with fragrance. A cool wind ruffled the lake's glinting bosom. The moon left a path of light on the water, and Dora felt as if she could walk up that path right in amongst the stars which gleamed and glittered as they never had before. A strange tremor pervaded the girl's frame. She did not know whether she was happy or not. She never had felt anything like it before. She sank upon a seat and leaned her head against a great tree behind her, closed her eyes and clasped her hands upon her bosom as if to still the beating of her heart, which at times seemed ready to suffocate her by its rapid pulsations. What could ail her, she wondered. As if in answer a hand was laid lightly upon hers, and a voice which thrilled her said in passionate accents:

"Miss Warren, Dora, I have been looking for you everywhere. Why did you hide away like this?" She rose hastily, guilty blushes chasing each other over her lovely face, and turned to go. No words would come at her command. She seemed struck dumb.

"Do not go, Dora, I want to speak to you, and pray do not tremble so. You surely are not afraid of me?"

Dora! Never had her name sounded so sweetly to her before. She sank upon the seat again still without a word. She dared not raise her eyes. Her timidity seemed to give him courage, for he seated himself closely beside her, and took both her hands in his, which she yielded passively. She had found her master, a gentle one indeed.

He gazed at the beautiful downcast face, and drooping eyelids; he gloried in the blushes which dyed her fair cheek, and gently pressing the hands he held, he whispered:

"My love! Dora! look at me?"

She tried to raise her eyes, to still the trembling of her body, but it was useless, she could not move her eyelids, they seemed weighted down with happiness. He did not read aright, he dropped her hands, and grew white, and it was his turn to tremble.

"Dora," he whispered hoarsely, "have I been mistaken, can you not, do you not love me? If not, God have pity on me."

He looked at her hungrily.

"Speak, Dora! Speak, do not keep me in such horrible suspense," and he clasped her hands again.

"Do you love me, will you be my wife?"

She lifted her eyes to his for one second, then she was clasped close, close in his strong arms, and she could hear his heart beat, feel his kisses upon her lips, and did not care to check them, she knew it was happiness, love, that had made the day seem so strange to her, the evening so like heaven.

How long they sat there they never knew, they took no note of time, but at last, hearing voices, started for the house, she leaning upon his arm, and their faces glowing like sunshine. At the steps they were met by Isabel, Kitty and Phil, and some one who kept close behind Isabel. That lady came forward smilingly, and held out a hand to each, saying roguishly, "Paul! Dora! let me congratulate you." Paul and Phil were equally astonished, and showed it. How she did laugh.

"Oh, yes! I remember, blue stocking! dowdy! and I meant to win Paul. It acted like a charm, I saw which way the wind blew before I had been here a month. I knew Paul was in the parlor, for to tell the truth, sir, I heard you give a decided grunt as you laid

down on the lounge. You are growing old, sir, and I heard Dora humming as she came towards the window. I was sure of my audience, and my success must vouch for my acting, eh? Then I saw poor Phil was losing what little sense he had, and so I thought I would bring things to a crisis, and now allow me to present to your notice Captain Lawrence to whom I have had the honor of being affianced for over a year. Oh, Kitty!" with a great sigh, and raising her locket to her lips she ended, with a rippling laugh that set all the others to laughing, there was a general handshaking, and they were all soon at their ease, it was quite funny to see how very attentive Phil became to pretty Kitty, as if he had but just awakened to the consciousness of her many charms, and it was pretty to see how happy the little girl was, and how little she cared to hide it; and, well there, I might just as well tell now as any time that at Christmas there was a grand wedding at Paul Clifford's home, that there were three brides, and of course the same number of grooms, the house was a blaze of light from attic to cellar, there never was such a time seen before and probably never will be again, and though the earth was frosted over like a huge wedding cake, the house fairly glowed with flowers, and palpitated with music, and three lovelier brides the human eye never saw, nor three happier grooms.

THE FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE TURNPIKE—NO. 5.

BY JOHN M. SHIRLEY.

But there was a sunnier side. In 1806, as tradition has it, the Grafton Turnpike was formally opened. The travel upon the Great Feeder as well as upon the Trunk Line steadily increased. Year by year new taverns were put up on the line. Year by year the pod and gimlet teams with their precious freight from beyond the state increased in number and their freight in importance.

As our venerable friend Col. Kent informs us, no stages ran from Boston to Concord till 1807. He remembers distinctly that the only public means of conveyance he was able to enjoy in 1806, was by the post horse which carried the packet while the post boy walked by his side. But in 1807 a stage line was established from Concord to Haverhill, Mass., where the passengers struck the trunk line and went to Boston.

We have no means of fixing the precise time when the stages ran north from Concord. Pettengill of Salisbury drove up the first trip. This was a two horse coach. Harvey and others afterwards controlled this line of two horse coaches. The larger ones came afterwards. One of our townswomen remembers the stages passing up the turnpike just prior to the war of 1812.

James Rowe, Esq., of Wilmot, now eighty-three years of age, acted as postboy and carried the mail from West Andover over the Grafton turnpike to Orford in 1822, "and did errands," to use his phrase. There were no stages which ran over that route, to his knowledge, at or before that time.

Between 1815 and 1818 the Boating Company was organized, and the Canal Company located its northernmost boat-house and store at Concord. The big teams became one of the permanent institutions, and then came the stages with their whir and rattle, and the mails. This gave a ready market in every town for all kinds of provision for man and beast and for the farmer's horses.

The pressure of this increased travel demanded greater accommodations both as respects the road and along the line. Changes in the route were made to facilitate the transit of heavy freight and some of them at great expense.

On July 6, 1833, the legislature passed an act entitled "an act in addition to an act entitled 'an act to incorporate a company by the name of The Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike Road in New Hampshire.'" The act contained three sections. The first empowered the corporation "to alter and change the route of the said road in such place or places as they may deem expedient within the limits of the towns of Lebanon and Enfield; and on any other ground within such limits where in their opinion the public good may require." The second provision provided for the assessment of damages, and the third that when the new road had been substituted for portions of the old road, the old should be discontinued. The expense of these damages reduced the dividends in 1834 to two dollars, in 1835 to two dollars, and in 1836 to three dollars, per share.

In 1836 the directors under oath represented that the expenditures had gone up from $61,157, to more than $179,000, while the receipts had been but a little more than $136,000.

Before we proceed to the third stage in the history of this corporation, we give the following summaries and extracts from the record, which throw here and there a ray of light upon various phases of its history prior to 1828.

Record book No. 1 (we have not been able to lay our hands upon, the other) ends with the annual meeting held March 7, 1827.

The annual meetings was held on Feb. 4, 1806, Feb. 3, 1807, Feb. 2, 1808, Feb. 7, 1809, Feb. 6, 1810, Feb. 5, 1811, Feb. 4, 1812, Feb. 2, 1813, Feb. 1, 1814, Feb. 7, 1815, Feb. 6, 1816, Feb. 4, 1817, Feb. 3, 1818, Mar. 3, 1819, Mar. 1, 1820, Mar. 7, 1821, Mar. 6, 1822, Mar. 5, 1823, Mar. 3, 1824, Mar. 2, 1825, Mar. 1, 1826, Mar. 7, 1827.

The meeting in 1808 was held at the dwelling house of Thomas Hough in Lebanon; the meetings in 1809 and '10 were held at the dwelling house of Daniel Noyes in Springfield; those in 1807, '11, '13 and '16 were held at the dwelling house of Dea. Amos Pettengill in Salisbury; those in 1825, '26, and '27 were held at the Inn of William Benton in Lebanon; the other annual meetings were at the dwelling house of Beriah Abbot in Lebanon.

There were four special meetings held at the Inn of William Benton in Lebanon, on Sept. 3, 1823, May 15, July 4, and Sept. 5, 1826.

The principal business transacted at these meeting was the election of officers.

Isaiah Potter was chosen clerk of the proprietors at the annual meeting in 1806, and held this office till the annual meeting of 1815, when Thomas Waterman was elected. The record shows that the latter was reëlected for twelve years in succession.

Stephen Kendrick was chosen treasurer in 1806, and held this office during the twenty-one years following.

With the exception of the year 1809, when Stephen Billings was a director in the place of Joseph Wood, Dea. Amos Pettengill, Daniel Noyes, and Joseph Wood were the directors of the corporation from 1806 to 1812; Dea. Amos Pettengill, William Johnson, and Joseph Wood were directors in 1812, '13, '14, and '15; from 1816 to 1827, Dea. Amos Pettengill, Joseph Wood, and Ziba Alden; in 1827 there were four directors, Dea. Amos Pettengill, Joseph Wood, Elias Lyman, and Nathan Stickney.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors on Feb. 4, 1806, it was voted:

"That Elias Lyman, Thomas Waterman, and Stephen Billings be a committee to adjust and settle accounts with the directors for their services the year past."

"That they order a stay of suit against Abijah Chandler of Lebanon on a note of thirty dollars given by said Chandler to the directors of said incorporation upon his paying all costs

which have heretofore arisen upon the same."

The following votes were passed at the annual meeting of Feb. 3, 1807:

"Voted that Andrew Bowers, Stephen Kendrick, and Isaiah Potter be a committee to revise the by laws & report to this meeting.

"Voted to pass over the article in the warning respecting the altering of the return of the road by the house of William Dana in Lebanon from where it was originally laid to where it is now travelled.

"Voted pursuant to the committee's report that the meeting of the said proprietors may in future be called by inserting the notification thereof in one paper printed in Portsmouth & in any two other newspapers printed within sd. state which may in the judgment of the directors for said proprietors (for the time being) give the most general information of such meeting to sd. proprietors & that so much of the by laws of this incorporation as is inconsistent herewith by and hereby is annulled & made void, & that application be made to the legislature of N. Hampshire at their next session by the directors or agent for the purpose, for an act to sanction the doings of sd. corporation since the publication of the *Concord Courier* ceased.

"Voted that Andrew Bowers, Esqr., be their agent to present the same.

"Voted not to make any alteration in the mode of transferring shares in said road different from that now used."

At the meeting of Feb. 6, 1810, the following votes were passed:

"Voted to choose a committee to examine the claims against the incorporation and all expenditures for the past year.

"Voted Sqr. Bowers, Sqr. Robie, & Capt. Joseph Wood be the committee.

"Voted that the treasurer exhibit to the meeting the state of the treasury including his receipts & disbursements as treasurer, and the committee having examined to make their report.

"Voted that the tool gatherers be requested to procure sufficient bondsmen faithfully to pay over all monies they shall receive as toll, to the treasurer.

"Voted that the alteration of that part of the turnpike road in Salisbury which is laid on land of Wm. C. Little which was staked out by D. Pettengill in October last & proposed as an alteration in sd. road and appraised by Aaron Greely & others a committee appointed by the superior court to appraise damages on sd Little's land be accepted whenever sd. Little shall remove all obstructions from the same to sd. bounds, & that when sd. Little has complied as above the treasurer shall be directed to pay said Little the sum awarded by said corporation.

"Voted that the treasurer be directed to dispose of all the uncurrent money he now has in his hands to the best advantage he can for the benefit of the incorporation."

At the next annual meeting it was voted:

"That the directors be impowered to shift the gates in Salisbury & Boscawen in such a manner as in their judgment shall be best calculated to collect the toll."

At the annual meeting of 1813 the following vote was passed:

"Voted that the directors be vested with discretionary power to petition the genl. court by themselves or by their agents for liberty to erect a gate on some part of the road which lies on the old road in Boscawen."

At the next meeting it was voted:

"That the directors examine with respect to all incumbrances on said turnpike road and cause them to be removed and to prosecute in all cases where it may be found necessary."

At the meeting in 1816 the following vote was passed:

"Voted that the directors should propose to the select men of Boscawen that on condition the old road near Mr. Frost's should be discontinued & a gate being placed near the widow Gerrish's near said old road that should collect the toll on said road that the inhabitants of said Boscawen should at all times & on all occasions pass said gate free from toll, & that they the

directors should not erect any other gate in said town, where toll should be collected of said inhabitants."

At the meeting in February, 1818, it was voted:

"That the annual meetings in future be holden on the first Wednesday in March."

At the meeting in 1820, it was voted:

"That the clerk be directed to have the annual & all other meetings of the corporation in future published in the Concord Patriot & in no other paper."

The following vote was passed at the next meeting:

"Voted as the opinion of this corporation that the road in Enfield ought to be altered & authorize the directors to make such bargains for land & making the said road as in their judgment the interest of the corporation requires."

At the following annual meeting it was voted:

"That the directors take proper measures to cause incumbrances to be removed from the 4th N. Hampshire Turnpike road."

At a special meeting holden in Lebanon on the third day of Sept. 1823, the following votes were passed:

"Voted that a petition be presented to the court of sessions for this county for an alteration in said 4th N. Hampshire Turnpike road which petition is in the words following, to wit:

To the honorable the justices of the court of sessions to be holden at Plymouth within & for the county of Grafton in the State of New Hampshire on the second Tuesday of September, A. D. 1823, the petition of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike Road in New Hampshire humbly sheweth that sd. proprietors wish to make an alteration in said turnpike road, to begin on Rowell Colby's land in Enfield, thence northwesterly through said Colby's land, Widow Clough's land, Moses Johnson 3rd land, Samuel Cochrans land, & to end at said turnpike road by the said Cochran's dwelling house, the said alteration to be in length about six hundred rods.

The said proprietors represent to your honors that the part of said turnpike road for which the alteration is intended as a substitute passes over a long & tedious hill where it is difficult to be kept in repair, & where in the cold season of the year the travelling is often dangerous that if altered according to this their request, the substituted part will pass over ground comparatively level & good for a road & will be very beneficial to the public wherefore the said proprietors pray your honors to take this their petition under your consideration, and grant the prayer thereof.

"Voted that it is the wish of the said proprietors to make an alteration in said road according to the said petition.

"Voted that Mr. Ziba Alden be the agent for said proprietors to present the said petition to the said court of sessions and to do such further acts of business which may be necessary on the part & behalf of said proprietors in obtaining the allowance & judgment of said court in favor of the said alteration.

"Voted that when the alteration is established & made a part of said road, that the part of the road which will then be unnecessary be discontinued & closed by the directors & that the directors be impowered to sell or dispose of the same as they may think best for the benefit of the proprietors."

"STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[L.S.] Grafton, ss.

At the court of sessions holden at Haverhill within & for the county of Grafton on the last Tuesday of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred & twenty-four.

Present the Honabl. DANIEL BLAISDELL, *Chief Justice.*
ABEL MERRILL, } *Associate*
SAMUEL HUTCHINS, } *Justices.*
SAMUEL BURNS.

The petition of the proprietors of the Fourth Turnpike road in New Hampshire, humbly shews, that pursuant to an act of the legislature of said state passed the 8th of December, anno domini, 1800, entitled an act to incorporate a company by the name of

the proprietors of the fourth turnpike road four rods wide within the limits & in the rout & for the distance as prescribed by said act has been laid out & made by said proprietors.

That an alteration of the route of said turnpike as originally surveyed within the limits of the town of Enfield, so as to avoid a hill of considerable extent, without materially increasing the distance, would essentially accommodate the publick. The petitioners therefore pray this court to grant them license to make & establish the following alteration in the rout of said turnpike road within said town of Enfield, (viz.,) to vary said road so that it shall run through the lands of Rowel Colby, the Widow Betsy Ann Clough, Moses Johnson the third & Samuel Cochran according to the following points and distances, (viz.,) beginning at a stake and stones on the north side of turnpike & at a large rock opposite said stake & stones on the south side of said turnpike road near a road leading to said Rowel Colby's dwelling house, thence running north forty-six degrees west six rods, thence north seventy-six degrees west thirty-two rods, thence north seventy-three degrees west sixty-six rods, thence west ten rods, thence south sixty-seven degrees west fifty rods; thence south eighty-six degrees west eleven rods; thence north seventy degrees west nine rods; thence north thirty-five degrees west ten rods, thence north eleven degrees west twenty rods, thence north twenty-nine degrees west twelve rods, thence north fifty degrees west twenty-two rods, thence north eighteen degrees west eight rods, thence north twenty-five degrees west eighty-two rods, thence north thirty-five degrees west eleven rods, thence north thirteen degrees west eleven rods to the line of Rowel Colby's land, thence north six degrees west twelve rods, thence north six degrees east twenty-four rods, thence north six degrees west thirty rods, thence north nineteen degrees west fourteen rods, thence north twenty-five degrees west one hundred & six rods, the proprietors having agreed with the owners of the land over which the proposed alteration passes, & as in duty bound ever pray. This petition was entered at the term of this court holden at Plymouth on the second Tuesday of September last past, when on hearing the petition aforesaid it was ordered by this court that the substance of said petition & of this order thereon be published three successive weeks in the *New Hampshire Patriot & State Gazette* printed at Concord the first publication whereof to be eight weeks before this term of the court, that any persons concerned may appear and shew cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

And now at this term it appearing that the foregoing order has been complied with & no person appearing to object thereto, it is ordered that the prayer of said petition be granted and this court do adjudge that the alteration in said turnpike road be made according to the prayer of said petition.

Copy examined.

G. WOODWARD Clerk.

A true copy of record.

THOS. WATERMAN. Proptrs. Clerk.

"Copy of the warning for the annual meeting 1826.

TURNPIKE NOTICE

The proprietors of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike Corporation are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be holden at the house of William Benton, Eqs., inholder in Lebanon on the first Wednesday being the first day of March next at ten of the clock in the forenoon to act on the following articles to wit; (1st.) To choose a moderator.

2nd. To choose the necessary officers for the corporation for the year ensuing.

3rd. To see if the proprietors will make any alteration in said turnpike road beginning at or near Packards bridge so called in Lebanon to the outlet of Enfield pond, & from thence on the south side of said pond to intersect said turnpike road as now travelled

at or near Abner Paddlefords in Enfield, & act on any thing relative thereto that they may thing proper & necessary to effect said alteration.

Dated at Lebanon January 17th 1826.

THOS. WATERMAN, Protrs. Clerk.

The above warning advertised according to the Bye Laws of said corporation and is a true copy of the same.

THOMAS WATERMAN, Protrs. Clerk.

At this annual meeting of March first, 1826, the following votes were passed:

"Voted that an alteration in said road be made substantially according to the third article in the warning for this meeting if the same can be practicably done for the interest of the corporation.

"Voted and chose Elias Lyman, Stephen Kendrick, & Thomas Waterman, Esquires, to be the committee of the proprietors together with the directors, to lay out the said road intended as a substitute for that part of the said turnpike road now improved, and to make and complete the same without any unnecessary delay, and that the said committee and directors, and are hereby authorized, and invested with full power to do and transact all such business in behalf of the said proprietors as may be found necessary to make and make and complete the said alteration, if it shall be determined at a future meeting of said proprietors to make the same.

"Voted that it is the understanding of the said proprietors, it is hereby ordered and directed that the said alteration of road be laid to go close along by the water edge of the river Mascoma from the place of beginning until it comes to the outlet of Enfield pond; thence as near as may be to the south side of the pond until it comes to Abner Paddlefords land in Enfield and there to come again into the turnpike road now travelled, in a suitable direction, and if in the judgment of said directors and committee the road ought to cross over and recross Mascoma river in Lebanon they may so lay it; and the said directors & committee are directed to confer with the owners of the land over which the said road will be laid, as to any damages if any damages should be claimed by any person, and to come to an amicable agreement on that subject if may be, but if any damages should be demanded which in their judgment is unreasonable and which the said proprietors ought not to be subjected to pay; then the said directors are hereby authorized to make application in behalf of said proprietors by petition to the legislature of this state at the next June session for an act authorizing the said proprietors to make the said alteration in said road and prescribing the mode in which all such damages shall be ascertained: and when the said directors and committee shall have staked out the rout of said alteration in said road they are then to report the same to this meeting at the time to which it may be adjourned for their determination."

A change was made with a lessening of dividends as the following table shows.

When the turnpike corporation was on trial for its life in 1842, it made the following exhibit of income, expense, and dividends:

Years.	Income.	Expense.	Dividends.	
1820	4309.23	2789.64	5.00	
1821	3559.10	2087.30	3.50	
1822	3815.60	1793.49	6.00	
1823	4162.97	2833.46	4.50	
1824	4589.79	2140.77	7.00	
1825	4576.13	2403.95	7.00	
1826	4388.13	1613.65	7.50	
1827	4389.64	3361.57	3.50	
1828	4442.04	2507.50	5.00	
1829	4393.24	3582.12	2.50	
1830	4401.86	2536.87	5.00	
1831	4478.56	2626.61	5.50	
1832	4943.49	2487.33	8.00	
1833	4909.08	2342.33	7.00	
1834	4938.56	3541.33	2.00	
1835	5166.29	4663.46	2.66	New Road.
1836	4533.54	3523.82	3.00	
1837	4155.47	2802.90	4.00	
1838	3733.94	3661.64	0.00	
1839	3959.77	2864.94	3.00	

The exhibit returned the "average dividends for 20 years past $4.55," and also that the income in 1840 was $4589.92, expense 3260.77, and dividends $3.00.

It made a marked difference in the income of the stockholders, who held as some of them did many shares,

whether they paid one hundred dollars in cash per share or but thirty dollars for what was in effect a share of preferred stock, or whether they bought it when 'hawked in the market' for even a less price.

The twenty years after the opening of the road wrought a marked change along the line and with the traveling public. Those who had little public spirit and sought to get along in the world by paying as little as possible, regarded the toll gate as a bar to progress, a restriction upon individual liberty and a clog upon the inalienable rights of men. The tavernkeepers with their retainers and dependants, who wielded a great deal of influence, felt that a free road would bring a large increase of public travel and consequent profits to their pockets. The general public felt that the corporation was made up of a few men, some of whom had acquired blocks of stock at pauper prices in the way we have pointed out, and summed up their opposition in the ugly word *monopoly*. A war was made upon the turnpikes such as afterwards in a more limited form fell upon the toll bridges. The result was that on January 23, 1829, the Grafton Turnpike, in law, was made a free road. On that day the legislature repealed the act incorporating the proprietors of the Grafton Turnpike road, passed June 21, 1824, and all acts in addition thereto. On the same day the attorney-general was required by the legislature "to ascertain by what warrant the Cornish Turnpike Corporation, claimed to have, hold, exercise or enjoy corporate rights or authority," in a word to proceed by information in the nature of *quo warranto* fix the forfeiture of the franchise of the corporation. This brought in its train a marked increase of public travel over the "fourth" below West Andover, but the trunk line well intrenched as yet stood firm.

The first deadly assault upon the fourth was made in Andover, though not specially in the interests of the people there. It was a blow beneath the belt. From West Andover to the Old Dearborn Stand there was but one place for a public high way and that was held by the turnpike corporation. If that part could be made free, it would enable the travelling public, though at some inconvenience to themselves, to pass from the Dearborn stand to Fisherville on other roads and thus evade the payment of the toll.

Petitions were addressed to the selectmen of Andover to free this portion of the road but without avail. To make the petition more colorable one of the termini was located near the John Dudley premises on what was formerly the Grafton Turnpike. Having failed to make any impression in that quarter, on December 30, 1834, the petitioners applied to the court of common pleas for the county of Merrimack. For effect this petition was headed by Robert Barber of Andover.

Barber by the accident of circumstances had become a prominent man. He said little, smoked much, and looked wise. He fully justified Lord Thurlow's remark that no man could be as wise as he looked. Like Clark, he became a legal oracle.

He smoked and wrote the will of Joseph Noyes of Salisbury, on December 22, 1818, by which Noyes gave $10,000 and his homestead farm for the support of a public school in Andover, to be denominated the Noyes school, and made Barber his executor. This made Barber a celebrity, but his sun began to sink in the horizen when Joseph Noyes Jr., the son of the deceased, or rather Parker Noyes who prepared his case and Charles H. Atherton who argued it at Amherst induced the jury in April, 1828, to find that the maker of the will was insane at the time of its execution. This case is reported as Noyes *v.* Barber, 4. N. H., 406.

Bullock and the other controlling spirits in this petition not only did not live in Andover but had no interests therein. They simply used the paws of Barber and others to rake their chestnuts out of the fire. Ichabod Bartlett was counsel for the petitioners and "Joe Bell" of Haverhill for the town. The petition and report are

both peculiar and constitute an important part of the history of the corporation and the times.

The petition is as follows:

"To the Hon. the justices of the court of common pleas to be holden at Concord within & for the county of Merrimack on the first Tuesday of February next 1835.

The petition of the undersigned humbly shews, that whereas the old highways for the accommodation of the publick travel from Lyme, Canaan, Grafton, & Danbury thro. Andover to Concord have been neglected & obstructed in such a manner that the public cannot travel from said towns of Lyme, Canaan, Grafton, & Danbury to the capital of New Hampshire without paying tribute, as there is no convenient free highway but must travel the turnpike & pay toll at the several gates erected thereon:

Therefore your petitioners are of opinion that the publick would be greatly benefited & the publick travel facilitated by opening a publick highway commencing at or near John Dudleys in said Andover & ending at the Dearborn tavern stand in said Andover.

And as the town of Andover aforesaid has been repeatedly called upon to lay out & open said highway from said Dudley's to said Dearborn's & as they have neglected & refused so to do we your petitioners request your honors to cause said highway to be laid out four rods in width in such direction as will combine shortness of distance with the most practicable grounds & as in duty bound will ever pray.

ROBERT BARBER, ISAAC BULLOCK, RICHARD WHITTIER, and eighty other persons."

At the February term of the court of common pleas, 1835, Dudley Freese of Deerfield, Arlond Carroll of Concord, and John Searle of New Chester, were appointed by the court a committee thereon.

They had two hearings, the first at the Clark stand at West Andover, on August 25, 1835, and the last, at the Walker stand at Andover, long known as the Franklin House, on Nov. 17, 1835.

Their report is as follows:

"Pursuant to the foregoing annexed appointment, the undersigned committee having notified in writing, the selectmen of the town of Andover, two of the directors (being a majority) of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike Corporation, and all the owners of land known to the committee or petitioners over which the highway petitioned for might pass, more than fourteen days prior to our meeting, that we would meet at the dwelling house of Thomas Clark in Andover on the twenty-fifth day of August A. D. 1835, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the purposes embraced in said petition, copies of which notices, with the services thereon numbered from one to forty-one inclusive, accompany and make a part of this report, and pursuant to said notice having met at the aforesaid time and place, proceeded in company with the agent of the petitioners, selectmen of Andover, the directors of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike, and such owners of land as chose to attend, to examine the route petitioned for, and having examined the same, and all other routes in relation thereto, shown us by either party, and having fully heard the petitioners and the selectmen of Andover and their council, the aforesaid directors, and their council, and all the owners of land over which said route might pass, who appeared and chose to be heard, at which time the committee ascertained that several owners and persons interested in lands, over which said route might pass were till now unknown to the petitioners or the committee; on ascertaining this and some other facts, the committee adjourned to meet at the Inn of William Walkers in Andover, on the seventeenth day of November next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and having notified in writing all the owners of land over which said route might pass, which had not been previously notified of our first meeting, more than fourteen

days prior to said adjourned meeting, copies of which notices with the services thereon accompany and are included in the aforesaid numbered notices, and pursuant to said adjournment, having met at the aforesaid time and place and having fully heard the agent of the petitioners, the selectmen of Andover and council, the directors aforesaid and council, the owners of land and all other persons in interest who appeared and wished to be heard, and after fully examining and maturely considering the whole subject, came to the unanimous opinion that it is expedient and necessary, and that the publick good requires that the prayer of said petition should be granted, and a publick highway laid out over the route embraced in said petition; we then proceeded to survey and lay out the same as follows; to wit:

Beginning at a stake on the Grafton road, near the dwelling house of John Dudley in Andover, thence running south ten degrees east one hundred & ten rods, thence south eleven degrees east thirty-four rods, thence south fifty degrees east eight rods to the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike near the gate by the house of Thomas Clark in said Andover, thence over and upon the said Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike as follows, south fifty-seven degrees east eighty rods, south fifty-two & a half degrees east one hundred & seven rods, south forty-seven degrees east twenty-four rods, south thirty-three degrees east twenty-eight rods, south seventy-one degrees east thirty-two rods, south fifty-six degrees east twenty-eight rods, south fifty degrees east fifty-four rods, south fifty-nine degrees east sixteen rods, south fifty-eight degrees east thirty-four rods, north eighty-eight degrees east ten rods, north sixty-two degrees east thirty-four rods, north sixty-eight degrees east forty rods, north seventy-six degrees east twenty-one rods, south eighty-nine degrees east twenty-four rods, south seventy-seven degrees east twelve rods, south sixty & a half degrees east seventy-three rods, south fifty-five degrees east twenty-four rods, south seventy-two degrees east sixteen rods, south seventy-nine & a half degrees east sixty-one rods, south eighty-three degrees east seventy-three rods, south eighty-seven degrees east nineteen rods, south eighty-two degrees east eighty-six rods, south seventy-seven degrees east forty rods, south eighty-two degrees east thirty-two rods, south eighty-nine degrees east fifty-one rods, north eighty-four degrees east twenty-two rods, south seventy-three degrees east seventeen rods, south sixty-nine degrees east forty-three rods, south sixty-six degrees east sixty-nine rods, south forty-four & a half degrees east twenty-two rods, north seventy-three & a half degrees east four rods, to a stake on the side of the old road near the house of Dudley Dearborn in Andover aforesaid.

Your committee have assessed the damages to the owners of land over which said highway passes as follows, to wit:

To John Dudley five cents, Hubbard Dudley five cents, James Gale three cents, Tilton Elkins five cents, Aaron Seavy five cents, Thomas Clark ten cents, Benjamin Kennison five cents, Benjamin D. Cilley five cents, Richard Potter or the heirs of Richard Potter (said Potter having deceased since notified) ten cents, John Severance one cent, William Kennison five cents, Joseph Eaton, John L. Corliss occupant five cents, Joseph Moory five cents, Joseph C. Thompson ten cents, Thomas J. Cilley five cents, Herrod Thompson five cents, Jonathan Kennison five cents, Elisha C. Kennison five cents, Luke Converse five cents, John Huntoon five cents, Isaac Cilley three cents, William Proctor five cents, Samuel Butterfield ten cents, Stephen Cilley five cents, Peter Fifield five cents, Daniel Mitchel five cents, Daniel Huntoon five cents, Widow Nancy Whittier five cents, Nathan Woodbury five cents, Dudley Dearborn five cents, and the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike Corporation thirteen hundred & sixty-two dollars.

Your committee have estimated the expense of said highway to the town of Andover as follows, to wit:

Makeing four miles and sixty-eight rods of highway,	$5.00
Amount of damages to land owners and the turnpike corporation aforesaid,	1363.64
Total expense of makeing & damages,	$1368.64

Your committee are of opinion that the foregoing highway should be opened and made,—free for all travel by the first day of May next.

Your committee would further report the following statement of facts:

By an act of the legislature passed A. D. 1800, a charter was granted to the proprietors of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike (a copy of which accompanys this report) to survey lay out and build a turnpike four rods wide from the east bank of Connecticut river to the west bank of the Merrimack river in the town of Salisbury or Boscawen.

Said turnpike was laid out and built through the towns of Lebanon, Enfield, Grafton, Springfield, Wilmot, Andover, Salisbury, and Boscawen.

About the year 1805 a charter was granted incorporating the proprietors of the Grafton Turnpike, commencing near Orford Bridge in the town of Orford and terminating at said Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike near Thomas Clark's in Andover. In 1828 the same was made a free road and since that time the travel has increased nearly double. Said Grafton road is now a post-road and a daily stage travels thereon from Concord to Haverhill and in addition to the ordinary travel of loaded teams there are fourteen regular baggage teams of from four to eight horses which travel this road through Andover to Boston from Vermont. A large proportion of the travel above the town of Andover in a northwesterly direction must necessarily travel over that part of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike from said Thomas Clark's to said Dearborn's in Andover in going to Concord or Boston, there being no other way in which loaded teams can travel to Concord without going a much farther distance and over a hilly and mountaneous country.

The town of Andover has no free road through the same, over which the aforesaid travel can pass nor can have unless the prayer of the aforesaid petition should be granted and a road laid out parallell near or upon said turnpike from said Clark's to Dearborn's on account of the spurs of the Keersearge mountain and the Blackwater river on the one hand and the Ragged mountain on the other leaving so verry a narrow valley between.

The distance from Thomas Clark's to Dudley Dearborn's in Andover, now occupied and making a part a part of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike is three miles, two hundred and thirty-two rods; three hundred and eighty-nine rods of which was shown to us in different places as being a part of the the old road as traveled prior to the location of said turnpike.

The foregoing being the principal facts in the case which has come to our knowledge, we have laid out the same as stated in the foregoing report commencing on the Grafton road at John Dudley's widening the same to the aforesaid turnpike thence on the turnpike to the aforesaid Dearborn's widening the same where thonght necessary, in doing of which we feel ourselves justified under the direction of our commission leaving the legality thereof to the decision of the proper tribunal, all of which is respectfully submitted.

Andover, November 19, 1835."

At the February term, 1836, of the same court, the counsel for the town filed the following exceptions to the report:

"1st. Because it is not alledged in said petition that application to lay out said road was ever made to the *selectmen* of said town of Andover within which said road is laid out.

"2d. Because said road in said report is laid out over and upon a part of the Fourth N. H. Turnpike road in New Hampshire as established by an act of the legislatare in 1800, and purports to extinguish the rights of the

corporation created by said act over about four miles of said turnpike road in said town of Andover.

"3d. Because by said report the whole burthen of paying for said corporate franchise is thrown upon said town of Andover, when by law said town is not liable to the same at all, and only to pay damages done to owners of the land over which any public road may pass.

"4th. Because compensation awarded to the proprietors of said turnpike road is wholly inadequate to the injury sustained.

"5th. Because a corporate franchise such as is constituted, by the act aforesaid, cannot be extinguished in any other way, than by that provided by the act itself."

And the questions were transferred by Judge Upham to the superior court, with the agreement that they should be heard at the July term thereof for Grafton county.

The case as drawn up by Judge Upham, besides the exceptions, occupied two pages. It was a careful summary of the salient facts stated in the report.

At the December term, 1836, of the superior court for Merrimack county, the court, Judge Parker delivering the opinion, decided that the report must be rejected by the court below upon the ground that the legislature had not authorized the condemnation of a franchise for the use of the public, as it had the land of individuals.

Barber *v.* Andover, 8 N. H., 398.

The court of common pleas, at the first term, 1837, obeyed the mandate of the higher court.

The corporation, standing upon the thin edge of a technicality had won a barren victory which presaged ultimate defeat. The whole community, with the tavern keepers and stage proprietors and drivers on the lead, stocked hands for free roads.

On July 2, 1838, they carried through the legislature an act authorizing selectmen and the court to take the franchise and other rights of corporations for public highways in the same manner as they took the land of individuals.

The assault soon commenced all along the line. A monster petition, headed by Reuben G. Johnson, to free the turnpike from West Andover to its Boscawen terminus was filed in the court of common pleas for Merrimack county, February 11, 1839.

At the term of that court commencing on the third Tuesday of March, 1839, Simeon P. Colby, Jesse Carr and Stephen Sibley were appointed a court's committee thereon.

At the September term, 1839, Moses Norris, Jr., of Pittsfield, and Nathaniel S. Berry of Hebron were substituted for Carr and Sibley.

The hearing was had at Johnson's tavern—the Bonney place—in Boscawen, October 28, 1839, and lasted seven days.

They freed the turnpike, and ordered that Andover should pay $566, Salisbury, $600, and Boscawen, $534, for the benefit of the stock-holders of the turnpike.

The report was accepted at the March term, 1840.

Upon similar petitions the turnpike had been freed from the other termini to Grafton line.

The eighth article in the warrant for the town meeting for the town of Enfield, held March 10, 1840, was as follows:

"To see what method the town will take to oppose the road laid out on the Fourth N. H. Turnpike through this town."

The vote was: "Chose John Jones agent to act for the town."

The third article in the warrant for the meeting held in the same town November 2, 1840, was as follows:

"To see what method the town will take respecting the road laid out by the court's committee leading from Lebanon line to Grafton line, on or near the 4th N. H. Turnpike."

The vote was as follows: "*Voted*, that the selectmen be authorized to raise the money and tender the same to the the proprietors of the 4th N. H. Turnpike, and contract for making the

alterations ordered by the court's committee, mentioned in the third article of the warrant, and repair the old road as much as they deem necessary."

But they did stop here. Nathan Stickney and the other stage drivers employed Pierce & Fowler to institute proceedings for the forfeiture of the charter of the turnpike corporation.

Charles F. Gove was attorney general at the time.

At the court of common pleas, March term, 1842, for Merrimack county, an information in the nature of *quo warranto* was filed in the name of the attorney general against the corporation, alleging that it was usurping the functions of the corporation by maintaining a toll gate in Wilmot.

On October 24, 1842, Perley & Ainsworth for the corporation filed their plea.

On May 30, 1843, Lyman B. Walker, then attorney general, filed his replication; and on August 30, 1843, Perley & Ainsworth filed their rejoinder.

At the March term, 1844, by an agreement between Pierce & Fowler for the state, and Ira Perley for the respondent, the questions arising on the pleadings were transferred to the superior court.

At the July term, 1844, for Merrimack county, the court, Judge Gilchrist delivering the opinion, decided that the charter was not forfeited by the neglect of the turnpike corporation to make any returns until 1830, because the state had waived the forfeiture by accepting the returns made in 1830, 1836, and 1842, and by the amendment of the charter changing the location in Enfield and Lebanon in 1833, which had been accepted by the corporation.

See the State *v.* Fourth N. H. Turnpike, 15 N. H., 162.

This remaining link was shortly after made a free road in the usual way although we are unable to give the exact data.

The great highway thereafter swarmed with travel as it never had done before.

But in 1846–7–8, by successive steps the Northern Railroad was put through from Concord to White River. A great revolution had thus been wrought. The thoroughfare with its long lines of pod, gimlet and big teams, and its whirring stage coaches teeming with life and animation, became almost as silent as a deserted grave-yard. The taverns which dotted almost every mile were silent, too, and the great stables at the stage stations and elsewhere, filled with emptiness, looked like the spared monuments of another period.

This was less than forty years ago. Railroads have taken the place of canals and turnpike roads. Let Judge Fellows give us his long promised history of the origin and development of the railway system in this state, while we ponder upon the problem, will the future replace railroads with another substitute, as the past has substituted railroads for canals and turnpike roads?

HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

BY JOHN TEMPLETON.

It is doubtful if any race has done more to fix the character of our institutions, to stimulate and direct real progress, and to develop the vast resources of the United States, than that portion of our earlier population known as the Scotch-Irish. Their remarkable energy, thrift, staidness and fixed religious views, made their settlements the centres of civilization and improvement, in Colonial times; that their descendants proved sturdy props of the great cause that ended in the independence of the United States, is a matter of history. It is said of the origin of this race, that a king of England, correctly estimating the character of a certain clan of hardy Scots, and believing from their sterling qualities, that they were a fit people to redeem a wilderness, had a number of then colonized on forfeited lands, in the northern part of Ireland; and from thence, still improving by each remove, many emigrated to the American colonies. Of this stock, New Hampshire's last chosen Governor is a lineal descendant.

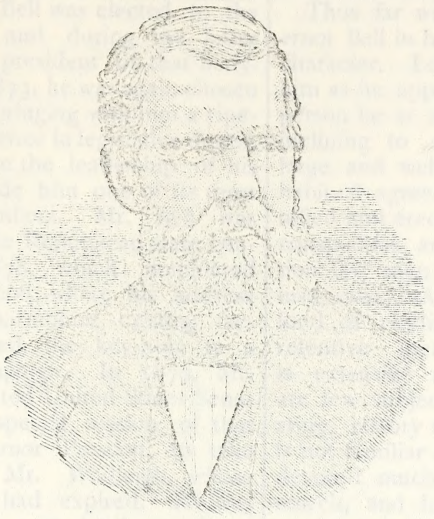
The name of Bell occupies a proud place in the history of New Hampshire. No other single family of our state has wielded for so long a period such an influence in the executive, legislative and judiciary departments of our state government, as the descendants of the emigrant John Bell, who purchased a tract of land in Londonderry, in 1720, about a year after the original settlers purchased the township. His son, John, born in Londonderry, August 15, 1730, was a man of considerable importance, and held many responsible offices. He married and had five children, two of whom filled the office of Governor of New Hampshire. He died in 1825, in the 95th year of his age.

Of John's children, two died young, the third, Jonathan, engaged in trade in Chester, and died in 1808.

The fourth son, John (father of the Governor), was born July 20, 1765, and was educated in Londonderry, and commenced business by engaging in the Canadian trade, occasioning frequent journeys to the business centres of that province, which with the slow transit of those days was no light task. Later he established business in Chester, where he continued to reside till his death, in 1836. He had an active interest in politics, and in 1817 was elected a member of the Executive Council, to which he was four times reëlected. In 1823, he was appointed High Sheriff of Rockingham County. He was elected Governor in 1828, at a time when the contending political interests took sides with the rival candidates for the Presidency, Jackson and Adams, discarding old party ties and names. Mr. Bell was a staunch supporter of Adams. The struggles for supremacy between the adherents of Adams and Jackson were more bitter then those between the old parties, and the factions were so evenly matched in numbers, that candidates for office had to be selected with wise discrimination.

The fifth son, Samuel, was born February 9, 1770. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1793. He was one of the most popular public men of his day. In 1805–6 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, President of the Senate in 1807-8, and Justice of the Supreme Court from 1816 to 1819. He was elected Governor in 1819, and was three times reëlected without organized opposition. In 1823, he was elected United States Senator, which office he held till 1835. He married and had a family of nine children. His death occurred December 23, 1850.

Charles Henry Bell, the subject of this sketch, is the son of John and Persis (Thom) Bell, and the youngest of a family of ten children. He was



HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

born November 18, 1823, in Chester, Rockingham County. After acquiring the benefits afforded by the schools of his native town, he entered the academy at Pembroke, where, and at Phillips Exeter Academy, he fitted for college, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1844. On leaving college he at once commenced the study of law, first with Bell & Tuck in Exeter, and subsequently continued with his cousin, Hon. Samuel Dana Bell, one of the most eminent lawyers in the state, and who for five years held the office of Chief Justice of New Hampshire. On his admittance to the bar, young Bell commenced practice in his native town of Chester, but the field of labor was far too small for a young man at all ambitious, and he began to look about him for an opening. He selected Great Falls, where he formed a partnership with Nathaniel Wells, a sound lawyer and a successful business man. The firm of Wells & Bell enjoyed a fair share of business, which was constantly increasing, but after several years practice at the Strafford bar, Mr. Bell sought a more inviting field, and removed to Exeter. Able lawyers were never scarce in Exeter, and to most young men the prospects of success would have seemed discouraging. As a student, Mr. Bell had profited largely by association with the best lawyers of the time. He entered actively into practice, and speedily manifested abilities of a high order and unusual professional attainments, which at once raised him to prominence. In 1856, he was appointed Solicitor of Rockingham County. For ten years he continued to discharge the trying duties of this office with an industry, energy and ability that won him distinction throughout the state. Mr. Bell retired from active practice several years ago, but his services are in constant demand for decisions of important causes under our referee law.

Governor Bell first entered politics as a member of the House of Representatives at Concord, in 1858, and in his first term was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, an honor that is rarely conferred on new members. He was reëlected to the legislature in 1859, and again in 1860, in which latter year he was chosen Speaker. He developed rare qualities as a presiding officer. With an extended knowledge of parliamentary law, coupled with his native dignity and firmness, he wielded the gavel with such ability and judicial fairness as to make him one of the most popular of Speakers. In 1863

and 1864, Mr. Bell was elected to the State Senate, and during the latter year served as president of that body. In 1872 and 1873, he was again chosen to the House, bringing with him a ripeness and experience in legislative duties, that gave to him the leadership of his party, and made him one of its most influential members. Mr. Bell was chairman of the Republican state convention of 1878, which nominated Governor Prescott, where his address did much to harmonize existing faction and proved the key-note to a successful campaign. In 1879, Mr. Bell was appointed United States Senator, for the special session of that year, by Governor Prescott, to take the place of Mr. Wadleigh, whose term of office had expired. He was admitted to his seat April 10, after a a long debate on the constitutional right of the governor to make the appointment. He well improved the brief opportunity, and took an active part in the business of the session.

Recognizing his ability and popularity, it is not strange that the Republican delegates, with an unanimity never before equalled, selected him as their candidate for governor in the late canvass. With any other candidate, defeat seemed imminent. Their opponents were preparing for an aggressive campaign with a most popular candidate for the presidency, and their prospective candidate for gubernatorial honors was regarded as simply invincible. The wisdom of the choice soon became apparent. After a canvass probably never equalled for thoroughness on both sides, Mr. Bell was triumphantly elected, receiving the largest number of votes ever polled for any candidate of any party at a New Hampshire state election. The Republicanism of Governor Bell is firm and consistent; he is a stalwart of the stalwarts, but never unscrupulous or a vindictive partisan. He enjoys the full confidence of his party, and has won the respect of his opponents, by his candid and fair discussions of public questions.

Thus far we have spoken of Governor Bell in his public and professional character. Let us now turn and view him as he appears in private life. In person he is above the medium size, inclining to stoutness. His head is large and well shaped, and with his habitual agreeable expression and dignified and erect carriage he would be conspicious anywhere. In conversation few men are more agreeable or instructive. Always a close observer, fond of reading, and possessed of a retentive memory, his information is extensive and varied, and there are few subjects, either in law, literature, history or politics with which he is not familiar to some extent. He has devoted much time to historical research, and has an extensive and accurate knowledge, which is always at command, of the history of the state from its settlement. During the past few years particularly there has been no intermission in the assiduity with which Mr. Bell employed the means of cultivating his tastes for literary pursuits. As in speaking, he writes with a smoothness, force and clearness that is refreshing. He is the author of a "Memoir of John Wheelwright," a work that is the only approach to a complete biography of this sturdy old Puritan pioneer yet written, the material being collected from every known source of information on the subject in this country and England. He is also author of "The Wheelwright Deed of 1629: Was It Spurious?" "Exeter in 1776," "Men and Things of Exeter," and other works, besides contributing largely to the best current literature of the state, and having in course of preparation the "Biographical History of the Bench and Bar of New Hampshire." This work was undertaken at the request, often repeated, of some of the most prominent lawyers in the state. It will embrace sketches of more than twelve hundred persons, and will be a work of much value and no little interest.

In the spring of 1871, Mr. Bell assumed editorial charge of the Exeter News-Letter, which he retained till

1875, about four years. His editorials on important events were practical and full of common sense, while political questions were treated with a fairness and candor that is seldom witnessed in party organs.

Mr. Bell has been chosen to fill many positions of honor and trust, from time to time, always discharging the duties entrusted to him with that faithfulness and thoroughness which characterizes the performance of all that he undertakes. He has occupied the Grand Master's chair of the Masonic fraternity of this state, of which order he is a high member. At present he is trustee of Phillips Exeter Academy. For a dozen years or more past, he has been president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, which has been instrumental in interesting the public in the history of the state, and which has brought to light many important facts bearing on this subject. The society, indeed, may be said to owe its success in a great measure to the tireless and well directed efforts of Mr. Bell in its behalf.

At the Commencement at Dartmouth College in June, 1881, the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him.

Mr. Bell has been twice married, his first wife being Sarah A., daughter of Nicholas Gilman. Two children blessed their union, both girls, named Helen and Mary Persis; the mother survived the latter's birth but a few months. His second wife was the widow of the late Joseph Taylor Gilman, of Exeter.

In 1876, accompanied by his family, Mr. Bell visited Europe, spending a year there, most of the time on the Continent.

In private life Governor Bell is keenly sensitive to the quiet happiness of the domestic hearth, and much enjoys the pleasure of the social circle. He makes friends easily, and meets all who approach him, with that frankness and courtesy which ever attend the cultivated mind and generous heart.

Governor Bell's high standing in the state was not won in a day. His career presents no events of prominent or startling interest, nor can he look back to any period in his life as the beginning of his success, or as its culminating point. It is rather the legitimate result of a life governed by industry, unimpeached integrity, and above all, commanding talent. He is a true type of the man whom all intelligent communities delight to honor. With his native genius, solid learning, and large knowledge of men and things, it is not strange that he has been the recipient of so many honors. That he has not had those of a more lucrative nature, is because he has not the art to push his own preferment. Such is a brief outline of the character and services of our Governor. Still in the prime of life and the full vigor of robust health and intellect, his path undoubtedly leads to higher, if not more lasting honors.

THE DARTMOUTH CAVALRY.

BY JOHN SCALES.

During the Great Rebellion Dartmouth College sent many of its brave sons to do battle for the cause of freedom, justice and the integrity of the great republic. The deeds of many of them stand recorded on the pages of history, but these of whom I am about to write have no mention in the records of New Hampshire, therefore I propose to write their story for the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

In the spring of 1862 General Nathaniel P. Banks had marched down the Shenandoah valley to Harrisonburg, and had been driven precipitately back by Stonewall Jackson; scarcely had the

latter reached Harper's Ferry when General Fremont compelled him to retreat as rapidly as he had advanced. General McClellan was taking those preliminary steps which led to the famous seven-days battles before Richmond. Everybody was in a great fever of excitement, and standing on the very tip-toes of expectation. The students at Dartmouth shared this feeling so strongly that many had already left and joined the great army of patriots, while others were impatient over their books and longed for an opportunity to make their names famous by deeds on the field of battle.

In this state of excitement, in May, 1862, Sanford Smith Burr, a member of the class of '63, made an attempt to get authority from the governor of New Hampshire to raise a company of cavalry to be made up chiefly of Dartmouth students. He failed to get permission. He then applied to other New England governors, but no one would listen to him except Sprague of Rhode Island. In course of a fortnight Burr returned with the necessary papers authorizing him to raise a company of cavalry for three months service in a Rhode Island regiment. Great excitement immediately ensued among the students, it seemed at one time as though half the college would enlist. The matter was discussed night and day. Rank marks ran fearfully low. Letters were written to the parents for permission to join the cavalry, which letters gave many parents sleepless nights, from fear that their boys would be "off to the war" before their letter refusing permission could reach their dear sons.

About the first of June a company of one hundred brave boys started for Providence, Rhode Island, to be mustered into service with some Rhode Island cavalry. As soon as they arrived they were conducted to an upper room in the depot and were "mustered in." Thence they marched to the quartermaster's department and were shut into a large room in which were piles of clothing. They looked at the coats, the vests, the pants! Shades of Moses! Must the students from Dartmouth College, "Old Dartmouth," doff their dandy suits and put on these nondescript garments? They were so forbidding and distasteful in color, so outrageous in cut and fit, so wiry in feeling and plebeian in appearance that no hero could be content to walk therein. There must be some mistake. They never would submit to such a gross insult. The commanding officer said there was no mistake, and swore by the point of his sword and the muzzle of his six-shooter that not a man should leave the room until he had "put on them clothes." Yielding to the inevitable, the boys clad themselves in the shoddy blue and marched out to camp, cheered on their way by the fair ladies who had heard of their arrival in the city.

They were put under the drill of Major Corliss, who afterwards had command of the squadron of three months cavalry, and S. S. Burr was commissioned captain of the Dartmouth company. They remained there two weeks, but before they left for the seat of war, Governor Sprague, Ex-Governor Hoppin and the faculty of Brown University gave them an elegant reception with a bountiful supply of strawberries and cream.

On Saturday, about the middle of June, the squadron started for New York, where they found transports ready to take them and their horses to Amboy, from thence to Philadelphia in dirty cattle cars. But those horses, what a sight to behold! The strange beasts were rampant and saltant, calcitrosus and ferocious, and they filled every student with terror and homesickness. Passing through Philadelphia, amidst the kindly greetings of the Quaker city, they hastened on to Washington, arriving late in the afternoon and taking quarters in a spacious cattle yard, where they remained during the night. The next day they encamped in the outskirts of the city and became actively engaged in the mysteries of sabre exercise and the various evolutions of the trooper on foot. In addition to this they had to keep guard over their war horses

with long poles to prevent their kicking one another to death. In two or three days the horse equipments were furnished and the riding commenced. Business now was both ludicrous and lively, sometimes elevating, at other times very depressing; not half a dozen knew how to saddle a horse properly, or to ride with ease and dignity, the greatest bother being with loathsome spurs attached to the boot heels. The first time the command was obeyed, "Boots in saddle," it was difficult to tell which were the most frightened, the boys or the horses, for the harder the riders held on the more terrible was the plunging of the horses, maddened as they were by the awful spurs which pierced their bleeding sides. Several pious young men took their first lessons in swearing on that occasion.

In a few days the riders and the horses became better acquainted and the drill went on more smoothly, although in all rapid movements the distance between the saddle and the centre of gravity in the trooper was exceedingly large. The next move was to cross the Potomac and encamp some miles beyond, where several days were passed in riding up hill and down, over hedges and ditches, leaping stone walls and rail fences. Besides the rough drilling several of the boys engaged in cooking, and developed wonderful skill in the business, concocting dishes and several kinds of cake which are not put down in the cook books. Others were affected so seriously by the severe riding that they had to make repairs in the hospital. During this time great battles were being fought in Virginia, and the blood of these young heroes was boiling to engage in active service.

In the last week in June their desires were gratified by an order for them to pack up and move to Winchester for active service in the Shenandoah valley. At Winchester, their squadron was the only cavalry on duty at that time, and they found the service quite as active as their most ardent desires could wish; now tilting down to Fort Royal, then back to cut off some Rebel supply train, then in another direction to capture a herd of cattle being driven to Richmond. Soon, rumors came that General Lee was marching north to invade Maryland and capture Washington. There was no rest for the weary then, active watching and scouting night and day, till one dark night in the last of August they found the whole camp at Winchester packing up and moving off towards Harper's Ferry in rapid marches, wherein their duties were arduous and continuous, taxing their powers to the utmost limits.

At Harper's Ferry they were stationed on Boliver heights, occasionally crossing the Potomac to Maryland. Two of their men were captured by the Rebels and sent to prison in Richmond, from whence they were exchanged in September. General Lee's advance guards under Stonewall Jackson, were fast occupying the mountain heights around the Ferry, preparing to spring the jaws of the trap which was to capture Colonel Miles and all his army (11,000), except the cavalry, which made a bold dash at the last moment, and escaped by night to Maryland, while Miles's command with all its stores was compelled to surrender the next day. Had the cavalry delayed three hours longer they, too, would have been captured. There were two regiments of cavalry escaped with them, and soon afterwards engaged in the battles in Maryland under McClellan, but before these battles took place the three months of the Dartmouth boys had expired and they kept on their way to Chambersburg, thence to Philadelphia and home. On their retreat through Maryland they surprised and routed the Rebel infantry in several places, and captured a large supply train which was making for the Rebel lines.

They returned to Dartmouth about the 20th of September, and were the heroes of the hour, everybody being thrilled with the news of those great battles which closed with the bloody work at Antietam, September 17, 1862, so that these young men were regarded almost as participants in that last great

conflict under the command of McClellan. They had acquited themselves like men, and henceforth took hold of their studies with greater zeal, feeling that they had done something to help crush the enemies of liberty and of the Union, so dear to every patriot.

FRANCONIA IRON MINE.

In the Gazetteer of New Hampshire, complied by Eliphalet Merrill and Phinehas Merrill and published in the year 1817, is the following mention of the mine under the head of FRANCONIA.

"There is an extensive iron factory establishment. The company was incorporated December 18th, 1805, and is composed principally of Boston and Salem gentlemen. The works consist of a blast furnace, with a resevoir of water near the top, as a precaution against fire, an air furnace, a steel furnace, a pounding machine, to separate the iron from the cinders, a forge with four fires and two hammers, a turning table, and a trip-hammer shop with four fires and two hammers."

"Most of the ore wrought here is conveyed from Concord Mountain about three miles from the furnace. Here is also a large tract of coaling ground, belonging to the company."

"Not very far from this establishment are the upper works, called "The Haverhill and Franconia Iron Works," which were incorporated in 1808. These are built on the same plan as the former, but their operations are not as yet so extensive."

In the Gazetteer of New Hampshire, published in the year 1823, by John Farmer and Jacob B. Moor, under the head of Franconia, is found the following mention:

"The ore is obtained from a mountain in the east part of Concord (now Lisbon) three miles from the furnace, and is considered the richest in the United States, yielding from 56 to 63 per cent, and the mine is said to be inexhaustible. About twelve or fifteen tons of iron are made in a week, and sixty men on a average are employed annually."

In the Gazetteer of New Hampshire, published in 1849, by John Hayward, is the following mention:

"The town owes its rise and prosperity to the discovery and working of a rich vein of granular magnetic iron ore, which exists within the present limits of the town of Lisbon, at its south-eastern corner. The iron ore is a vein from three and a half to four feet wide, included in granite rocks. The course of this vein is north thirty degrees east, south thirty degrees west, and its dip is to the south-east seventy or eighty degrees. It has been opened and wrought forty rods in length, and one hundred and forty-four feet in depth. The ore is blasted out by workmen employed by a contractor who supplies the Franconia furnaces, the mine is wrought open to day-light, and is but partially covered to keep out the rain. On measuring the direction of this vein, it was evident that it extended into the valley below, and on searching the hill side, it was readily discovered in that direction."

In "New Hampshire As It Is," a book published in 1855, by Edwin A. Charlton, is this mention:

"From twenty to thirty men are constantly employed. Two hundred and fifty tons of pig iron, and from two hundred to three hundred tons of bar iron, are produced annually. The ore is said to be the richest yet discovered. It yields from fifty-six to ninety per cent."

For various causes work at the furnace and mine was suspended about 1865, and has not been resumed. The Franconia iron for years has had the reputation of being the most valuable in the market. In years past it was used extensively throughout New England, and various implements and utensils manufactured from it, like chains, stoves and kettles, have fulfilled their purposes for over half a century.

HOTELS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A hundred years hence some student of antiquarian lore, in possession of the rare and valuable volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY, will read with interest, no doubt, an account of the hotels of New Hampshire in 1881. The business man of to-day, planning a vacation for relaxation, may look to these pages for information. Taking for granted the fact that everywhere throughout the state is spread the most romantic of scenery, the question of hotel accommodations is especially pertinent.

Concord has the advantage of two large hotels.

THE EAGLE HOTEL

is on the east side of Main street, facing the State House park. Colonel John A. White is the proprietor. The hotel has about one hundred rooms, richly furnished, heated by steam, and lighted by gas. During the sessions of the legislature, the spacious office and reading room are well filled with portly statesmen and energetic lobbyists. In the parlors above assemble their wives and sisters. The dining-room opens from the office, and upon its tables are spread the luxuries of the season.

THE PHENIX HOTEL

is on the same side of the street, a short distance south of the Eagle, and nearer the depot. James R. Hill is the landlord. The hotel has about one hundred rooms, elegantly furnished, with all modern appliances for comfort and luxury.

THE PROCTOR HOUSE

is in the town of Andover, about thirty miles north of Concord, at the base of Kearsarge Mountain. It stands in the midst of a quiet little village, on a dry plateau. William D. Thompson is the landlord. Broad piazzas surround the house. Within, the first floor is divided into an office, drawing-room, dining-hall, reading-room, and private parlors; the upper floors are divided into suits of large, airy rooms, approached by wide halls. One hundred and fifty guests can be entertained. The location is noted for its invigorating air, pure spring water, and freedom from fogs and insects. A large farm connected with the hotel supplies it daily with fresh vegetables, butter, milk, and cream. There is a nameless charm about the Proctor House which attracts the same guests season after season. Possibly it is the sense of quiet rest which pervades the atmosphere.

THE WINSLOW HOUSE.

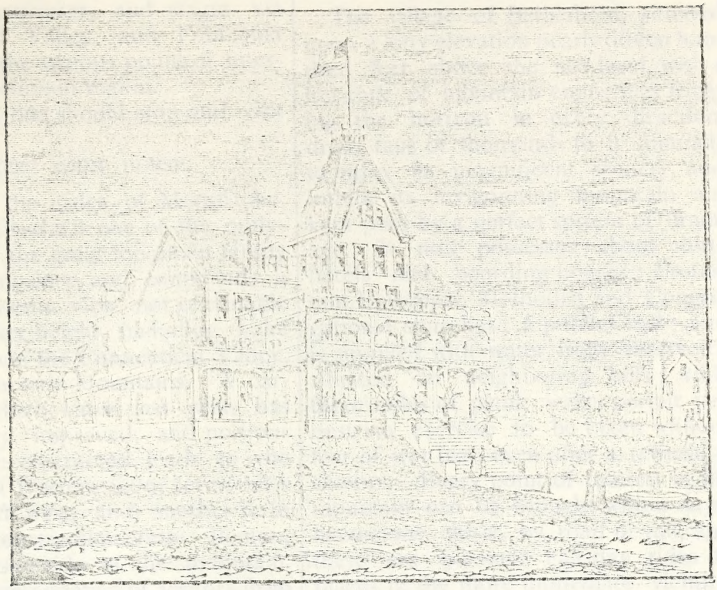
Half way up to the summit of Kearsarge Mountain, stands the Winslow House, commanding a most extensive view of western New Hampshire. The hotel is on a side-hill approached by a well kept, winding road from the depot at Potter Place. A bridle path leads by easy grades to the summit. A. B. Davis is the proprietor. Here the pleasure seeker and tourist can enjoy the best of hotel accommodation, the finest of scenery, and the purest of air, all through the summer months.

THE HOTEL WEIRS,

a large, new hotel, built by Captain W. A. Sanborn, the genial commander of the "Lady of the Lake," is situated on an elevation overlooking Lake Winnipiseogee. In the rear is the veterans' camp ground; near by is the celebrated camp-meeting grounds, occupied successively through the summer by various societies. D. B. Story is proprietor.

THE LAKE SIDE HOUSE

is in the grove. L. R. and G. W. Weeks are proprietors. This hotel has been greatly enlarged during the past year, and offers the best of accommodations.



THE HOTEL WEIRS.

THE WINNECOETTE HOUSE

is on a high hill nearly half a mile from the Wiers depot, commanding a fine view of lake and mountain scenery. Irving W. Doolittle is the landlord.

THE GLENDON HOUSE

is at Wolfeborough, across the lake from the Weirs, where, also, is

THE PAVILLION,

one of the largest and most comfortable hotels about the lake.

THE PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE,

situated at Plymouth N. H., at the gateway of the Franconia and White Mountain ranges, is the most delightful place in New England, abounding in points of interest. Among these are Livermore Falls, which are unsurpassed in wild and romantic scenery, where is located the Massachusetts and New Hampshire fish hatching house; Mt. Prospect, with a carriage road to its summit, commands a view thirty miles in extent, including Lake Winnipiseogee, with its many islands, and rivaling, in many respects, that obtained from Mt. Lafayette or Mt. Washington; Squam Lake; and numerous other localities, easily accessible from this house by railroad or carriage. This house, one of the finest summer hotels in New Hampshire, has been refurnished, remodeled, and put in the most perfect order for the season of 1881. The halls, parlors, and dining-rooms, are large and commodious; and during the past winter every room has been supplied with gas. It contains one hundred and fifty light and airy rooms, which can be furnished *en suite* when desired. The bath-rooms are amply supplied with hot and cold water. A first-class livery is connected with the house. Cars leave for Lake Winnipiseogee daily, giving parties an opportunity of sailing the entire length of the lake, returning the same day. In short, no pains will be spared to make the Pemigewasset the home of the tourist; and it is believed that with its combination of climate, situation, and scenery, it presents attractions superior to any other in the country. An excellent orchestra has been engaged for the season. Cars leave morning and noon for Profile, Twin Mountain, Fabyan and

Crawford houses, via Littleton, Bethlehem and Lancaster, and stages via Pemigewasset Valley and Franconia Notch, for the various points of interest in the mountain region.

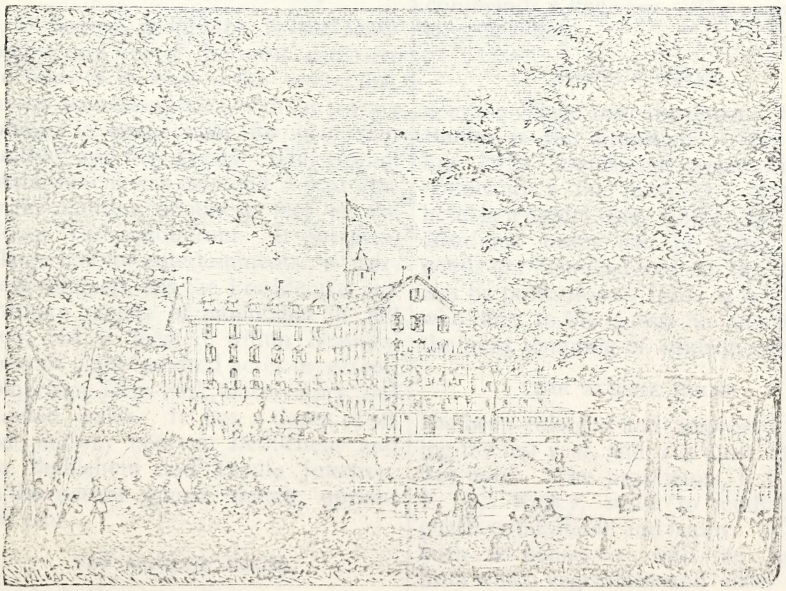
At Warren one should stop and visit the

BREEZY POINT HOUSE,

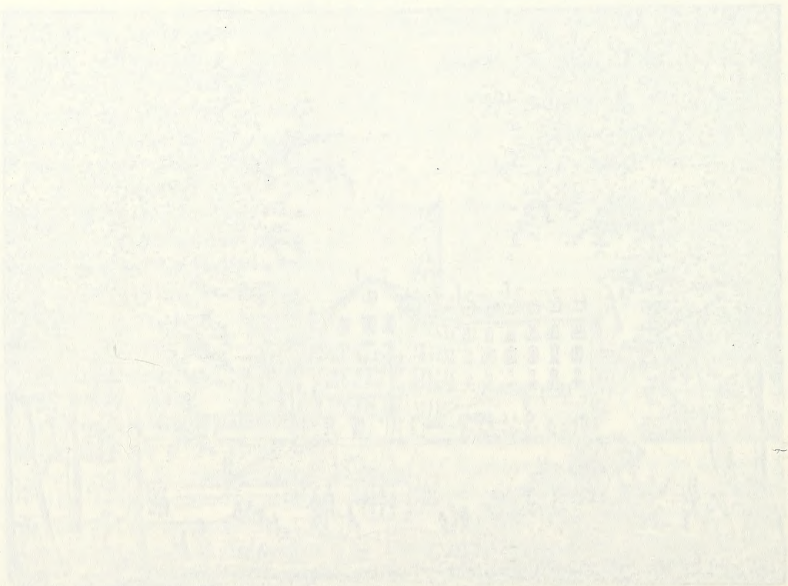
half way up the sides of Moosilauke. Mount Moosilauke is one of the outlying peaks of the great mountain family of New Hampshire, and commands a grand panoramic view not obtainable from any other height, including Lake Winnipiseogee, the Connecticut Valley, and the Franconia Mountains. A carriage road which, since last year, has been greatly improved, and portions practically reconstructed, leads to the summit from Warren, six or seven miles to the south-west, and another is in course of construction from Benton, on the opposite side of the mountain. For the accommodation of visitors from Bethlehem, and Franconia, telephone communication has been completed between the Tip-Top House, and the Breezy Point House, and the station at Warren.

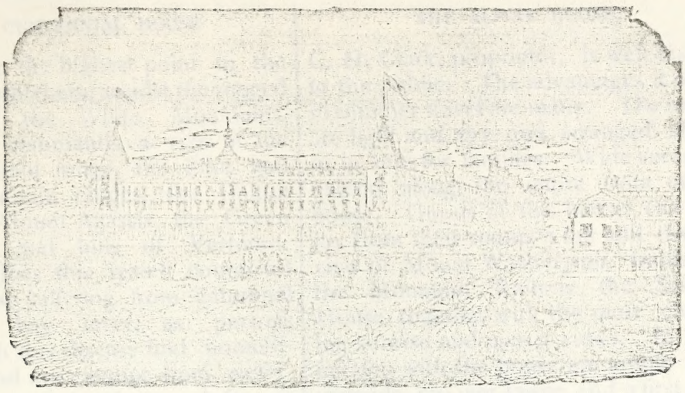
BETHLEHEM.

The village of Bethlehem, situated upon a lofty elevation nearly fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, with a fretwork of mountain eminences fringing the horizon in every direction, draws tens of thousands to it annually to enjoy its magnificent scenery, and imbibe its invigorating mountain air, kept pure by a perfect system of drainage. It now possesses about thirty hotels and boarding-houses; Protestant Episcopal, Methodist and Congregational churches; a public hall; and is supplied with water from reservoirs, situated on neighboring hills; while three miles of plank walks permit pedestrian exercise to be taken without fear of wet feet, even after a refreshing shower. Every point of interest in the mountain can be brought within days' excursions, either by road or rail, and there are pleasant half-day rides to places in the more immediate vicinity, such as Howland's Observatory, Round Mountain, Echo Farm, around the Heater, and Cherry Valley, while Mount Agassiz, Cruft's Ledge, and Strawberry Hill are within comfortable walking dis-



THE PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE.





THE MAPLEWOOD HOTEL.

tance. A narrow gauge branch railroad is now running between Bethlehem and the Bethlehem and Profile Junction, three miles east of the village, on the Mount Washington branch of the White Mountains Railroad. Tourists are also enabled to reach Bethlehem by a stage line running in connection with trains stopping at the Littleton depot of the White Mountains railroad, five miles west of the village.

THE MAPLEWOOD HOTEL,

O. D. Seavey, proprietor, is the handsomest, and one of the most extensive erections of its kind in the mountains, having accommodation, with the private cottages in connection, for over four hundred and fifty guests. This elegant establishment was enlarged a year ago, by the addition of ninety feet to the Mount Washington front. It possesses a large hall for entertainments, is perfectly drained, has the Presidential and northern ranges of mountains in full view, and is located within beautiful grounds eight hundred acres in extent, comprising Deer Park, Observatory, and wooded walks. It has a depot of its own, midway between Bethlehem and the Bethlehem and Profile Junction, on the narrow gauge branch, opened this year.

THE SINCLAIR HOUSE,

Durgin & Fox, proprietors, is a large modern hotel, in the centre of the village, covering the site of the original establishment, the first of its kind in Bethlehem. It can accommodate three hundred guests. The house has all modern conveniences, is well supplied with water, is perfectly drained, delightfully situated, commanding a full view of the surrounding hills.

THE HILLSIDE HOUSE,

D. F. Davis, proprietor, is on the Mount Agassiz road, of which mountain it commands a fine view. The rooms are large and airy.

RANLET'S HOTEL

is in the village, near the depot. D. W. Ranlet is the proprietor. The hotel has large rooms, and every window commands a fine prospect. Near the hotel is a model café, where the most fastidious tastes can be suited. All goods are manufactured on the premises by professionals from New York, who offer to the guests in the village the most tempting of confectionery.

THE AVENUE HOUSE

has been enlarged and improved during the last year, and is a most attractive hotel. The proprietors, J. C. and F. L. Kelley, strive to render their guests comfortable and happy. A large farm is connected with the house, from which vegetables and dairy products the most tempting, are daily served.

THE CENTENNIAL HOUSE

is situated on the highest point in the village of Bethlehem, amidst the rugged scenery of the White Mountains. This house commands a view of the White Mountain range, the Pilot and Cherry Mountain ranges, the Dalton Mountains, Mount Agassiz, the Green Mountains, and hills of Vermont. Especially does this resort commend itself to those suffering from autumnal catarrh, or hay fever, as persons afflicted with this disease find immediate relief, and are exempt from suffering, while remaining there. A farm is connected with the house; also a cottage of seven rooms, for persons wishing to avoid the bustle of the larger house; poplar grove and swings; rustic summer-houses, and play-grounds. Post and telegraph offices, churches and stores, in the village. Telephone in office. A first-class livery stable is maintained, where teams may be had at reasonable rates, for the many delightful drives to places of note and beauty in the vicinity. The rooms are airy and pleasant, and may be had single or *en suite*. Fresh running water is abundantly supplied, and the drainage is perfect. H. W. Wilder is proprietor.

THE ALPINE HOUSE,

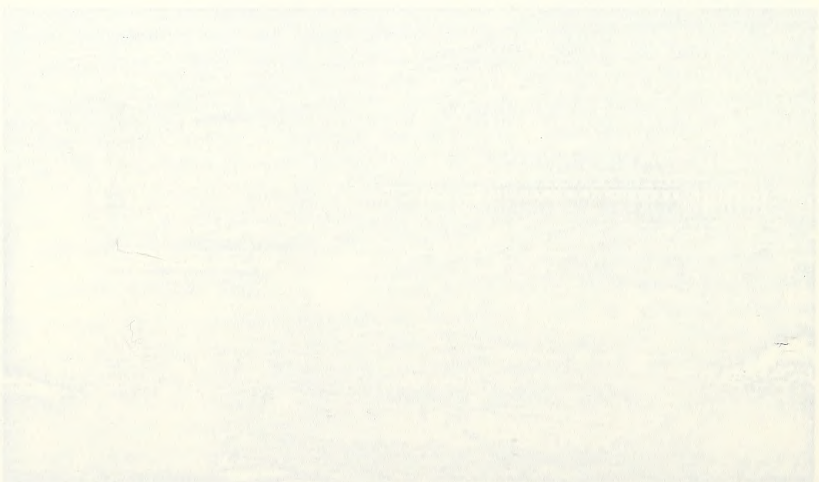
C. H. Clark, proprietor, is well-known to the public. The advantages it offers to summer travel are many. The rooms are light and airy, and arranged singly or in suits for families. Wide verandas extend along the entire front of the house. Guests of this house can enjoy from their rooms a full and distinct view of Mount Washington, trains on the Mountain Railway, the Summit House, together with the most charming sunrise and sunset views. In connection with the house are ample playgrounds, croquet lawns, and a first-class stable with experienced drivers. Also, a farm which furnishes an ample supply of pure milk and fresh vegetables.

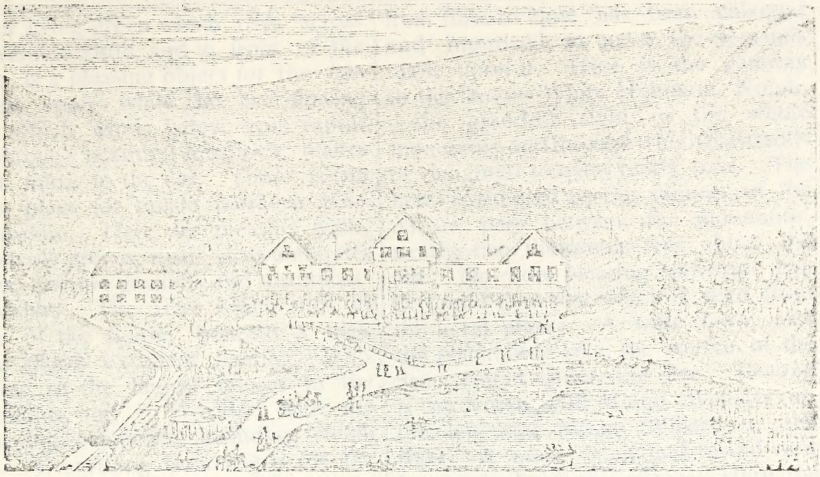
THE HIGHLAND HOUSE,

Bethlehem, J. H. Clark, proprietor, was built in the early part of 1880, and after being thoroughly finished, and newly furnished, was first opened to the public in July of that season. On June 1st, 1881, it was opened to summer boarders, for the second season, having been improved in various ways. It is pleasantly situated on the north side of Bethlehem street. The house has about thirty-five sleeping rooms. Pure spring water is introduced



THE TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.





THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

on every floor. The halls are wide, high, and well ventilated, and every sleeping room has a transom ventilation over the doors. Piazzas, ten feet in width, extend along the entire front, and on the west side, from which, as well as from the adjoining parlor, a fine view of Littleton valley and the Mountain ranges beyond, can be had. The dining-room is large, light, and pleasant. The kitchen is located in the basement, and causes no annoyance to the dining-room.

THE HOWARD HOUSE

is new throughout, built and furnished in 1878. It is located in the centre of the village, on Main street, stands back from the road, with nice lawn in front. There are roomy and sightly piazzas, from which Mount Washington, with its Summit House and railroad, Mount Lafayette, and other peaks and ranges, can be distinctly seen. This house has large rooms, and airy, pleasant, and convenient dining-rooms, office, parlors, and halls, and accommodations for fifty guests. The house is supplied with pure water on all the floors; and all modern improvements. The drainage is perfect. C. E. Bunker is proprietor.

THE BLANDIN HOUSE,

just above the Sinclair House, is situated in this beautiful village. This house is entirely free from dust, having facilities for sprinkling the grounds, and plenty of water. Large shade trees in front and around the buildings. It is the grand central location to visit any and all points of interest in the mountains. Arrangements for heating the rooms of guests wishing to remain during the months of September and October have been made. The manager will aim to promote the comfort and amusement of the guests. A. W. Blandin is proprietor.

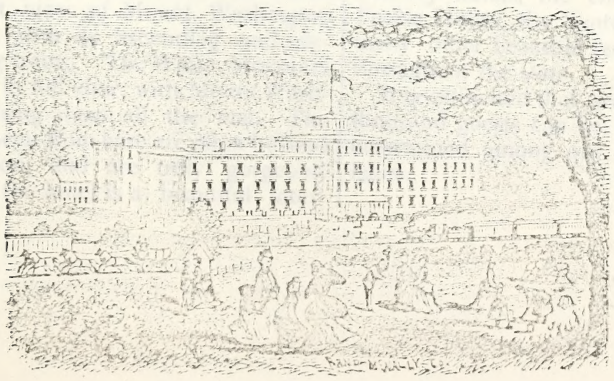
THE TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE

stands on a plateau which overlooks the Ammonoosuc river, within five miles of the Fabyan House, and is surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the mountain region. The view from the piazzas and the observatory is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. The great mountain summits are seen on either hand. On the south are Lafayette, Haystack, and the Twins. On the east is the entire White Mountain range, from Mount Washington to Mount Webster, the latter forming one side of the celebrated White Mountain Notch. This is the centre of a great basin, and more mountain summits can be seen from this hotel than from any other in the mountains. The great

wall of living green which rises across the Ammonoosuc, and in front of the house, is a pleasing object for the eye to rest upon; while the ever-flowing river which winds below, over rapids and through beautiful meadows, makes sweet music to the ear. There is no better place for rest in northern New Hampshire. Here are pleasing walks and shady groves, rustic seats and quiet nooks, croquet grounds and unsurpassed drives. The river which runs in front of the house, beneath a high bank, affords excellent boating. This is one of the largest houses in the mountains, and is provided with the latest improvements, including steam heat. Everything is arranged for the convenience and comfort of its guests. The table is noted for its excellence, and challenges comparison with any other. Excursions can be made twice daily, morning and afternoon, to the summit of Mount Washington, through the White Mountain Notch, and to the Old Man of the Mountain in the Franconia Notch. No more desirable place can be found in which to pass the summer. No idea of its beauty can be gained from the passing trains at the depot. The view must be seen from the hotel, and the observatory, to be appreciated.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE,

so long under one management, has steadily gained in public favor, and from time to time has been enlarged and improved to meet the demands made upon it. Here is the gateway to the famous White Mountain Notch, —the grandest sight of the whole mountains, and through which thousands of delighted tourists yearly pass. The hotel is situated on the summit of the narrow pass between the mountains, nearly two thousands feet above the sea. No more pleasing landscape can be found than that which is seen from the hotel piazza. A wide lawn, and the placid little lake, the source of the Saco, comes under the eye. Beyond is the Notch, with Mount Webster on the left, and Mount Willard on the right. A more quiet and restful view is not had in any place. Here the cares of life are forgotten, and the old grow young in spirit. The air is invigorating, and stimulates the body and mind to greater activity. The Crawford House is too well known to need special attention called to its merits. Its guests will continue to receive the same care in the future that they have had in the past. The frequent trains which pass the house enable all to make excursions through the Notch, and to the summit of Mount Washington, twice daily. Connection is made with all trains going west from the Fabyan House, and with those arriving at that place. Saco Lake, in front of the house, is supplied with boats, free to the guests; and Beecher's Cascades



THE FABYAN HOUSE.

and Gibb's Falls, within easy walk of the house, have many features of beauty and interest. The lake, especially, gives variety to the scenery at the Crawford House, and in itself is one of the most charming features of the place. Idlewild, a beautiful picnic-ground overlooking the lake, a charming place and much admired by guests, is at the very doors of the hotel. It is filled with quiet nooks, and a great variety of wonderfully beautiful rural scenery. Silver and Flume Cascades, a short walk below the entrance of the Notch, and Ripley Falls, six miles below the Crawford House, are well worth seeing, especially in times of high water. C. H. Merrill is manager.

THE FABYAN HOUSE

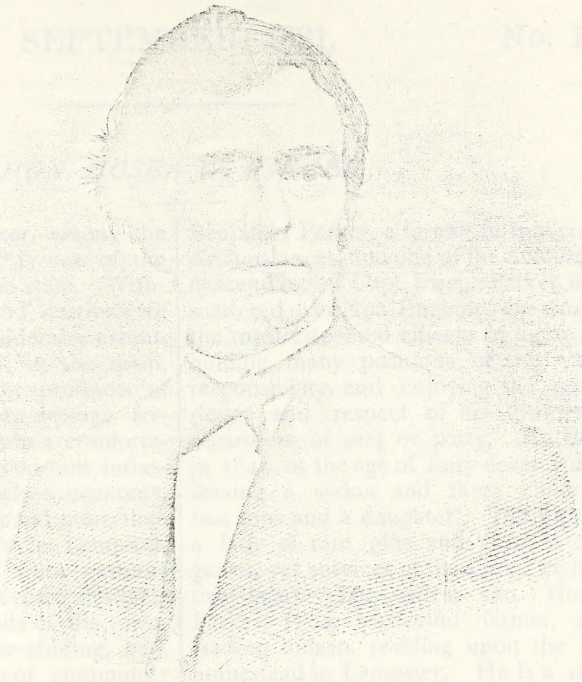
is situated at the centre of the mountain railway system. All the express trains, with Pullman and other palace cars, which run between Boston, Fall River, Providence, Worcester, Springfield, New York, and the White Mountains, arrive and depart from this place. All the trains to the summit of Mount Washington, and through the White Mountain Notch, leave the depot in front of the hotel. It is also the nearest railway station to the summit of Mount Washington. This was one of the earliest settled places in the heart of the mountains, and was one of the favorite points from which to make the ascent of Mount Washington, long before any railroad was built in this part of the state. From the hotel there is an excellent view of Mount Washington railroad, with its ascending and descending trains. The White Mountain range is in full view, with Mount Washington rising above all the rest. The sunsets seen from here are often beyond description, and are truly gorgeous. West of the hotel is a beautiful interval, cleared of forest trees many years ago. South is a high mountain range. On the north is Mount Deception, rising abruptly, and from it is a good view of the Ammonoosuc Valley and the mountains. On the east is the White Mountain range, with the distinct summits of Washington, Monroe, Franklin, Pleasant, Clinton, Jackson, and Webster, sharply outlined against the blue heavens beyond. Here old Ethan Allen Crawford, the giant of the mountains, lived and died, and a suitable monument on an adjacent elevation, overlooking the valley, marks his last resting-place. The Fabyan House has many peculiar advantages, and is a favorite with tourists who come to the mountains. It is large and commodious, and will accommodate over four hundred guests. All its rooms front upon beautiful scenery, and are high and airy. The dining-room is the most desirable of any in the mountain hotels. It is spacious and well lighted. No pains are spared to make the table first-class in every respect. House heated with steam. Oscar G. Barron manager.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL

is half a mile from the Fabyan House, and commands a royal view of Mount Washington. The hotel has been enlarged and entirely refitted by Oscar V. Pitman, proprietor, and is one of the best hotels in New Hampshire.

Space forbids mention of the North Conway hotels, the Glen House, the Profile House, the Senter House, and many other beautiful resorts scattered throughout the state.

It is estimated that over one hundred thousand guests can be, and are, yearly entertained among our mountains and lakes.



H. W. Parker



—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1881. No. 12.

HON. HOSEA W. PARKER.

The town of Lempster, among the hills of "little Sullivan," is one of the most unpretending in the state. Without railway facilities, and destitute of water power to any considerable extent, the inhabitants depend, in the main, for a livelihood, upon the products of a rugged soil, of less than average fertility, from which they gain a comfortable subsistence only by constant industry and the practice of close economy. No man ever accumulated more than a moderate competency in Lempster, and few have suffered from extreme poverty; while crime is comparatively unknown within the limits of the town. A more industrious, law-abiding, and, withal, a more intelligent community than the people of this town, cannot be found in New Hampshire. Its schools have always been the best in the county, and it is a generally conceded fact that it has reared and sent out more teachers and preachers in proportion to its population, than any other town in the state, together with a goodly number of lawyers, physicians, and journalists. Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., of Boston, is the most distinguished of the numerous clergymen which Lempster has produced, while the subject of this sketch (a kinsman of Dr. Miner) is the most prominent of her sons at the bar, and in public life.

HOSEA W. PARKER was born in Lempster, May 30, 1833. His father, Benjamin Parker, a farmer in moderate circumstances, and one of the numerous descendants of Capt. Joseph Parker, now scattered over New England, was among the most esteemed citizens of the town, holding many positions of trust and responsibility, and enjoying the confidence and respect of his townsmen regardless of sect or party. He died in 1843, at the age of forty-seven years, leaving a widow and three children, two sons and a daughter. The widow, a lady of rare gifts and great intelligence, yet survives at the age of eighty-two years. The eldest son, Hiram Parker, is a successful farmer, and leading citizen, residing upon the old homestead in Lempster. He is a man of sterling character and wide influence, has represented the town in the legislature, and held various other responsible positions. He ranks among the most enterprising and progressive farmers in the county, and has been for several years a member of the State Board of Agriculture, participating actively in its work. The daughter, Emily L., who also resides in Lempster, is the widow of the late Ransom Beckwith, a prominent citizen of the town, who died some years since. Hosea W., the youngest son, was twelve years of age when his father died. With his brother he engaged diligently in the work upon the farm, attending the district school during its limited terms, with an occa-

sional term at a select school, until about eighteen years of age, when he determined to enter upon a course of study preparatory to a professional life. After attending Tubbs' Union Academy at Washington, then under the charge of that famous teacher, Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, for a few terms, he entered the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vt., where he completed the full classical course. He entered Tufts College in 1855, but did not remain to complete the course in that institution, leaving during the second year to commence the study of law, upon which he entered in the office of Hon. Edmund Burke, at Newport, where he completed his legal studies, and was admitted to the Sullivan County bar in 1859, engaging, meanwhile, in teaching school in the winter season, as he had also done while gaining his preparatory education.

He commenced practice in his native town, but removed to Claremont in the fall of 1860, where he has since remained, and has succeeded in establishing an extensive practice. He has had excellent success in the trial of causes, and as a jury lawyer ranks with the first in the state, excelling both in management and as an advocate. He has been admitted to the United States Circuit and District Courts in this state, and in 1873 was admitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, in Washington.

Mr. Parker has been a Democrat from youth, and has ever taken a deep interest in political affairs, laboring earnestly for the success of the party to whose principles he is attached. Few men in the state have devoted more time and effort to advance the interests of the democratic cause, and none have gained more fully the confidence and respect of the party. He has served almost constantly for the past twenty years as a member of the Democratic State Committee, and in nearly every campaign during that time his voice has been heard with effect upon the stump in advocacy of the principles and policy of his party. His first political speeches were made in opposition to the so-called Know Nothing organization, which gained ascendancy in the state in 1855. He has long been prominent in the State Conventions of his party, and has presided at the same on two occasions. He was a delegate from this state in the National Democratic Convention at New York, in 1868, in which he voted throughout for Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, for candidate for president, and was again a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the Cincinnati Convention, in 1880, when Gen. Hancock was made the standard bearer of his party.

In 1859 he was chosen to represent the people of his native town in the state legislature, and reëlected the following year. He served in the House as a member of the committees on education and railroads, and took an active part in the work of legislation in all its stages, both in the committee room and in debate upon the floor. He was subsequently the candidate of his party for state senator in the old tenth district, but failed of election, the district being overwhelmingly Republican. In 1869 Mr. Parker was nominated for Congress, but was defeated by Hon. Jacob Benton by a small majority, and in 1871 was again nominated by the Democracy of the Third Congressional District as their candidate for representative in Congress, and, in an active and exciting campaign, defeated his Republican competitor, Gen. Simon G. Griffin of Keene, although the district was unquestionably Republican at the time. His personal popularity added largely to his strength, very many Republicans in the lower part of the district giving him their votes, including about one hundred in his own town of Claremont. He served in the Forty-second Congress, and was reëlected, in 1873, to the succeeding Congress by an increased majority. He is the only Democrat who has been chosen in that district since the last election of Hon. Harry Hibbard in 1853, and the only man of any party residing in Sullivan County who has occupied a seat in Congress since the incumbency of his legal pre-

ceptor, Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, whose last term ended in March, 1845.

During the period of his congressional service, he was promptly and continually at the post of duty, and was assiduous alike in his devotion to the interests of the people at large, and in responding to the personal solicitations of his constituents for aid in matters connected with the various departments. Corruption was rife at Washington during the time of his service, but jobbery and extravagance in every form found in Mr. Parker a persistent opponent. The Congressional Record will show his vote recorded against every job, subsidy and plunder scheme of whatever description brought before Congress during his term of service, and in support of every measure calculated to promote the interests of the masses of the people, and especially in the direction of revenue reform. There and everywhere he has been earnest and outspoken in opposition to those features of the tariff laws calculated to enrich the few at the expense of the many. He was a member of the committee on education and labor, and also of the committee on patents, rendering valuable service in both committees. He took decided ground in favor of reimbursing William and Mary College, Virginia, for losses sustained in the destruction of property during the war, and made a strong speech in the House in advocacy of the bill to that effect. His speech upon the distribution of the proceeds from the sales of public lands for educational purposes is also cited in evidence of his devotion to the cause of popular education, and his desire for the adoption of a liberal policy on the part of the general government in that direction.

It was as a member of the committee on patents in the Forty-third Congress, however, that Mr. Parker rendered his constituents and the people of the entire country a service of inestimable value. It was at this time that the patents held by the great sewing machine monopoly,—a combination of the leading companies entered into for the purpose of keeping up the the enormous prices of the machines,—were about expiring, and a determined effort was made to secure an extension. A powerful lobby was employed and money without stint was at its command. Every possible argument and appliance was brought to bear upon the committee to secure a report in favor of extension. Mr. Parker, with his unyielding hostility to monopoly and special privilege in every form, was unalterably opposed to such action from the start, and it was largely through his persistent efforts that the committee finally reported against the extension by a majority of one vote, and the committee's report was sustained by the House. A reduction of nearly fifty per cent. in the price of sewing machines soon followed,—a result hailed with joy in almost every family in the land. Had Mr. Parker yielded to the pressure, or the seductive influences brought to bear in the interests of this monopoly, as too many men have done in our American Congress, under similar circumstances, he might have retired at the close of his term with an independent fortune, but without the self-respect and the universal public esteem which he now enjoys.

Since the close of his congressional service, Mr. Parker has devoted himself exclusively to his large and constantly increasing law practice, his only rival at the bar, among the legal fraternity in the flourishing town of his adoption, being the Hon. Ira Colby, who commenced practice there at about the same time with Mr. Parker, and who engaged with him in the summer of 1861 in a canvass of the county, addressing war meetings for the promotion of enlistments in the Union army, in which work both did effective service.

As a citizen, he is eminently public spirited, heartily supporting all schemes of local improvement, and all public enterprises calculated to advance the interests of the town and the welfare of the community. He is liberal to a fault, and never hesitates to contribute to any object for which his aid is

sought, unless convinced that there is hypocrisy and sham, or some sinister purpose involved. For hypocrites and pretenders, whether in politics or religion, in public or in private, in business or in social life, he has a thorough and ardent contempt. In the cause of education, he has taken a strong and active interest from youth. He served for two years as superintending school committee in his native town, entering enthusiastically into the discharge of his duties in that capacity. He has also been for several years a member of the school board in Claremont, and a trustee of the Fiske Free Library of that town.

In religion, Mr. Parker adheres to the liberal faith, being a constant attendant upon the services of the Universalist church in Claremont, and superintendent of the Sunday-school connected therewith, which position he has holden continuously for the past twenty years. He is recognized as a prominent member of that denomination in New England, and in 1872 and 1873 was president of the New Hampshire State Convention. He also presided at the New England anniversary festival in Boston in 1873.

He is and has been for many years a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity in this state, being an active member of the Grand Lodge and of the various local organizations. He is now, and has been for the past ten years, Eminent Commander of Sullivan Commandery of Knights Templar at Claremont.

In 1861, Mr. Parker was united in marriage with Miss Caroline Louisa Southgate, of Bridgewater, Vt., a lady of culture and refinement endowed with rare social graces and domestic virtues. They have one child, a daughter,— Lizzie Southgate Parker,— born June 17, 1865. Their residence, on Broad Street, is one of the finest in the beautiful village of Claremont, and is in the fullest sense the abode of domestic happiness and the seat of a generous hospitality.

Few men in the state, of Mr. Parker's age, have won equal success in professional and political life; fewer still have gained, in equal degree, the personal regard and friendship of their fellow men. This success has resulted in no small degree from the predominence of the democratic element in his nature, his social good fellowship and perfect frankness and sincerity in all things. In his intercourse with men, he bestows the same consideration upon the poorest and humblest, as upon the rich and exalted, and his hatred of the false distinctions set up in society is only equalled by his general contempt for all classes of hypocrites, bigots, and pretenders. Yet comparatively a young man, having scarcely attained the meridian of his physical and intellectual powers, he may look forward to a long career of usefulness and honor, supplementary to the eminent success which he has already achieved.

H. H. METCALF.

QUERY.

In the History of Londonderry, it says that Mary Boyd, an orphan, who was brought up by the wife of Rev. James McGregor, married his son, Rev. David McGregor. The first named minister was one who came with part of his congregation and settled in New Hampshire about 1719. The Scotch-Irish colony was induced to come by the representations of a William Boyd who first visited America and afterward acted as agent. I am anxious to know if the Mary Boyd above was his child. Can you, through your magazine, help me to the information? or to any probable sources.

F. M. STEELE,
119 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

THE CRIME OF ISAAC DOLE, AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

BY W. A. WALLACE.

In 1831, Mrs. Mary Wallace was left a widow with seven children. Her life had been all devoted to her family, and she was unpracticed in the ways of business. James Wallace, her husband, had died suddenly, without advising her of the condition of his affairs. She was named executrix of the estate, which she was desirous of settling by paying all demands as soon as possible. Isaac Dole, the chief character in this story, had been for several years a deputy sheriff. He lived on the mountain in Lebanon, and was in the practice of loaning money to needy persons. He had accumulated a fortune, all of which, except the farm he occupied, was in cash, which he loaned like a banker.

The incident I have to narrate, occurred forty-nine years ago, and related to the payment of a note which proved to have been forged, with a long story of the frauds practiced upon lone women by bad men. James Wallace had on more than one occasion borrowed money of Dole. These loans, the executrix had reason to believe, were all paid and the notes cancelled. The last one, for two hundred dollars, had been paid a short time before Mr. Wallace's last illness, which was sudden and fatal, and the cancelled note was filed among his papers. The spring following his death she received notice from Dole, that he held a note against the estate for two hundred dollars, and desired to know when it would suit her convenience to pay it. She was a good deal surprised and annoyed, but having no suspicion of dishonesty on the part of Dole, she invited Mrs. Martha Harris to ride to Lebanon with her in order to pay the note. They started out and had ridden as far as William Campbell's on Town Hill, when they met Dole on his way to visit her. They all stopped at Mr. Campbell's; the note was produced, the money paid, and they returned home. No suspicion of forgery was aroused that day, and had Mr. Dole, on receiving the money, asked that he might retain the cancelled paper, she would have given it to him, and this story never would have been written. After the return of the ladies, the peculiarity of the shape of the paper upon which the note was written, was a subject of conversation. The signature "James Wallace," was genuine. The body of the note was in the handwriting of Dole. But the writing was crowded into a space much too small to correspond with the boldness of the signature, below which there was two inches of blank paper. While talking upon the subject next day, the Rev. Mr. Foster came in, and asked that he might examine the note. It was handed to him, and almost immediately he looked up and exclaimed, "Mrs. Wallace, this paper is a forgery!" and he tapped the paper with considerable energy with his dexter forefinger, "It was cut off from the bottom of a bill of goods which your husband had receipted, and here," continued he, "are the lower parts of the long letters in the words 'received payment,' which could not be cut off without leaving the paper too small to write the note upon." Upon close examination, they were all satisfied that Mr. Foster was correct; and George Kimball, lawyer, was called in to advise upon the case. The result was that that same day Jonas Smith, of Canaan, arrested Dole in his own house, upon the charge of forgery, and at the same time attached the real estate of Dole, upon a civil suit for the recovery of the money paid.

There was a young lawyer in Canaan who never refused a fee, and who made a rule of his practice to look well after the interest of his clients—a man who, through long years of successful practice, was always true to his clients. Dole

came to him, and stated the trouble that had come upon him, and that if he could not make some arrangement with the widow, he would be ruined. "Now" said he, "put your wits to work, and the fee shall be ample." The lawyer listened patiently to the story, and then waited a moment before speaking. "Mr. Dole, I must ask you, as your counsel, to be very candid with me, and tell me in one word, if the charge of forgery be true? If I know the exact truth, it will enable me to change the ground of defence with more confidence." Dole told him to go to work as if the charge was true. "Indeed," said the lawyer, "I suspected as much! and you have got the widow's money in your pocket now! and the question is," continued the lawyer, "how to to keep it there!" "Exactly," said Dole, "I see you are good on a trail." "Now," continued the lawyer, "Mrs. Wallace has got that fatal paper. If we could get it into our possession, we could doubtless make terms with her; suppose we go down and call upon her, perhaps we can persuade her to let us examine it."

They started out down the street, and called upon the widow, whom they found alone. Meantime she had seen them approaching, and had sent her little boy, anticipating a visit, to invite lawyer Kimball to the interview. She greeted her visitors politely, but with a feeling of strong antagonism. The lawyer stated the object of their call, and with great suavity asked her to allow him to look at the paper which she alleged to be a forgery. She replied to him very quickly: "Do you think, sir, that it would be safe or prudent for me to place that paper in the hands of two such disinterested and honorable men as you and Mr. Dole? Even if I were disposed to gratify you, which I am not, you ought to know that when the complaint was made upon that piece of paper it passed out of my possession." They then changed their plans. Mr. Dole suggested that he could make it an object for her to stop the suit, as there was some uncertainty in the result of it. He would refund the money with interest, and give her a hundred dollars as a bonus. She still declined their offers with some asperity of tone. Then Mr. Dole, seeing that smiles and offers of bonus had failed, changed his batteries, and made a demand for her dead husband's books and papers, intimating that if she did not give them up some unpleasant thing might happen. She was a resolute, brave woman, and she was alone, but she began to feel apprehension lest these two strong men, the fate of one of whom lay in her hands, might not possess themselves of those papers, which were in the desk in that same room, and among them the original note, cancelled, which was to be put in evidence whenever the case came to trial.

She had been looking anxiously up the street for the appearance of her counsel, and was greatly relieved when at last Mr. Kimball appeared, accompanied by Mr. Foster, and both swinging hastily down the street. Then turning to the two men who stood waiting and hoping their threat might produce a favorable effect, she said, almost trembling with anxiety: "Gentlemen, as this is a matter of great importance, I do not feel brave enough to decide it alone, but as I see some of my friends approaching, I'll consult them, and with their approbation will comply with your manly request." They had not noticed the disappearance of the boy, and they supposed they had that lone widow entirely in their power, and were only waiting for her to yield quietly to their threats. The possession of those papers was of the utmost importance to Mr. Dole. His future life hung upon them, and he came prepared to use all means, even force, if necessary, to get them into his hands. They supposed Mrs. Wallace was upon the point of yielding, and when she called their attention to the approach of her two friends, they were struck into dismay and astonishment.

The lawyer glanced out of the window, and turning to his client said, earnestly, "True enough, Dole! it's Kimball and Foster! They'll be here

in five minutes! Whatever we do must be done quickly." But there remained nothing for them to do except to retreat, their opportunity passed, and did not return. They both turned towards the door, but before they disappeared, stopped, with a sudden courtesy, that contrasted sharply with their previous threat, said, "Mrs. Wallace, the urgency of our case has compelled us to be ungentlemanly. You will excuse us, for life and reputation seems at stake, but if you can decide to accept of our proposal, we shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience."

They then left the house, taking a course that did not bring them into contact with the approaching party.

Mr. Foster and Mr. Kimball did not arrive any too soon, the strain upon the mental faculties of Mrs. W. had been so severe that a reaction had begun. They found her suffering from nervous prostration, and it was some minutes before she could describe to them her interview with Mr. Dole and his lawyer. They complimented her upon her prudence and bravery, and were duly grateful to the gentlemen for delaying the use of force, until it was too late. After a full consultation, the gentlemen decided that it was not safe to leave those books and papers, upon which so much depended, in a house only guarded by a woman and young children. So they were conveyed to a place of safety, and all the plans of the criminal who came to Canaan, very hopeful of compelling or buying immunity for his bad acts, were frustrated

Nothing now remained to him but to take his chances of escaping conviction in the courts, by due course of law.

Mr. Dole was advised to make an aggressive defence in the preliminary examination, which must now inevitably take place, and with that idea to retain several eminent lawyers, whose high standing might perhaps serve to overawe the justice. A swift messenger was sent to Haverhill to secure the services of Joseph Bell, who was eminent both as a lawyer and for his large presence. Wm. T. Heydock, Esq., brother-in-law of Mr. Bell, and a lawyer, was also retained. Indeed he had secured a very imposing array of counsel, and his last hope was, by the mere weight of numbers, with their known intelligence and matchless impudence, to crush the prosecution, which was supported by George Kimball, assisted by N. P. Rogers of Plymouth, both of whom entered into the case as if success was of vital importance to their reputations.

The examination took place at Lebanon, before Justice J. Hinds of Hanover. It drew together a large audience, many of whom were friends of Sheriff Dole, and were very demonstrative in denunciation of the arraignment of a man like Mr. Dole, who had long been an active citizen in the community.

Mr. Dole was arraigned before the justice for the crime of forgery; and Mr. Kimball moved that upon the allegations and the proofs offered, the prisoner be held to await the action of the grand jury. This motion was vehemently opposed by Mr. Bell, who at the start assumed that no forgery had been committed, for even the prosecution admitted the signature to be genuine, and called the attention of the court especially to the improbability of a man, with wealth, respected and honored like the respondent, committing such a crime. Two hundred dollars was a paltry sum for such a man to risk his reputation and life upon. Then he went into a bitter invective against the plaintiff. Among other charges, he said that this was a scheme of her's to extort money, that she had offered to compromise the suit on refunding the face of the note and one hundred dollars, and that on the refusal of his client to comply with her demands she had threatened him with the vengeance of the law. This prosecution was the result of that threat. It was a great outrage upon the liberty and rights of a worthy citizen, and he closed a long speech with the very confident expectation of the discharge of the prisoner. The impudence of this speech, uttered in Mr. Bell's most sonorous tones and crushing style, gave the prosecution

some anxiety, and they carefully watched its effect upon the justice; but they were greatly reassured when, after a moment's pause, he very quietly asked Mr. Bell if he desired to put in testimony in proof of his assertions. Of course he expected to be called upon to prove something; else, why did he so bravely enter the court. But he pretended to be astonished and annoyed at the quiet remark of the judge. As if his word were not of sufficient weight to control the action of the court! But overbearing impudence was the ground of his defence, and when this system of defence failed to influence the court he knew that his case was hopeless. Mr. Bell did not attempt to prove by the lawyer that the plaintiff proposed a compromise for money, but he induced two of Dole's children, a son and daughter, to appear and swear that they were witnesses of the transaction between James Wallace and Isaac Dole, their father; that the note was genuine, and the money paid upon it was honestly due their father. They were sharply cross-examined by Mr. Rogers, who at the moment held in his hands the genuine and the forged notes, cancelled, both of even dates and amount. His skilful queries produced confusion in their minds, so that they were uncertain whether the money was paid or borrowed by Dole, or received or paid by the executrix. Then followed two speeches by the lawyers, which were variously opposed by the audience, but which produced no visible effect upon the court. Mr. Bell's speech exhibited a slight modification in tone, and was devoted chiefly to shameless slanders of the widow, whose money had been stolen, and to panegyrics upon the character of Dole as a citizen and officer, and upon these grounds urged that he be discharged from arrest.

Mr. Kimball spoke last. He reviewed the character of Dole, and noted the hesitation of his witnesses, and closed his argument by eloquently urging upon the court to make an example of a bad man, and save the community from his further depredations by holding him to await the action of the grand jury.

The trial occupied all day, and was for a long time a theme for earnest discussion in the community. Dole was ordered to recognize in $1000 for his appearance in Haverhill. He gave the required bond upon the spot, and then set to work to extricate himself from the certain fate that seemed to await him.

I insert the following letter, written the day after the trial. It is dated from Plymouth:

"DEAR KIMBALL: We got safely home at 11 o'clock. More I think of our trial at Lebanon, the mightier the concern seems to be, and your part in it assumes a higher and more striking character. The whole seems a magnificent dream. But it is a terrible reality, and poor Dole stands convicted of forgery and of subornation of perjury committed on the offspring of his own body. He has sacrificed his children to save himself from the consequences of his crime. We ought to have said something more on the enormity of this crime. We ought to have warned all around us of the frightful consequences of imbibing the horrid principles of poor Dole. But we had much to do, and could not but omit many things.

Make out the costs of prosecution and send on to Justice Hinds, and direct him to make his record and how to make it, and to copy the whole and send it to you, recognizances and all. Then you will have the record safe and I shall have the proof safe, and the county will have the $1000 safe, and the community be safe and secure of being relieved of Dole by his absconding. You must have copies as soon as you can, or the complaint, record, &c., will be plundered.

Among Dole's subaltern counsel—some one among that throng, unknown to fame, who surrounded him and expected to swell the train of his triumphant discharge, but who in fact were only of his crew when he went down—some one of them will be shrewd enough to conjecture that if the record of the recognizances were stolen, Mr. Dole might retire (having paid his counsel) without forfeiture. You will see to this.

The more I think of your speech the grander it appears to me; which I mention merely to remind you that you have to answer for rejecting offers of mercy, made under great lights, and with extraordinary means of knowing duty.

Sat verbum sapienti.

N. P. ROGERS."

During the interval until the sitting of the court, Dole expressed great confidence in a favorable result in his case. He sold his real estate and got all his resources well in hand. An incident, showing the condition of his mind, was related to me at the time. A man in Dorchester owed him money on a note. Dole notified him to pay it, saying he would call upon him. The debtor and creditor started from home the same day, and met on the road not far from Mr. Asa Choate's in Enfield. They went into Mr. Choate's house, where the money was paid and the note cancelled; but as they were about to separate, Dole turned to the Dorchester man and asked that he might be allowed to retain the cancelled note. He said in explanation: "Since I was arrested for forgery, everybody who owes me, expresses the suspicion that I am practicing the crime again. It annoys me, and I want to retain this paper which is no value to you, as an evidence of your trust in me, with Mr. Choate as a witness." He told the truth, and he felt it too. More than one person upon being called upon to pay, expressed suspicion that he was paying his note a second time, but could not prove it because he did not save his cancelled papers.

At the appointed time Mr. Dole rode to Haverhill, and put up his horse at Towle's Hotel. The same day he was seen in earnest consultation with some friends from Lebanon, and he had a long interview with his counsel in Mr. Bell's office. The grand jury met in an upper room in the old court-house. On the afternoon that Dole's case was considered he ordered his horse harnessed, saying he would take a turn about town. He drove about the village common several times, each time riding slowly past the court-house, watching it with apparent carelessness. The last time he approached the house, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he paused a moment and looked up at a south window. There was a movement in the jury room. A window was raised, and a red handkerchief waved for a moment outside and then disappeared. Dole carelessly turned his horse's head, and rode slowly through the street until he reached the Bank building, where he received a nod of recognition from his counsel, Mr. Bell. Then, urging his horse, he drove rapidly down the road that led across the river at Bradford, and beyond the jurisdiction of the court at Haverhill. He was never seen again in public in New Hampshire. He fled westwardly, and his family followed him. It was afterward known that he kept a hotel in Lockport, N. Y., under another name. His wife died soon after; his daughter became insane; and his son, after a time, studied, and practiced as a lawyer.

When the case was called in court, and no answer returned, his recognizance was declared forfeited. His bondsmen came promptly forward, and were discharged on payment of the $1000. Judgment was also rendered in the civil suit for the recovery of the $200, which had been secured by attachment of real estate, and thenceforth the name of Isaac Dole became linked with the crimes of forgery and perjury, the memory of which not even Lethe's waters can wash out.

And now in regard to the waving of the red handkerchief! I give the story as I saw and heard it at the time, for I, a boy, saw Dole as he rode about the common at Haverhill, and disappeared on the road towards Bradford. Dole was a Mason. One of the grand jurors from Lebanon, also a Mason, and a friend of Dole, was the person with whom he had a long consultation on his arrival at Haverhill. While his case was under consideration, he was to be prepared for the worst. He was to ride about in the neighborhood of the court-house, and watch for a signal, which was to be a red flag if the jury found a true bill against him. He watched, took due notice, and governed himself accordingly. He fled, preferring liberty, even with a blighted name, to the degradation of a term of service in the penitentiary.

CLOUD-LAND.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

Whither go those clouds that are sailing by,
With rays of light a shining band?
They are fleeing swiftly across the sky,
To build my castles in fairy-land.

For fairy-land close to cloud-land lies,
Their border realm together blends,
And it cannot be seen by mortal eyes,
Where fay-land begins and cloud-land ends.

Those leaden-hued clouds, near close of day,
Pile up a castle, stately and bold,
With towers and battlements of gray,
And a flaunting banner of red and gold.

Fair as the towers of Britain's isle,
Decked with the rambling ivy vine,
As famous ruins along the Nile,
Or ancient castles upon the Rhine.

Even as we gaze, from the turrets fly
Curious forms of bird or beast,
By the cruel north-wind across the sky
Driven along toward south and east.

Sometimes the sunset brings a view,
Like John of Patmos's vision bright;
Reflected from the sky so blue,
The holy city where God is light.

We can see the foundations of jasper hue,
The jacinth, topaz, and sardonyx stone,
The amethyst, sardins, and sapphire blue,
And the fleecy clouds make the great white throne.

To our eyes the gates of pearl seem near,
And the domes and streets of molten gold,
The river of life as crystal clear,
The beautiful city that shall ne'er grow old.

But the vision fades from the sunset sky,
And the darkening shadows gather around,
As the angel of night goes noiseless by,
And lets the curtain of twilight down.

HON. WILLIAM HENRY HAILE.

Of all Dickens's characters, none awaken a deeper admiration and a more abiding faith in the possibilities of human nature than the Cheeryble brothers. Just such a man as those noble brothers, with the qualities that command worldly success, with an intense desire to make his prosperity a blessing to others, religious without cant, liberal without pretense, generous beyond measure, yet with the rare gift of knowing when to say yes and when to say no, with great tact, with kindly words and cheerful smiles and helping hands, carrying sunshine into sad lives and desolate homes, and filling all his surroundings, even the monotonous toil of factory life, with lightness and joy and love, in all these respects a perfect likeness of the Cheeryble brothers, with the added advantages of liberal education and inherited wealth. Such a man is William Henry Haile.

If the names of soldiers and politicians who have won eminence by selfish struggles and triumphs, are worthy of a place in history, surely a more unpretending, though successful business man, whose life is a constant example, not of heroic self-denial and sacrifice, but of a far nobler and rarer forgetfulness of self in seeking the happiness of others, deserves a passing sketch.

W. H. Haile, an only son of the late Ex-Gov. William Haile, was born at Chesterfield, N. H., Sept. 23, 1834, and was raised in the adjoining town of Hinsdale, to which his parents moved before he was two years of age. He was educated at Amherst and Dartmouth Colleges, graduating at the latter institution in 1856, in the same class with ex-Gov. B. F. Prescott. After his graduation he entered the law office of Beach & Bond, of Springfield, Mass., as a student, as did his brother-in-law, ex-Mayor Stebbins, of Springfield, some years before, and in due course of time was admitted to the Massachusetts bar. After a tour in Europe, he began the practice of law in Boston, as a member of the firm of Thompson & Haile. The law, which he had entered against his inclination, at the wish of his father, not proving a congenial profession, he abandoned it in 1861, for the more lucrative business of manufacturing, and became junior member of his father's firm of Haile, Frost & Co., at Hinsdale.

"The woollen mill of Haile, Frost & Co., devoted to the manufacture of cashmeretts," says a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, "represents an industry nearly as old as the century. Two previous mills have been burned on the same site. In 1849 William Haile took up the business in company with Daniel H. Ripley, who subsequently sold his interest to John D. Todd. Mr. Todd sold out in time to ex-Congressman Rufus S. Frost, of Boston, whose firm had been the selling agents of the mill for some years, and a little later, twenty years ago last May, W. H. Haile was taken into the firm. Although Gov. Haile died in 1876, the firm name has never been changed. During all his years of active life as a manufacturer, he lived in the plain, two-story house directly opposite the mill office, often going away to a seat in the legislature, then to attend the constitutional convention and preside over the senate, and finally in 1857 and '58, to serve as chief magistrate of the state. No one would think of characterizing either of the Hailes, father and son, or Mr. Frost, as politicians, but there have been for years within the last generation when the management of this mill has not been coupled with the administration of public affairs. Mayor Haile was for three years a member of the legislature previous to his permanent removal to Springfield in 1872."

The mill of Haile, Frost & Co., of which Mr. Haile is the active manager,

is an irregular mass of buildings, in great part formed by the additions which have been made from time to time. It is four hundred and fifty feet in length, and is said to be the largest cashmerette mill in the country. From the first every piece of goods sold has been warranted, in good and bad times alike the standard has been maintained, and the rule has been "once a customer always a customer," many of the present customers having been such twenty or thirty years ago.

There are few tests to which successful men can be subjected more severe than the judgment of those among whom they were born and reared, especially if they occupy the close and often antagonistic relations of employers and employed; yet it is said that "the surest way to get mobbed at Hinsdale would be to speak ill of Henry Haile," and when he lived there and was a candidate for the legislature, he received a rare tribute of esteem, the almost unanimous vote of both parties. Two of the overseers in the mill have been with the company thirty-six years, all of them over twenty-one years, many of the employés have served an equal length of time, many are the children of employés of a generation ago, and most of those who have families own the houses in which they live. "I have the best help in New England," says Mr. Haile, "there is not one of them that would not be glad to get up at night to do me a favor." If all employers would treat their help as Mr. Haile treats his, labor troubles would be rare, and with this friendliness existing between employer and employed, which some manufacturers would consider destruction of all discipline, there never has been a year, not even in the trying time from 1874 to 1878, when the firm has not made money.

Mr. Haile is an active member of the First Congregational Church of Springfield, and, though far from intolerant, is extremely conservative on theological subjects. For several years he has been superintendent of the large and flourishing Sunday-school connected with that church, which numbers about six hundred scholars and teachers.

At the opening of the late presidential campaign, he was chosen president of the Springfield Republican Club, to the work of which he contributed largely both time and money, and at the close of the campaign he was prominently mentioned for the mayorship. Although he was comparatively a new man in Springfield, with interests in New Hampshire demanding a large portion of his time, although there were two other republican candidates, both good men, both supported by experienced and zealous workers, both backed by powerful newspaper and business interests, Mr. Haile was triumphantly nominated and elected to an office to secure which he had not lifted a finger, or contributed a cent, or even signified his willingness to accept, and which, in fact, he did not desire.

Thus far the most difficult problem that has arisen, has been in relation to the liquor interest. Personally, Mr. Haile is a total abstainer; as a citizen he favors as stringent, and, unlike many more radical and less sensible men, only as stringent laws as public sentiment will sustain; as mayor he has sought to enforce the laws that exist strictly and impartially. In other respects his administration has been characterized by that combination of qualities which has at the same time commanded success and made all who knew him his friends.

This little sketch has been written without Mr. Haile's consent or knowledge, from a sincere admiration of his many noble traits, not the least of which is his filial devotion to a mother, in all respects worthy of such a son; and while the writer is conscious that it may appear overdrawn to those who do not know its subject, to those who know him best we respectfully submit that the truth is not half told. D.

LAKE VILLAGE.

BY O. W. GOSS.

This beautiful valley spot is divided by the waters of Lake Winnipiseogee, running from Long Bay into Round Bay, into two natural divisions.

Fifty years ago it was known as Folsom's Mills. Mr. Folsom owned most of the land in the vicinity, especially on the west side of the river, which comprised one hundred acres. This land seems to have been formed into a peninsular by being washed easterly with the waters of Long Bay, and south and west by the backward tendency of the waters of Round Bay. On this side stood three mills; a saw, grist, and cotton-mill. One or two rude houses were built. This was the opening to future settlements in and about this locality. Industry showed preëminently in the face of things, for, sooner or later, two mills, a saw and a grist-mill, were built on the east side of the river. In these times, Folsom's Mills was a centre for trade or barter among the farmers who came here with their products.

In this immediate vicinity—namely, on either side—the land was but little cultivated. The Indians rudely undertook to dig it before the approach of the paleface, and bridged the two sides together with a shapely bridge in the form of a W, not especially for easy communication, but to catch fish for their sustenance. Hardly could be expected a rapid change in the surroundings, when there were so few inhabitants. But six families lived in this locality. A half dozen houses were built. Along the water's edge might be seen a shanty or shed. They were probably boat or fish-houses and places for tools, or for the housing of poultry and other domestic animals.

We turn our attention to the east side of the river. The land here was owned by George F. Marston. It is not known how many acres, but probably one or two hundred.

From what is now the business centre of the village to the "Col. Blake house" on Main street, was a small clearing to the south of which, to the end of the village, near the "old Merrill place," the land was but little cleared of its forest débris. The roughness of the scenery did not cover up the apparent call for inhabitants, and the necessity of bettering public accommodations. Mr. A. M. Harlow erected a building for the purpose of establishing a boarding-house. He did not fully complete it, but accommodated as best he could those who might seek shelter and refreshment. It may not be too sudden a change in point of time to the reader to mention the Mt. Belknap House, so well-known to the public, as built on the spot where Mr. Harlow, more than half a century ago, erected his boarding-house. Mr. Harlow seems to have been a very active business man. He and a certain business firm anticipated a great iron mine in Gunstock mountain. In consequence of this a gang of men were engaged to dig for the metal, and the iron works were set in operation at the Mills. Gunstock mountain is but three or four miles distant. This made it quite favorable for hauling the metal. A stone house was built in which they were to smelt the iron ore. It was called "the stack of the blast furnace." The cost of mining far exceeded their expectations, and consequently gave it up. Mr. Harlow, having not met with such success as he expected, sold his boarding house and other property to Mr. Stephen C. Lyford, who finished the boarding-house off into a suitable dwelling. Now there was a dearth in business affairs. It needed a new man to grapple with the possibilities. There was a Mr. Homes who looked over the field, and, perhaps with an eye to the iron capacity of mountains Major, Minor, and Gunstock,

thought it safe for the establishment of an iron trade. Mr. Homes desired to have a foundery built. He went to Franklin, New Hampshire, and obtained the consent of Isaac Cole to go to Folsom's Mills and build the foundery. Mr. Cole came to the "Mills" in the year 1827. While this work was in progress, he moved his family here in the month of November, 1827.

Mr. Batchelder, father of Mrs. B. J. Cole, came to Folsom's Mills in the month of December. He settled on the west side, and purchased the interests of Mr. Folsom. Now we notice a change in nomenclature to Batchelder's Mills. Mr. Batchelder built and occupied the building now owned by the Lake Company, called "the boarding-house." The saw-mills were removed, and a large one constructed. The cotton-mill was used for the manufacturing of cloth. The cotton or wool rolls were carded for the women to spin. The cloth was dressed by them. Most of the cloth that was made was for men's wear. This mill stands to-day and is used by Robert Appleton for knitting and dyeing stockings.

In the year 1827 there was no school-house. The old New England school-master had not yet made his appearance. A very good reason, there was a scarcity of children as well as parents, quite unlike the results in more modern times. But a settlement without a school-house was like bread without butter. By subscription a school-house was built. From this time, the rising generations have been educated. Before the school-house there was no shoemaker, blacksmith, or any kind of a mechanic. The six mechanical powers were unused practically. But increase in the number of inhabitants and also in business, brought shoemakers, blacksmiths, tradesmen, and professional men. In 1829 a cotton factory was built, known to-day as the "Pepper" or Howard Mill.

Again we are called to notice a change in the name, "Batchelder's Mills," to a very appropriate and suggestive one, Lake Village. A village by a lake, one of the most beautiful in the world. The scenery, from the general location of the village, is varied. From its lap, on a clear sun-lit morning, one can see the towering head of Mt. Washington appearing from the northern sky.

It will be well to notice what caused the issue of this name, Lake Village. The mail used to be brought to "Meredith Bridge" (Laconia) and left, which was a great inconvenience to people living in this vicinity. The stage, bound for the mountains, went from Meredith Bridge round on the west side of Round Bay, thus cutting off this locality entirely. The citizens, therefore, not liking this annoyance of going quite a distance for their mail, called a meeting for the purpose of seeing what could be done in naming the locality, and securing the attention of the legislature in establishing a post-office under its address. The name of Lake Village was agreed upon, and they had their grievances alleviated by legislation. The first post-office was in a building that some will remember to have stood partly on piles and partly on a wall at the north-west end of the "Old Bridge." The post-office was removed to "Wilder's Store," that now stands on the west side of the "New Bridge." It was after a time removed to the east side, and in later days to a commodious brick block, recently burned. Now it is in Clark's block.

About the year 1831 Stephen C. Lyford bought the land and property of George F. Marston.

In the year 1831 a steamboat, afterwards called the Belknap, began to be built. The ground on which the work was done lies back of P. Bartlett and Co.'s shoe shop, It took about two years to build the boat. A little is known that can be furnished relative to the workmanship. It is said that Charles F. Bell came to begin the work. On the same day he arrived he lost his life by falling into the dam. He attempted to assist some workmen in putting in planks to stay the water. Not being used to this work the force of current against the plank threw him into the

rapids. It was not till eight or nine days that his body was found. Two men, Locke and Lupton, finished the boat; Lupton, a young man, was the master-workman, and afterwards became quite an experienced ship builder. The launching of the steamboat was a great curiosity. Countrymen from all quarters made this a gala day. The launching of the boat took place by the "Advent Shed." The steamboat was used for carrying passengers, loading wood and towing logs. In 1840 a disaster befell the boat. It was towing a raft of logs, when the captain, engineer and all thought they could leave the boat and logs to take care of themselves, while they should go to Alton Bay and get their molasses and rum. This proved a mistake; on their return they found their logs and boat on the shoals. An attempt to remove the boat was found impossible, unless it be cut to pieces, the rocks had imbeded themselves in her side. Her two engines were taken out and all that was of any use; to day her water soaked hull lays beneath the water on the south-east side of "Steam Boat Island."

In 1833 Benjamin H. Whitcher (descendant of Thomas Whittier,—see GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. IV, No. 8, p. 344) built him a house which he now occupies. At this time Elm street was wood land, the woodman's axe had not struck many blows, and the denizens of the woods enjoyed their freedom unmolested.

About the year 1835–36, a mill was built on Meredith side, called the "lower mill;" now it is the Belknap, leased to the Union Lace Co., by the Lake Co. In the year 1848 the car shops were built. In 1856 B. J. Cole built the machine shops now occupied by the Cole Manufacturing Company.

PLEASANT POND.

A beautiful sheet of water lying in Deerfield, N. H.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

Amid New Hampshire's granite hills,
In all her wealth of sparkling rills
And lakelets fair, from mount to sea
I know of none more fair than thee.

O'er strands as pure and white as snow
Thy crystal wavelets ebb and flow;
While surging gently 'long thy side,
Sweet music chimes thy rippling tide.

Anon when tossed by autumn storm,
Thy beauty takes a grander form;
Or swollen by the floods of spring,
Thy song is fraught with wilder ring.

Thy splendor sought 'neath summer sky,
To thee the merry boatmen hie;
Or bound by winter's icy chain
The skaters skim thy frozen plain.

But once in time now long since o'er,
Around the wildwood met the shore,
The lone duck 'long thy surface flew,
Or red-man sped his light canoe;

And yet in primal gloom, unknown,
Amid the shadows 'round thee thrown,
Thy luster shone in fairest sheen,
As now adorned by hillsides green.

So thus when we have passed away,
And others cross thy sparkling spray,
Though warrior bold or lover true,
'Neath sombre sky or brighter hue,

Unchanged, wilt thou remain the same,
To hear again thy oft-told fame,
And in to-day's sweet strain respond—
Thou ever charming Pleasant Pond.

THE NAME AND FAMILY OF TULLOCH.

BY HON. THOMAS LOGAN TULLOCK.

Captain William Tullock, the father of the author of this sketch, was born May 11, 1781, in Stromness, Scotland, a seaport town, situate on the south-westerly part of the Island of Pomona, the largest of the Orkney group. The island is separated from the mainland by the Pentland Firth, a passage for the turbulent waters flowing between the German Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, creating strong currents, from which Stromness derives its name.

The capacious harbor of Stromness is one of the best in North Britain, and is well sheltered. Formerly a large number of vessels entered the inner and outer roadsteads yearly, including many whalers, which obtained their complement of men from the town and country. The shipping trade of the port is considerable.

The canals of Scotland, from east to west, now prevent a great many vessels from going so far north, and Longhope, on the Island of Walls, on the side of the Pentland Firth, affords an excellent harbor, and also intercepts vessels which would otherwise seek shelter at Stromness.

The town, located on the west side of the harbor, on a hill which rises somewhat abruptly from the sea, is beautiful for situation, and commands magnificent scenery of land and ocean. Several towns and parishes are embraced within the limits of Pomona, sometimes called Mainland, particularly the two towns of Kirkwall and Stromness, and the parishes of Sandwick and Harray, to which reference will be made in this sketch.

Possessed of a passion for the sea, Captain Tullock, when twelve years of age, sailed from the Orcadian shores for Philadelphia, thence to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from which port he afterwards hailed. He commenced service with Captain Samuel Pierce, in 1794, rose rapidly in his profession, and was regarded as a thorough seaman, a skillful navigator, and successful shipmaster. He was in constant sea-service from the time he left Auld Scotia's shores until the day of his death, and sailed his vessels without disaster. We had supposed that Captain Tullock never returned to his native town after leaving it in 1792, but have been informed that he was once at Stromness after he went to America. He had charge of an American vessel during the war, and cruising near Orkney he came ashore in a boat and obtained provisions at the farm of Breckness, and during the night had a look at the premises at the north end of Stromness, which had belonged to his father. This he told a person of Stromness, Captain Cruikshank, who was in America some time afterwards, 1825, and who repeated it when he returned to Orkney.

An eventful life of almost forty years upon the ocean afforded material for a narrative of encounters with, and escapes from the piratical buccaneers, who infested the seas and archipelagoes in his day; of the severe storms and great perils he experienced; the seizure of the "Equator" which he commanded, on her passage from New York to Holland, laden with rice and tobacco, when off the port of Amsterdam, Aug. 8, 1809, by the French Privateer "Nebe" under the Berlin and Milan Decrees; his services as commander of the American privateer "First Consul," in the war of 1812, and his many successful voyages to different ports in North and South America, Europe, and the islands of the sea. The juveniles of his day, as well as the entire neighborhood were always delighted when his vessel was signalled, remembering the luscious tropical fruits he invariably and generously distributed on return trips from the West Indies. A partial sketch of his life and sea-service appeared in

the GRANITE MONTHLY, for May, 1880, to which we refer. He died at Jeremie, West Indies, June 3, 1829, while at that port in the "Enterprise," for a cargo of mahogany. He was the son of John Tulloch and Jean (Sandison) Tulloch, both natives of Stromness. John Tulloch was an active and wealthy merchant of that town, and largely engaged in commercial pursuits, but losses impaired his fortune. At one time, while acting as King's Pilot under Lord Nelson, in a naval engagement, a cannon ball passed so near one of his hands as to paralyze it. He was born November 2, 1744. Married February 9, 1775. Died at Rochester, England, September 6, 1800. His wife was born May 11, 1753, and left Stromness for Philadelphia in the brig "Active," of South Shields, Captain Brown, May 14, 1817, thence to Portsmouth, N. H., by land, where her son William, the only survivor of seven children, resided, and died in that town August 5, 1824. She was the daughter of Robert Sandison, a prominent merchant of Stromness, and had two sisters: one, Hannah, who married Captain John Logan, the father of the late Sir John Logan; the other, Christiana, born June, 1761, married Captain Robert Clouston, February 21, 1784, and died February 21, 1797, age thirty-six. He was the son of Captain Edward Clouston and Christiana (Smith) Clouston, and was born October 15, 1753, and died February 8, 1817, at first a shipmaster and afterwards a merchant. Their son Edward, a lawyer by profession, and for many years a trusted agent for the "Honorable Hudson Bay Company," was born May 10, 1790, and died September 27, 1870, aged eighty. He was the father of Margaret Clouston, who was married May 25, 1837, to Rev. Charles Clouston, LL. D., born February 15, 1800, a native of Stromness, son of Rev. William Clouston, and a graduate of Edinburgh University. For the last fifty-nine years he has been the beloved minister of the parish of Sandwick, near Stromness, acting as his father's assistant from 1822; ordained in 1826; and succeeded his father at his death in 1832. In September, 1876, the semi-centennial of his pastorate was celebrated by a jubilee service at Sandwick, which dates from his ordination in 1826. At Kirkwall, September 12th, by a dinner, and on the 5th of January, 1877, at the Sandwick manse, by the presentation of valuable testimonials, by a deputation in behalf of the people of Orkney, with whom he and his father had been so long prominently identified. Dr. Clouston is now regularly preaching to his congregation, almost without the intermission of a service. He has a reputation as a graceful writer, whose valuable contributions have appeared in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and elsewhere; some of public interest have been voluntarily published at the national expense.

He is widely known for his scientific attainments, as an author and writer on Meteorology in particular, as also in Botany, Geology and Ornithology, and is eminent as a scholar and divine of the Established Church of Scotland, Presbyterian. The degree of LL. D., conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrew's, in 1868, was a deserved recognition of his learning and ability.

In addition to theological studies while a student at Edinburgh preparing for the gospel ministry, he employed his leisure hours in the pursuit of medical knowledge, receiving a medical degree from the Royal College of Surgeons in 1819, and has, during his pastorate, with generous self-denial, made his medical skill available to the community of Sandwick, without charge.

The illustrious Scotchman, Hugh Miller, in one of his published works entitled "The Cruise of the Betsey," which covers his rambles as a geologist in Orkney, pleasantly alludes to his interview with Doctor Clouston, whom he compliments by occasional reference to his name. His tribute to his literary ability and scientific acquirements is well deserved.

It was with great pleasure that we visited the manse of Sandwick, July 31, 1873, and remained that day with a

relative of such distinguished merit as Dr. Clouston, whose name is as fragrant "as ointment poured forth." He, together with his estimable wife and excellent family, is always remembered with interest and affection. In one of the rooms of their hospitable home was suspended on the wall a frame of considerable size, containing the handwork of our grandmothers, executed more than one hundred years ago, and regarded as worthy of preservation.

It was called "grotto work," and was the joint production of my own and Mrs. Clouston's grandmother. The sisters having worked together under the supervision of their governess, who came from Edinburgh to superintend their education, and who was subsequently married at Stromness, Mrs. Tulloch was remarkably expert with knitting needles; superior specimens of her work are now in possession of our family.

We have an interesting record of the Cloustons, from 1666, copied from a book which belonged to "Edward Clouston, Shipmaster, 1762," with which family we are connected by blood, through the marriage of Robert Tulloch to Jean Clouston, and also by marriage, when Christiana Sandison, became the wife of Robert Clouston.

John Tulloch was the son of Robert Tulloch, who was also an influential merchant of Stromness, and an Elder of the church of Scotland. He married Jean Clouston, December 15, 1737. We have in our posession a large folio bible, printed in Edinburgh in 1767, which our grandmother brought from Scotland in 1817, containing the family record. An inscription on the outside of the cover in gilt letters reads, "Robert Tulloch, 1769." The houses built of stone, the best and most substantial in the town, owned and occupied by John and Robert Tulloch and Robert Sandison, are now standing and in good preservation, situated near each other, on the main street, at the northerly part of the town, near the water. Their warehouses and wharves are in the rear of two of the houses; the other house is on the opposite side of the street.

The Tullochs, Sandisons, Cloustons and Logans were the leading families in the olden times, conspicuous as merchants and shipmasters, and ranked as the most substantial citizens of the town. They were largely interested in its property. "The lands of Tulloch," in and about Stromness, once constituted valuable and extensive possessions. The family (Tulloch) was originally from Harray, and descended from James Tulloch, of the "House of Moan," who occupied the estate bearing that name in 1627, and is mentioned in "Peterkin's Rentals of the ancient Earldom and Bishoprick of Orkney," as residing at that time on "land possessed of old by James Tulloch." A stone above the doorway of the "House of Moan" bears his initials. Harray is the only inland parish on the island of Pomona, surrounded by hills, and is situated about ten miles from Stromness. Birsay, recently separated from it ecclesiastically, is bounded on one side by the Atlantic Ocean, and both are attractive and picturesquely situated.

It is supposed that the family at an earlier date came from Fifeshire, a maritime county on the eastern coast of Scotland.

Many of the Tullochs mentioned in the records of Orkney, were inhabitants of the more northern isles, and probably of Scandinavian origin. The blood of the sea-kings flowed in their veins, whereas our father's family descended from James of the "House of Moan," whose ancestry, it is believed, were of the family from which the Bishops Tulloch originated, and were of Scotch descent.

It is however generally accredited that the population on the eastern shore, bordering on the German Ocean, from Fife to the most northern limits of Scotland, is largely of Scandinavian origin.

When in Stromness in August, 1875, we inquired for the records of the town, and were informed that by an act of Parliament the record books of

the several parishes in Scotland, previous to 1820, were required to be deposited in the office of the Registrar General in Edinburgh. On returning to that city, August 9, we visited Her Majesty's new Register House, and examined the parish records of Stromness, merely to verify our own family record, and did not trace beyond what was in our possession, but now regret not making a more thorough examination.

Frequent mention was made of our great-grandfather Robert Tulloch before whom many persons were matrimonially contracted. It was no doubt customary, at their betrothal, to appear before one or more persons and "contract matrimonially," and subsequently to be married by the parish minister.

The records are very precise as to births, baptisms, marriages and deaths. In those days, or at earlier periods, delinquents were often brought before the congregation, and being seated on the stool of repentance, were admonished. One record reads as follows: "Stromness, July 14, 1765, after prayer, sederient minister and elders, viz., Robert Tulloch, Harry Miller, John McCalic, Robert Clouston, &c., Marion Irvine appeared, and after being interrogated acknowledged * * * * *. She was seriously exhorted to repentance and amendment of life. The minister, after mature deliberation and consultation with members of the session, ordained that the father of the delinquent, viz., James Irvine, tenant, on the grounds of Carston, should be obliged to pay the penalty."

In the fifteenth century, prelates "of great character" and distinguished celebrity, bearing the name of Tulloch, were connected with the See of Orkney, which was constituted in 1102. Bishop Thomas Tulloch, a younger son of the House of Bonington, Forfarshire, Scotland, discharged the duties of that sacred office from 1422–1455. He was Bishop of Orkney and Governor of the earldom under Eric, King of Denmark. On the island of Westray, one of the largest of the Northern Isles, twenty-five miles from Kirkwall, stands the "noble castle of Noltland," built by Bishop Tulloch, situated on "the borders of a beautiful loch of fresh water, at the bottom of a green hill, on a verdant plain, with a gentle declivity towards the sea." "This astonishing structure" was commenced in 1422. The initials T. T., with the kneeling figure of a Bishop, ornament the capital of the pillars supporting the grand staircase.

The great cathedral of St. Magnus, at Kirkwall, was also greatly improved and beautified by Bishop Tulloch, who is represented as a person of great munificence and elegant taste.

The palace at Birsay was a splendid building in its day, and has been represented to us as having been built and inhabited by him; but by others it is supposed to have been a palace in the times of the Norsemen, built, or at least occupied by the earls of Sinclair, and rebuilt by Earl Robert Stewart, natural son of King James, the 5th. His son, Edward Stewart of Brugh, by his second marriage, was the ancestor of Margaret Clouston's mother, Anna Rose Stewart, who was a sister of James Stewart of Brugh. The building is generally known as the Earl's Palace.

Eric, of Denmark, held the Bishop in high esteem, and in 1422 committed to him the government of the earldom, as a solemn trust, confiding in his fidelity and ability to maintain peace and govern the people with equity and according to law. He had the full confidence of the prince, as well as the warm affection of the people. He however resigned the government of the Orkney Islands after one year's successful administration; but, to rectify the disorder caused by his successor, in 1427, resumed the office, and held it for seven years, with distinguished honor, and fully restored among the people contentment and tranquility.

Bishop Tulloch obtained from King Henry, 6th, of England, Nov. 18, 1441, letters of safe conduct for the space of one year for himself and eight persons, constituting his retinue.

"A curious diploma," addressed to

Eric, the King of Norway, respecting the genealogy of William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, was drawn up by Bishop Tulloch about 1443, in pursuance of an order from the king to search the archives, records, and all other evidences, in order to ascertain the claims of the Earl, which had been questioned.

The prelate, with a venerable jury, in an exhaustive report, settled the matter beyond dispute, and the Earl obtained investiture. It is a remarkable document, and traces with great distinctness the genealogies of the ancient counts of Orkney, from their first creation to the fifteenth century.

It is recorded that Bishop Thomas Tulloch, June 17, 1420, "gives his pledge to King Eric and his successors and undertakers, that he will hold the crown lands of Orkney committed to him for the Kings of Norway, promising, at the same time, to give law and justice to the people of Orkney, according to the Norsk law book and ancient usages." In 1422, he received the Palace and pertinents of Kirkwall. A record of the set-off of the three-penny lands of Stornbuster, in the Parish of St. Andrews, Orkney, executed by him, July 12, 1455, and confirmed by William Tulloch, his successor, in 1465, is preserved at Kirkwall.

The Bishop died about the year 1455, and was buried in the cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall—a spacious stone structure, stately and imposing, commenced by Ronald, Earl of Orkney, about 1137, and dedicated to St. Magnus, the patron saint of Orkney, who had been canonized by the pope of Rome. "In extent and magnificence," Ronald determined that this cathedral "should be the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages."

Besides the cathedral at Glasgow, which is kept in repair by the government, it is now the only Scottish cathedral remaining in a complete state, unless the High Church of Edinburgh, St. Giles, where the renowned Jenny Geddes flung her cutty stool at the dean's head in 1637, may be regarded as such; but we believe it is not.

"Saint Magnus" belongs to the inhabitants of Kirkwall, and when it was repaired by the government, under the auspices of "Her Majesty's Woods and Forests," the commissioners intended to retain possession of it, but the charter granted by King James demonstrated beyond doubt that it belonged to the town, which caused them gracefully to relinquish all claims to it. The Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland had worshipped in the cathedral since the Episcopacy was abolished in Scotland, as the Parish Church, and when it required further repairs, the Presbytery compelled the heritors of Kirkwall and Saint Ola (Kirkwall, the town; St. Ola, the parish) either to repair the cathedral or build a new parish church, and the former was adopted, when all the old family pews with their carved coats of arms were removed, and the building reseated after a more modern style. Some of the old seatings were very ancient. A portion only of the cathedral is screened off, and affords ample accommodation to the congregation occupying it.

The only part of the cathedral wanting is the spire, which once rose above the central tower, but was burned down after being struck by lightning in 1671. "The style is Norman of the severest type with a mixture of the first pointed Gothic." The earl's and bishop's palaces near the cathedral are in ruins, the stone walls and tower remaining as mute mementoes of their ancient grandeur. During the repairs of August, 1848, a finely carved slab of stone was exposed under the modern flooring. On removing it, a small vaulted chamber was discovered, within which reposed the skeleton undoubtedly of Bishop Tulloch. Beside it was a crosier, figured, carved in oak; and a chalice and patin moulded in white wax, which we saw in August, 1873, in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh, where the symbols are deposited for safe keeping. Their preservation, "like the relics of more primitive eras," owes its origin "to the medieval practice of depositing the symbols of the chief

pastoral office beside the remains of the dead bishop." His monument, now in the cathedral, was desecrated by Cromwell's soldiers, who robbed it of a plate of copper of the full length of the grave. The altar tomb of Bishop Tulloch in the cathedral was between two of the pillars built by him. "Up to the restoration in 1845 the base of the north side was existing. It had elaborate buttresses at the angles and seven niches on the face, and must have been a rich work of art, cut in greenish freestone, not of the country. From fragments it appears to have had a canopy. The arms of Tulloch appear on some parts of it. Underground was the arched tomb in which the bishop lay with chalice and patin of beeswax and the pastoral staff of oak."

There is also a stone slab or tablet in the edifice, much effaced, which belonged to the Tullochs. The inscription is not legible; but the sculptured cross, sword and crescent are discernible.

There were several monuments, tombs, slabs, etc., in the cathedral, placed there in memory of persons mainly of the sixteenth century. On some were "sculptured the old Orkney spade,—of wood, with a rim of iron." On others, the arms of Tulloch, Sinclair, Stewart, Irving, Douglass, Maxwell, Fea, et als., with appropriate inscriptions.

Bishop Tulloch was greatly beloved at Orkney. He was noted for his sanctity and love of justice, and respected for his great learning and most estimable traits of character. It was customary among the inhabitants, even after the change of religion, to lend money payable on a certain day at "Tulloch's Tomb." The name of Tulloch and the circumstance of the money being payable at his tomb was considered as a security to the lender, and a most sacred obligation. The name is very ancient. Among the oldest surnames of the people of Orkney conspicuously appears the name of Tulloch, but not before 1420. It is believed to be of Scotch descent, for both Bishop Thomas Tulloch and his cousin William, who succeeded him in that dignity, were from a Forfarshire family. In the reign of King Robert, 2d, 1370–90, a charter was granted to Walter Tulloch of the lands in Bonington in Forfarshire, and also other grounds in the time of King Robert, 3d. Forfarshire, one of the central counties, is situated on the eastern coast of Scotland, and includes within its territory Dundee, Forfar, Montrose, and other places of importance. It is separated from Fifeshire by the Firth of Tay. The name is generally considered Scandinavian or Norse, the original being Tholuck, the same as the German name Tholuck. One writer makes the name Gallic from Tulock, a hillock. It is also said to have been derived from an Earl of Orkney, denominated Harald the Holy, of which it is believed to be a corruption. We had however supposed it was derived from Tul-loch—a bishop who lived near or whose church was by a lake. The name is usually spelled in Scotland thus, Tulloch, but anglicized in America by substituting for the last letter h, the letter k, although some families in Orkney spell the name with the terminal k. Perhaps the difference in termination may be traced to *ack* being the Norse and *och* the Gallic.

Bishop Thomas died in 1455, but a bell in Fortrose, a burgh in Ross-shire, eight miles from Inverness, bears an inscription which reads "Thomas Tulloch was Bishop of Ross, 1460." It is possible another bishop by that name was bishop of Ross-shire at that time.

In "Spotswood's Church of Scotland" mention is made of Thomas Tulloch as bishop of Ross, the twelfth in order, about the year 1460.

Ross-shire is mountainous, classed among the Northern counties, and extending across Scotland from the German Ocean to the Atlantic. The beautiful estate and castle of Tulloch, now occupied by Duncan Davidson, is in Dingwall in Ross-shire, and was probably reclaimed from its native wilderness by a family of the name of Tulloch.

Queen Victoria, in her journal, "Life

pastoral office beside the remains of the dead bishop. His monument, now in the cathedral, was desecrated by Cromwell's soldiers, who robbed it of a plate of copper of the full length of the grave. The altar tomb of Bishop Tulloch in the cathedral was between two of the pillars built by him. Up to the restoration in 1853 the base of the north side was existing. It had elaborate battlewise at the angles and seven niches on the face, and must have been a rich work of art, one of peculiar interest, not of the century. Plain figurewise a tipcross to base had a canopy. The arms of Tulloch appear on some parts of it. Underground was the arched tomb in which the bishop lay with chalice and paten of bronze and the pastoral staff of oak."

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in the Highlands," graphically describes a trip "up the hill of Tulloch" as "the most delightful, most romantic ride and walk" she ever had. We passed within view of the mountain and castle, and now regret not visiting the locality and learning something more definite concerning it. We are informed that the estate of Tulloch in Ross-shire was purchased from the Baynes in 1753, and is now the residence of the Chief, the hereditary keeper of the royal castle of Dingwall, Davidson of Tulloch, one of the few chiefs who wear the highland costume as their daily attire. Tulloch carries the insignia of the Baynes, the MacDonalds of the Isle, Anderson of Udall, Ferguson of Kilkersan, &c. The Bains or Baynes of Tulloch were an old and influential family in Ross-shire, and, like several other highland septs, never prefixed Mac to their names. The Chief was called Bain of Tulloch or Tulloch. The Tulloch plaid is the tartan now worn by the Davidsons. Grant of Tulloch-gorum is named as representing a cadet branch of the Grant Clan.

There is a mountain in the southwest part of Ross-shire called, Tulloch-ard; and "In the feudal times by burning pitch on this mountain all the tenants and vassals of Seaforth assembled at the castle of St. Donan in twenty-four hours."

There is also a village near Perth named Tulloch, which is notable as the site of the first Scottish bleachfields, and where the first potatoes produced in Scotland were grown. Along the Kyle of Dornock, from Bonar Bridge near the Muir of Tullock, was fought a cruel battle in the 11th century between a party of Danes and the men of Sutherland.

In the county directory of Scotland, many localities are designated by the name of Tulloch.

Many years ago we noticed in a book a list of captured vessels by American privateers in the war of 1812, and among the number was the brig Tulloch.

Near Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, are the parks and farms of Tulloch-gorum, rendered "classical from the celebrated tune and Skinner's song of that name." The heart of the Highlander beats responsively to the poetry and ancient music of Tulloch-gorum. Another tune, known as Tulloch-ard, was the rallying air connected with the martial music of the Mackenzies, and when sounded was the signal for the "Cruinneacha"—the gathering or turn-out of the clan. Another favorite is the reel of Tulloch, a famous Scottish dance, very lively, and exhilarating to the men in full tartan and the maidens appropriately dressed, moving to the stirring music of the bagpipe. The family crest or device is either a bishop's mitre, jeweled, or a clergyman in full dress. In old times the difference in the number of the charges on an escutcheon was frequently employed to denote the diversity between particular persons descended from one family. "The name of Tulloch or (gold) on a fess between three cross croslets, fitched (pointed) gules, as many cresents argent" (silver). Another, "The surname of Tulloch or on a fess between three cross croslets, fitched, gules, as many stars argent." The second of these was borne by Bishops Thomas and William Tulloch. The heraldric emblems of the Scottish Episcopal See of Orkney was St. Magnus, vested in royal robes, on his head an antique crown, in his dexter hand a sceptre. The Episcopal See of Moray, to which Bishop William Tulloch was transferred, was azure—a church, argent. St. Giles in a pastoral habit, standing in the porch, holding in his hand an open book, on his head a mitre, and in his dexter hand a passion cross, both or.

Bishop Thomas Tulloch was succeeded by his cousin William Tulloch, who was advanced to the dignity made vacant by death in 1455, and remained as Bishop of Orkney until 1477, when he was translated to another See. He was a divine of great ability, undoubted honesty and business capacity. Highly talented as an author, he traced with great accuracy the genealogies of the royal families of Norway, Sweden,

Denmark, Scotland, England and Normandy.

Greatly esteemed by his sovereign, King James, 3d, he was commissioned with other illustrious persons in the year 1468, to visit the several courts of Europe and negotiate for the marriage of a suitable princess to become the wife of the king, which resulted in the embassadors going directly to Copenhagen and consummating an arrangement with Christian, one of the most potent princes that had occupied the Danish throne, embracing at that time Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and other possessions. He was anxious for the Scottish alliance and consented to the marriage of his daughter Margaret to the King of Scotland, and as a part of her marriage dowry pledged the Orkney and Shetland Islands. The trust was conducted to the entire satisfaction of James, and the memorable contract was completed and the marriage ratified, and from 1468 the islands of Orkney and Shetland "formed a valuable gem in the Scottish Crown." Many of the families now inhabiting these islands are the descendants of those who composed the commission and their attendants, and were generally natives of Scotland, but who, settling in this Orcadian Archipelago, their numerous progeny bear their names, and hence among the oldest surnames appears the name of Tulloch. The Orkney Islands are fifty-six in number, of which twenty-nine are inhabited with a population of 31,964. The Shetlands, the most northern part of the now British Isles, consist of upward of thirty, inhabited with a population of 29,464, about seventy used as grazing grounds, besides an innumerable number of small isles formed of bare rocks. The two groups constitute one stewardry, and form one of the five departments of North Britain. These islands, notwithstanding the climate is somewhat variable and often damp, are remarkably healthy, and becoming quite a summer resort for anglers and other sportsmen and invalids. The temperature is generally mild, without at any time being excessively hot or intensely cold. Very little snow or ice during winter, although situate in high northern latitudes. They were once the seat of many gallant exploits, and formed in the middle ages the redezvous of the Norseman navy, from whence they issued to prosecute invasions on the eastern and western coast of Britain. These islands came into the possession of the Norsemen in 870, and were attached to Scotland in 1468. Soon after the annexation, in the year 1476, Kirkwall was constituted a Royal Burgh. The Islands being so far remote from the seat of government, the lands were leased, and the first lessee was Bishop William Tulloch, who, in 1474, paid a yearly rental for the same of £466, 13s, 4d, Scots. In 1471 Bishop William Tulloch was appointed one of the administrators of Exchequer, and soon after, March 26, 1473, he was made Lord Privy Seal. He was also employed in an embassy to England in 1471. From the See of Orkney Bishop William Tulloch was translated to the See of Moray in 1477; he died in 1482, and was buried in St. Mary's aisle in the Canonry Church in Moray, in Morayshire, one of the northern counties of Scotland bordering on the North Sea. The name of Sir Martine Tulloch is subscribed as one of the witnesses on an old charter, bearing the arms of Bishop William Tulloch, and granted in 1481.

In February, 1615, Earl Patrick Stewart, who built the elegant and spacious structure called the "Earl's Palace," at Kirkwall, was beheaded at Edinburgh, and from that time until 1639, when the Episcopacy was abolished in Scotland, the Bishop of Orkney, George Graham, resided in the "Earl's Palace." In 1639, Bishop Graham resigned his office, and vacated the building to a Robert Tulloch, who received it, together with the furniture belonging to it, according to an inventory of 1615.

Anderson's "Orkneying a Saga" mentions William the Old as the first Bishop of Orkney, of whom there is a distinct record. He held the Bishopric for sixty-six years. Consecrated in

1102, died 1168. The See was first established at Birsay, where Earl Thorfinn, who built Christ Kirk, resided. He died in 1064. The See was removed to Kirkwall, on the erection of St. Magnus cathedral, 1137–52. In 1848, when certain repairs were made on the edifice, the bones of the Bishop were discovered under the steps of the altar, in the crypt of the cathedral, enclosed in a stone cist, 30 by 15 inches, along with a bone or ivory object, like the handle of a staff or walking stick, with an iron pin fixed in it; also, a lead plate, on which was inscribed, on one side, "Hic requiescit Wilialmus senax felicis memorie;" on the other, "Primus Episcopus." The position of the bones indicated that they had been moved from their original resting place. The leaden plate and ivory object are preserved in the Antiquarian Museum at Edinburgh.

An order of religious knights, known as the Templars or Red Friars, established in Jerusalem in the year 1118, came to Scotland in the reign of King David, 1st. The order was very rich, and had about nine thousand houses in Christendom. One of their principal residences was Tulloch, in the shire of Aberdeen. The Johanites, or Knights of Jerusalem, Knights of Malta, upon the suppression of the Templars, obtained possession of many of their lands, including the churches, castles, and title of Tulloch.

Rev. John Tulloch, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, descended from the family from which we originated. He was born in Perthshire, 1823, educated at St. Andrews, and is greatly distinguished as a divine and author. His grandfather and father were settled at Fife, and were clergymen, like himself, of the Scotch National Church. His son, Rev. W. W. Tulloch, a clergyman of the same church, has acquired a reputation as an author and writer. His frequent contributions to the influential newspapers of Scotland are favored with marked commendation. Principal John Tulloch has a world-wide reputation, and is regarded as an eminent Christian scholar. He has held the office of President, more commonly known as Moderator, the chief position in his denomination—the Established Church of Scotland. He has officiated as the Queen's chaplain during her stay at the Scottish palace of Balmoral, by her special summons; and was for many years the principal editor of the "*Established Church's Missionary Record*," and is now the talented editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and an able contributor to the principal reviews and quarterlies of the United Kingdom. He is also known as the author of several theological works, that have greatly enhanced his reputation. He visited the United States in 1874 as one of the deputation to the general assembly of the United States, and was the recipient of much attention from the British Embassy at Washington, and in the various cities he visited. He assisted at the communion service at the Metropolitan M. E. Church of Washington city, and opened the United States Senate with prayer, May 6, 1874. We were pleased to have him with us a short time as an honored guest.

General Alexander Tulloch, C. B., the oldest general in the British army, died September 15, 1878, aged 90. He was a meritorious officer, who had served with great distinction, particularly in British India.

Major-General Sir Alexander Murray Tulloch, K. C. B., was the eldest son of a Captain John Tulloch; born 1803; died in May, 1864. He was military superintendent of the Old Pensioners, and received the Order of the Bath for services connected with a commission to the Crimea in 1855. He was the author of several military works.

Dr. Alexander Tulloch of Glasgow rediscovered the art of stereotyping, in 1781, which had been lost or abandoned.

Rev. James Tulloch, a Scotch Congregational minister, was the first dissenter from the Established Church who settled in Scotland, becoming the pastor of the Congregational Church at Bixter in 1808. He was active in establishing new churches, under the ausipces of the Society for Propagating the Gospel at

Home. He died February 26th, 1862.

Rev. George Tulloch, who died at Fortrose, Ross-shire, January 27, 1880, aged 86, descended from Orcadian ancestry, and was probably a kinsman. His eldest brother was the honored and popular professor of mathematics in the Aberdeen University. Three other brothers were ministers of the Church of Scotland. George was settled in 1831 as minister of the parish of Eddrachillis, Sutherlandshire. In October, 1876, he retired from its active duties by the appointment of a colleague. We have a letter written by Rev. Dr. George Tulloch of Bellevue Academy, Aberdeen, March 12, 1847, from which we have received information. His grandfather was of the same family as our own, from the "House of Moan" in the parish of Harray. The Tullochs and Tholucks are a numerous family, and many of them learned in their respective professions, such as Principal Tulloch we have named, and Professor Tholuck of Halle, but like every other clan, some men bearing that name have been produced not so creditable to the sept. One Nicholas Tulloch of Orkney is mentioned as having helped to blow up with gunpowder Lord Darnley, the second husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Kirk of Field, February 9, 1567. In the town of Hillswick, in Shetland, among the tombstones there is one bearing a plain speaking epitaph, setting forth that the death of "Donald Robertson, to all appearances a sincere Christian, was caused by the stupidity of Lawrence Tulloch, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts." While here and there may be found some not well and favorably known, yet many of the descendants of the families of that name have proved themselves worthy of public record by their profound scholarship, exalted worth, and Christian virtues; distinguished as clergymen, educators, officers in the army, successful merchants and intrepid navigators.

Robert Tulloch, of "Briar Lea," Kirkwall, a very intelligent and well-known merchant of that burgh, is a kinsman, and was born in the house built and occupied by our grandfather in Stromness, who was his grand-uncle. He was absent from Kirkwall when we visited that place, but we met him at Edinburgh. We are indebted to him for many items relating to the family, a portion of which have been transcribed for this sketch.

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*SKETCH OF KEENE.**

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Gardner C. Hill was born in Winchester, N. H., March 20, 1829; was educated in the public schools of his native town, and the academies of Chesterfield, Swanzey, and Saxton's River, Vt.; taught school six years in Winchester, Swanzey, and Keene. He began the study of medicine with the late Dr. D. L. M. Comings, of Swanzey, and attended medical lectures at Harvard Medical College, and Castleton Medical College, Vt. After graduating from the latter institution, he began practice in Warwick, Mass., and remained there ten years, serving also on the board of education nine years. In 1867, he removed to Keene, where he has continued in constant practice to the present time. Served six years on the board of education in Keene; one year on the board of health; represented Ward 4 in the common council, in 1876 and 1877, the last year being president of that body; twice elected county commissioner for Cheshire Co.; and twice city physician for the city of Keene, holding the last two offices at the present time.

* This article was left out of the sketch of Keene, by mistake.

A GARDEN.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Pansies! O Pansies! you stand in a row,
Facing one way as if daring a foe;
Wide bordered caps 'round your droll faces grow.
Was it a bee or bird? Pray let me know
What angered you so!

Ha, gladioles! your banners are gay,
Flung on the breezes in scarlet array.
Humming-birds revel among you all day,
Coming and going in glad, happy way.
Winged blossoms are they.

Bachelor's-buttons! you're all bending over,
Linking your buds with the fragrant sweet clover.
Love-in-a-mist, are you seeking to cover
Your fair retreat from each marigold lover?
Ah, *gold* can discover!

Salvia blooms, you are flames to the eye,
Rising and falling as winds flutter by,
Brushing the mellows that stand coily nigh
Lifting their pink and white cups to the sky.
Can you tell me why?

Petunia beds are aflutter with wings
Of butterflies, honey-bees, small flying things.
Carnations and daisies are tied up with strings.
Verbenias! your purple might rival a kings,
Yet to the ground clings!

Dahlias and holly-hocks, stately and tall,
Flaunt their broad blooms where the cool shadows fall;
Sweet-peas and creepers are climbing the wall,
Scarlet-beans twine a bright line through them all.
O, the tapestried hall!

Out in the fountain the bright waters leap;
In on the breezes the low murmurs creep.
Where are the birds, that so silent they keep?
Heliatrope odors my dull senses steep.
Is daylight asleep?

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN.—NO. 1.

BY MARY M. CULVER.

Hon. Lewis Cass.

Among the many sons of New Hampshire who have written their names high upon the scroll of fame, stands out in bold relief the name of Lewis Cass. He had the longest and most varied experience of any man who ever figured in public life in the United States. He was a servant of the public for sixty years, in the course of which he filled almost every kind of office, and performed almost every kind of duty which can devolve upon a citizen of the United States. He held office under Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Q. Adams, Jackson, and Buchanan. His first, being Marshal of Ohio, to which he was appointed by President Jefferson, in 1807. His last, was Secretary of State under Buchanan. His life, as Secretary of War (1831), as Minister to France, as United States Senator, and as Secretary of State, is well known to the country, and therefore we pass on to his earlier days, more especially those which were spent in Michigan.

Lewis Cass was the son of Jonathan Cass, and was born at Exeter, N. H., 1782. His father was a soldier of the Revolution, served through the whole of the war, rose to the rank of captain, and proved himself so good a soldier, that he was retained in the army after the war was over, and promoted to the rank of major. Young Lewis no doubt imbibed the spirit of bravery and patriotism, which was so prominent in his character, from his father. After the war, Major Cass was employed in the Ohio country, against the Indians, and thus became acquainted with the region lying along the Ohio river, then a wilderness. In 1800, he removed his family across the Alleghany mountains, to the new settlement, the very outpost of civilization. Lewis, however, remained behind. He studied awhile at Exeter Academy, then went to Wilmington, Delaware, where he obtained employment as teacher. At the age of eighteen, he crossed the Alleghanies on foot to Pittsburg, walking four hundred and fifty miles, and from Pittsburg floated down to Marietta on a flat boat, to join his father, then about settling on a tract of land assigned him as bounty for service in the war of the Revolution. Lewis not liking agriculture, studied law at Marietta. At the age of twenty, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Zanesville. Those western settlers always found plenty of business for lawyers. In 1806, he had been so successful in his profession, and had so won the confidence of his fellow-citizens, that they elected him a member of the legislature. He was at the time twenty-four years of age. He originated the bill that arrested the proceedings of Aaron Burr, and gave the first blow to Burr's conspiracy. This, together with a congratulatory and patriotic address of the legislature to the President, and which was written by Cass, brought him to the notice of Jefferson, who replied to the address in a strain highly complimentary to the young member. Soon after he was appointed to the marshalship of the state, an office which, though in so new a state, yielded but little revenue, yet gave standing and influence, and prepared the way for further advancement.

In 1811, he volunteered to repel Indian invasions on the frontier. He was elected colonel of the third regiment of Ohio volunteers, and entered the military service of the United States, at the commencement of the war of 1812. Reaching Detroit by a difficult march, he urged the immediate invasion of Canada, and was the first man to set foot on the enemy's shore, and with

a small detatchment, fought and won the first battle, that of the Toronto. He is said to have been the author of the proclamation promising protection to the inhabitants of Canada, on condition of their observing strict neutrality. The disgraceful surrender of the whole territory of Michigan to Gen. Brock, is well known. It was done without the consent, or knowledge of Col. Cass, he being absent at the time on important service. He was highly indignant, on finding that himself and command were included in the surrender by Gen. Hull. The language in which Col. Cass communicates that event to the Secretary of War, gives a view of his patriotism and bravery. He speaks of the "foul stain upon our national honor." In another place he breaks out thus: "Basely to surrender without firing a gun, without raising a bayonet, disgracefully to pass in review before an enemy inferior, both in the number and quality of its forces, excited feelings of indignation more easily felt than described. To see the whole of our men, flushed with the hope of victory, eagerly awaiting the approaching contest, to see them afterwards dispirited, hopeless, desponding, hundreds of them shedding tears (talk not of grief, till you have seen the tears of warlike men) because they were not allowed to meet their country's foe, to fight their country's battles, caused sensations which no American ever before had cause to feel, and which, I trust in God, will never again be felt, while *one man* remains to defend the standard of the Union." Col. Cass was liberated on parole, and soon after elected major-general of the Ohio volunteers. He was soon after promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army. On being exchanged and released from parole, he again repaired to the frontier, and joined the army for the recovery of Michigan. Being at that time without a regular command, he served and distinguished himself as volumteer aide-de-camp to Gen. Harrison, at the battle of the Thames.

In October, 1813, he was appointed governor of the Territory of Michigan, by President Madison. He filled that office for eighteen consecutive years, without a single representation against him by the people, or a single vote against him in the Senate. At the time of his appointment as governor of the territory, Michigan was in a most gloomy and unpromising condition; the war had been bloody and devastating, the public lands had not been brought into market. The now beautiful and fertile lands of the lower peninsular were traversed only by wild beasts, and wilder men. The streams were navigated only by birch canoes. The feeble settlements along the frontier had been converted into scenes of desolation; there was only *one road* in the whole territory, and that was the military road along the Detroit river. The hostile feelings of the Indians still continued, and their propensity to murder, rob, and plunder, were still as great as when Tecumseh led them to battle. The tide of immigration had not begun to flow towards Michigan. It had been kept back by a false impression, which, at that time, universally prevailed concerning the soil of Michigan, and its adaptability to the purposes of agriculture. It was represented, and popularly supposed to be the very home of disease and death, uninhabited and uninhabitable, a horrible place, abounding in swamps, marshes, and lagoons, impenetrable save by means of canoes. These reports were backed by high official authority; commissioners had been sent by congress to explore six million acres of land, to be set apart for the soldiers in the war with Great Britain, but the surveyors reported that there were no lands in Michigan fit for cultivation, at least, that not one acre in a thousand would ever admit of it. Consequently, congress repealed the law as relating to Michigan.

In the midst of all this embarrassment, from different causes, Gen. Cass entered upon the duties of his office as governor. He soon found it was to be no sinecure. Civil government was to be established, and laws enacted and enforced, before any permanent advancement in prosperity could be hoped

for. His task was a difficult and a delicate one. He was not only a part of the legislative power, but was the sole executive. The laws which he helped to enact in one capacity, he was obliged to execute in the other. His first act had been to tender his resignation as brigadier-general, believing that such extensive civil and military powers should not be vested in the same person. His resignation was accepted, with the proviso that he should take charge of the defences of the territory. He now set himself, with great wisdom and industry, to provide for the future welfare of the people entrusted to his charge. The seat of war having been transferred to the East, which was left with only a company of twenty-seven soldiers for her defence. This feeble force, and the local militia, few and scattering, was all the governor had to defend the whole territory from the swarms of hostile Indians who were hovering around Detroit. About this time a party of Indians issued from the dense forests which skirted the town, and marked their irruption by deeds of blood which made the early history of Michigan a record of trials, sufferings and hardships, unparalleled in the annals of frontier life. But Gov. Cass was equal to the emergency; he rallied his troops, undisciplined as they were, and heading them in person, pursued the savages to their native haunts, and, after a sharp and bloody conflict, returned victorious.

The bravery of Gov. Cass as a soldier, fighting the bands of fierce Indians which surrounded the feeble settlements under his care, was only equalled by his wisdom in dealing with them in times of peace. By virtue of his office as governor, he was also superintendent of Indian affairs. He made wise and judicious treaties with the Indians at different times, thus securing large tracts of valuable lands to Michigan, and also gradually bringing about peace with the former owners. In 1819, he concluded a treaty with the Chippewas, by which Michigan obtained six million acres of land. Gov. Cass now set on foot explorations into the interior of the territory, to see if there was any truth in the reports which had been spread concerning the soil. He was soon convinced of the falsity of those reports, and through his energy the country was in a measure undeceived. Numerous tracts of the most fertile land was discovered, and immigration became the order of the day, and prosperity began to abound. Gov. Cass now recommended to the Secretary of Treasury, that the public lands should be brought into market. This movement gave impetus to agriculture, and added greatly to the prosperity of the country. In 1819, the attention of the government at Washington was directed by Gov. Cass to the necessity of an exploration to the upper Lakes, and the region lying upon them; many reasons for the expedition were given, which cannot here be enumerated. One was to explore the mineral districts in the vicinity of Lake Superior; another was to carry the flag of the United States into those remote regions, where it had never been borne by any person in a public station. There was a good deal of demur on the part of the government, but Gen. Cass being actuated by a desire to benefit the people of his territory, and to secure its permanent advancement, at length carried his point, and the government consented to the expedition. The party travelled in birch canoes; they visited the seat of government of the Chippewas, and held a council with the chiefs, which proved a stormy one. The tribe was at the time greatly under British influence, and the chiefs haughty and defiant. One chief, Sassaba, dressed in British uniform, stuck his lance into the ground, and retired to his tent, spurning the presents that had been laid before him.

The Indians retired to their encampment, hoisted the British flag, and indulged in acts of the grossest insolence. Gen. Cass called to his interpreter, and proceeded alone and unarmed to Sassaba's lodge, having first ordered the expedition under arms. On reaching the tent, he indignantly

tore down the British flag, trampled it under his feet, made a speech to Sassaba, which completely overawed him, and retired to his own quarters, taking the insulting flag with him. Before nightfall the Indians came to terms, and a treaty was made with them, signed by all the chiefs, except Sassaba, who continued sullen, though shorn of his power. The expedition now continued on its way, reached Lake Superior, and returned home by way of Lake Michigan, having travelled four thousand miles. The results of the expedition was the gaining of much valuable and important knowledge of a vast region hitherto almost unknown in its characteristics, a better acquaintance with the numbers and disposition of various tribes of Indians, several treaties with them securing valuable lands to Michigan, and the selection of sites for a line of military posts. In 1821, it became necessary for Gen. Cass to negotiate once more with the Indians. In the summer of that year he embarked in a birch canoe, for another long journey over stream and portage. It was a long, lonely, and circuitous voyage, but the governor was equal to any difficulty or hardship, when the good of Michigan was the object. On reaching his destination (Chicago), the Indians began clamoring for whiskey. Cass urged them to remain sober and make good bargains for themselves, but they replied, "Father, we do not care for land, nor money, nor goods, only whiskey." But the governor was inexorable, not a drop would he let them have. A treaty was made by which nearly all the land south of Grand river, within the bounds of Michigan, was ceded to the United States. In 1824, the first legislative counsel of Michigan met at Detroit. The governor called the attention of the legislative body to schools and education, a subject which, up to this time, had received very little attention. About this time he appealed to congress on the subject of roads, which had been a great want in the territory. Congress responded liberally, and roads were opened into the interior. Public lands were surveyed and sold to settlers, the territory was divided into townships, and the townships into sections a mile square.

In the course of this year (1824), Gov. Cass called the attention of the general government to the mineral resources of the Lake Superior region, asking that steps might be taken to procure from the Indians the privilege of exploring and mining in that country. After some delay on the part of the government, a commissioner was appointed, and mining operations soon commenced. The territory now began to increase rapidly in wealth and population, and began to be considered the asylum and retreat of many who wished to better their fortunes by industry. It still continues to increase, and, indeed, is taking the lead of older states in education and general progress. It is but simple justice to say, that to the wise and beneficent administration of Gov. Cass, the unexampled growth and prosperity of Michigan is to be, in a great measure, attributed. It is impossible, in a sketch like this, to give more than a brief view of his indefatigable and persevering labors for the welfare of this now flourishing state. To fully estimate his labors, one must live in Michigan, where he cannot help seeing, and realizing, that to Lewis Cass a thousand fold more than to any other man, living or dead, Michigan owes her present high standing in the circle of states. Besides faithfully fulfilling the duties of the numerous offices which he held at different times, he was an able and efficient Indian Commissioner. He concluded nineteen treaties with the Indians, and acquired large cessions of land from them, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. To obtain an idea of his executive abilities, one need only to compare the condition of Michigan, when he entered upon his duties as governor, with the condition in which he left it in 1831, to enter the cabinet of President Jackson. To show how he was appreciated by the people of the territory, let us look at names. We have "Cass river," "Cass county," "Cass city," "Cassopolis," "Cass union school," "Cass street," "Cass avenue,"

"The Cass House" (Hotel), "Cass Mills," &c. In looking over lists of names, one is surprised to see the initials L. C. attached to surnames, so frequently as to excite inquiry. "Why L. C. is for Lewis Cass, *The Father of Michigan*," is the reply. We may well name reasons for him. Parton says he was a kind of "Frontier King," ruling with almost sovereign sway over whites and Indians. Perhaps this was one reason why he and President Jackson could never agree while he (Cass) was in the cabinet. Both had been accustomed to command, both were unyielding, and when Greek *meets* Greek, then comes the tug of war.

He found a more congenial spirit in "Louis Philippe," at the time he was Minister to France, an office for which he was especially qualified, by his intimate acquaintance with French manners and language. The king became greatly attached to the ambassador, and delighted in relating his own adventures while travelling in America, and listening to stories of frontier life, from Gov. Cass. He paid some attention to literature, but his active life gave but little time for the pen. Some articles which he contributed to the "North American Review," are said to be among the most valuable ever written for that periodical. His latter work, "France, its King and Court," was not so well written. Gen. Cass, observing the ill effects of strong drink among the Indians, became a teetotaler, that he might add example to precept. He was plain in his fare, dress, and appointments, though immensely rich at the time of his death.

The tract of land which he bought in 1815, near the city of Detroit, for twelve thousand dollars, is now said to be worth two million dollars. He died in Detroit, June 17, 1866, at the age of eighty-four. He had no vices, and to his active habits, his simplicity of living, and his uniform cheerfulness, may be attributed the soundness and vigor of his old age. To the last he enjoyed life, and was a source of enjoyment to others. He will long be remembered.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE IN THE HISTORY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(BELKNAP, VOL. I, PAGE 294, FARMER'S ED., DOVER, 1831.)

In compiling a genealogy of the Folsom Family, I wished to find the place of the Folsom killed by the Indians in Nottingham, about one hundred and forty years ago. Some early writers called him Mr. Folsom; but Belknap, on the authority of Upham's MS., written more than forty years after the event, calls him *John* Folsom.

I found his descendants in the East and in the West. They long preserved the belt he wore at his death, with the bullet hole in it; and a tradition about the place, and the circumstances of his death. The grandchildren of his daughter, Martha, who married Nathaniel Ladd, still live within a few miles of the spot where he fell, and can easily point it out. But they are all descendants,—not of *John*, but of *Nathaniel* Folsom. *John* (perhaps his brother) lived in Exeter, near the home of Nathaniel, and died about the same time. His widow, Mary, is noticed in the records as appealing to the legislature of the Colony about the settlement of his estate.

Perhaps this public notice, and the action of the legislature upon her request, led to the impression that her husband was the man shot by the Indians. As Folsom had been but a few weeks with the Nottingham people, as a volunteer to protect them from the Indians, it is very probable that they did not know his first name.

JACOB CHAPMAN.

LETTER OF JAMES MADISON TO GEN. JOHN STARK, AND HIS ANSWER.

CONTRIBUTED BY GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D.

LETTER OF JAMES MADISON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1809.

Sir: A very particular friend of yours, who has been much recommended to my esteem, has lately mentioned you to me in a manner of which I avail myself to offer this expression of the sense I have always entertained of your character, and of the part you bore as a hero and a patriot, in establishing the independence of our country. I cannot better tender this tribute, than by congratulating you on the happiness you cannot fail to derive from the motives which made you a champion in so glorious a cause; from the gratitude shown by your fellow-cittizens for your distinguished service, and especially from the opportunity, which a protracted life has given you, of witnessing the triumph of republican institutions, so dear to you, in the unrivalled prosperity flowing from them during a trial of more than a fourth of a century. May your life still be continued as long as it can be a blessing; and may the example it will bequeath, never be lost on those who may live after you.

JAMES MADISON.

GEN. JOHN STARK.

GEN. STARK'S ANSWER.

DERRYFIELD, January 21, 1810.

Sir: I had the pleasure, yesterday, of receiving an address from the chief magistrate of the only republic on earth. The letter compliments me highly upon my services as a soldier, and praises my patriotism. It is true that I love the country of my birth, for it is the only country I should choose above all others, and it is the only spot where I could wear out the remnant of my days with any satisfaction. Twice has my country has been invaded by foreign enemies, and twice I went with others to obtain peace. And when the object was gained, I returned to my farm, and my original occupation. I have ever valued peace so high, that I would not sacrifice it for anything but freedom; yet submission to insult I never thought was the way to gain either.

I was pleased with your dismissal of the man the English sent to insult us, because they will see by the experiment that we are the same nation that we were in '76, grown strong by age, and having gained wisdom by experience. If the enmity of the British nation is to be feared, their alliance is much more dangerous; for I have fought with them and against them, and I found them treacherous and ungenerous as friends, and dishonorable as enemies. I have tried the French likewise, first as enemies then as friends; and although all the strong partialities of my youth were against them, still I formed a more favorable opinion of them. Still let us *watch them*. However, among all the dangers that I have been a witness to affecting our country, and our republican institutions, perhaps there are none that require a more watchful eye than our internal factious divisions. If the communication of the result of my experience can be of any use in the approaching storm, or if any use can be derived from any example of mine, my strongest wish will be gratified. The few days, or works of the remainder of my life will be in friendship with James Madison.

JOHN STARK.

To JAMES MADISON,
President of the United States.

RECORD OF BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES IN THE TOWN OF CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

Samuel Bartlet, Married to Sarah Shepard, June ye 12th, 1788.

Joshua Jackman, and Salley Carter, Married July ye 17th, 1788, both of Boscawn.

Stevens Blanchard, Married to Sarah Hall, October ye 16th, 1788.

John Bean, Married to Hannah Leavitt, October ye 20th, 1788.

Enos Flanders, Married to Rhoda Glines, February ye 19th, 1789.

Millen Kimbel, Married to Polly Worthen, Feby ye 28th, 1789.

James Man, Married to Polley Thursten, March ye 31st, 1789.

Asa Heath, Married to Olive Asten, May ye 11th, 1789.

John Sutton, Married to Lydia Lyford, March the 12th, 1788.

Canterbury, March ye 17th, 1779.
The marriage, and Birth of Jonathan Blanchard, and Children:

Jonathan Blanchard, Married to Hannah Chadwick, October ye 13th, 1772.
James there oldest child, Born January ye 15th, 1774.
Jacob, Born November ye 13th, 1775.
Edmund, Born January ye 27th, 1778.

William Moore and (Mary Moore his wife) were joined in the Marriage Covenant, September the 18th, A. D. 1782.

The Birth of William Moore's Children:

Samuel Moore, Born July ye 18th, 1783.
Nathan Moore, there Second Child, Born March ye 7th, 1786.
Polly Moore, Born October the 1st, 1787, and Died August the 29th, 1797.
Stephen Moore, Born November the 16th, 1790, and Died August the 30th, 1791.
Reuben Moore, Born March the 30th, 1792.
Jesse Moore, Born January the 7th, 1795, and Died May the 15th, 1799.
Asa Moore, Born July the 14th, 1797, and Died July, 1802.

Canterbury, March ye 17th, 1779.
Nathaniel Glines, Born December ye 1744, and Married to Elisabeth Moore, September ye 23rd, 1764.
Lidia, there first child, Born December ye 23rd, 1764.
Judah, Born Apriel ye 29th, 1767.
Rhoda, Born September ye 27th, 1769.
Abner, Born March ye 12th, 1772.
Obediah, Born May ye 4th, 1774.
Nathaniel, Born March ye 13th, 1777.
Samuel Glines, Born November ye 4th, 1780.
Jeremiah Glines, Born November ye 21st, 1783.
Elisabeth Glines, Born February ye 5th, 1786.
Polly Glines, Born May the — 1788.

Canterbury, May ye 8th, 1780, there began the following records:

Joseph Durgain, Married to Abigail Hoyt, December ye 4th, 1777, and Ruth there first Child, Born November ye 22nd, 1778.
Sarah Carter there Second Child, Born November ye 25th, 1779.

Now entered some of Joseph Durgen Children, January 3 1794.

Nancy, Born July 2, 1782.
Polly Durgain, Born Sept. 25, 1785.
Levitt Durgain, Born May the 21, 1787.
Hoyt Durgain, Born August 25, 1789.
Abigill Durgen, June the 11, 1793.
Jeremiah Durgin, Born February the 13th, 1798.

Canterbury, October ye 5th, 1780.
The Birth of Ephraim Carter's Children:

Hannah Carter, Born October, 1770.
Ezra Carter, Born February ye 15th, 1773.
Ebenezer Carter, Born April ye 2nd, 1775.
Dorcas Carter, Born October ye 22nd, 1777.
Ruth Carter, Born September ye 21st, 1780.
Judith Carter, Born September ye 21st, 1780.

The Birth of Widow Arwine child.
Latty Arwin, Born October 20, 1783.

Canterbury, July 9th, 1792.
Now Recorded the Births of Mr. Dwinell's Children.
William Dwinell, Born May 1, 1780.
Sarah Dwinell, Born July 4th, 1782.
Joshua Dwinell, Born October 4th, 1784.
Anna Dwinell, Born October 4th, 1784.

Samuel Dwinell, Born May 7th, 1787.
Fredreck Dwinell, Born March 28, 1792.
Charles Dwinnels, Born January the 15th, 1802.

Canterbury, October ye 11th, 1780.
The Birth of Abiel Stevens's Children:

Sarah Stevens, Born October ye 14th, 1765.
David Stevens, Born April ye 10th, 1770.
Abial Stevens, Born July ye 2nd, 1774.
Anne Stevens, Born July ye 1st, 1776.

James Pell Married to Abigal Goodwin, March 26, A. D. 1782.
There first born Child Named Susannah, Born June ye 16th, 1783.

Canterbury, March the 6, 1794.
Now Recorded the Birth of Abraham Flint, By the order of his mother, the wife of Nathanel Burdeen.

Abraham Flint, Born August 6th, 1777.
Hannah Burdeen, Born August 7, 1782.
Elisabeth Burdeen, Born April 1, 1785.
Susanna Burdeen, Born May 11th, 1789.
John Furnal Burdeen, February 3, 1791.
Martha Foster Burdeen, February 1, 1792.
Lucy Noyes Burdeen, Born April 13th, 1790.
Hiram Haines, son of Nathaniel Haines and Martha Burdeen, Born March 6th, 1812.

The Birth of Thomas Bedle's Children.
Thomas, Born May ye 14th, 1767.
Samuel, Born June ye 9th, 1769.

A Record of Marriages.

Robert Perkins, Married to Anne Bracket, January ye 7th, 1790.

April 17th, 1792.
Now Recorded the Births of Benjamin Heath and Children.
Benjamin Heath, Born May the 19th, 1741.
Simon Ames Heath, his oldest son, Born August the 22, 1765.
Hannah Heath, oldest daughter, Born May 9th, 1767.
Ruth Heath, Born February 12th, 1769.
Ollif Heath, Born February 7th, 1771.
Sally Heath, Born February 5th, 1773.
John Heath, Born June 7th, 1775.
Susanna Heath, Born December 4th, 1778.
Benjamin Heath, jun., Born January 21, 1780.
Elizabeth Heath, Born March 9, 1782.
Jeremiah Chandler, Son to Ruth Heath, Born August the 26th, 1788.
Benjamin Heath the Father of the above Children, died February the 4th, A. D. 1820.

Canterbury, March 23d, ye 1790.
Now entered the Births of Samuel Ames Children.

Samuel Ames, jun., Born May 12th, ye 1745.
Sarah Ames, Born March 25th, ye 1747.
David Ames, Born May 27th, ye 1749.
Hannah Ames, Born June 23d, 1754.

March 28, 1790.
David Ames, Children's Birth.
Hannah Ames, Born August 11th, ye 1775.
Thomas Ames, Born October 6th, ye 1777.
Sarah Ames, Born December 9th, ye 1782.
Samuel Ames, Born July 29th, ye 1784.
Moley Ames, Born January 14th, ye 1786.
David Ames, jun., Born May 15th ye 1788.
Miriam Ames, Born September 28th, 1792.
Phebe Ames, Born January 21, 1795.

Canterbury, February 11th, 1793.
Now Recorded the age of Leut. Samuel Ames and wife's age.
Leut. Samuel Ames, Born Feber 13th, 1723.
Hannah Ames, Born January 18th, 1728.

Canterbury, August 9th, ye 1790.
The Birth of Jonathan Bradley Children:

Asa Bradley, Born the first Day of October, 1782.
Susanna Bradley, Born June 28, ye 1784.
Ruth Bradley, Born April 21, ye 1786.
Benjamin Emery Bradley, Born April ——— 19, 1788.
Isaac Chase Bradley, Born May 27th, 1791.
Clareey Bradley, Born July 16, 1793.
Mrs. Susannah Bradley, the consort of Mr. Jonathan Bradley, Dyed July 27, 1793.

Married in Canterbury, in the year 1791:

Jany. 31. Josiah More, to Sarah Scales.
Feby. 27. John Willey, to Abigail Griffin.
March 13. Levi Clough, to Polly Noyes, both of Northfield.
April 17. Abner Clough, to Samer Sawyer, both of Northfield.
July 10. Philip Atwood of Sandwich, to Elizabeth Austin of Canterbury.
Sep. 20. Samuel Beedle, to Hannah Small, both of Loudon.
Sep. 22. Capt. Asa Foster of Pembroke, to Widow Sarah Hacket, of Canterbury.
Dec. 15. Joseph Liford, to Susanna Dearborn.

Married in Canterbury, in the year 1792:

March 25. Jere Clough, junr., to Martha Foster.
June 10. William Foster, to Betsey Morrill.
July 13. Benjamin Morrill, to Susanna Clement.

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